



By the author of *CARRIE* and *SALEM'S LOT*

STEPHEN KING

Danny was only five years old but he could really shine. That's what Mr Halloran said and he should know: he'd seen quite a few shiners in his sixty-odd years and he could shine a little himself. But when Danny put out a thought it was as hard as a pistol. And he could pick up on thoughts too. He knew for instance that Daddy and Mummy had both thought the word DIVORCE though they hadn't mentioned it even to each other. And that was because of the Bad Thing that Daddy used to do that he had stopped doing.

Sometimes when Danny thought hard, Tony would come. Tony was his invisible friend. That's what he told Mummy and Daddy but he knew that Tony was real. He used to show Danny what would happen the next day or the next week, but lately Tony had been growing rather distant and the things he showed Danny were

(Continued on back flap)

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THE SHINING

Also by Stephen King and available from NEL:

CARRIE

'SALEM'S LOT

THE SHINING

STEPHEN KING



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This is for Joe Hill King, who shines on,

My editor on this book, as on the previous two, was Mr. William G. Thompson, a man of wit and good sense. His contribution to this book has been large, and for it, my thanks.

S.K.

Some of the most beautif(u)
resort hotels in the world
are located in Colorado, but
the hotel in these pages
is based on none of them.
The Overlook and the people
associated with it exist
wholly within
the author's
imagination.

It was in this apartment, also, that there stood in a corner of a room its pendulum swayed to and fro with a dull, heavy, monotonous clang and when the hour was to be struck, there came from the brazen lungs of the clock a sound which was clear and loud and deep and exceeding mournful, but far peculiar a note and characteristic as eachapse of an hour. The musicians of the orchestra were constrained to pause in their strain to the sound, and thus the wailers perforce ceased their evolutions, and there was a brief disconcert of the whole gay company and, while the chimes of the clock yet rang, it was observed that the giddiest grew pale and the more aged and sedate passed their hands over their brows as if in composed reverie or meditation. But when the echoes had fully ceased a long laughter once pervaded the assembly, and they soothed at last their own nervousness and made whispering vows, each to the other, that the next striking of the clock should produce in them no sense of emotion, and then, after the lapse of six or my miles, there came upon all of chiming of the clock and then were few in the disconcert and tumultuousness and meditation as before.

But a spire of these hung, it was a gay and magnificient revel . . .

E. A. Poe

"The Masque of the Red Death"

The sleep of reason breeds monsters.
Goya

It'll shine when it shines.
Folk saying

PART ONE

Prefatory Matters

JOB INTERVIEW

Jack Torrance thought *Officious little prick.*

Ulman stood five-five and when he moved, it was with the prissy speed that seems to be the exclusive domain of all small plump men. The part in his hair was exact, and his dark suit was sober but comforting. I am a man you can bring your problems to, that suit said to the paying customer. To the hired help it spoke more curtly. This had better be good, you. There was a red carnation in the lapel, perhaps so that no one on the street would mistake Stuart Ulman for the local undertaker.

As he listened to Ulman speak Jack admitted to himself that he probably could not have liked any man on that side of the desk — under the circumstances.

Ulman had asked a question he hadn't caught. That was bad, a man was the type of man who would file such lapses away to a mental Rolodex for later consideration.

"I'm sorry?"

"I asked if your wife fully understood what you would be taking on here. And there's your son, of course." He glanced down at the application in front of him. "Daniel. Your wife isn't a bit indoctrinated by the idea?"

"Wendy is an extraordinary woman."

"And your son is also extraordinary?"

Jack smiled, a big wide PR smile. "We like to think so, I suppose. He's quite self-reliant for a five-year-old."

No returning smile from Ulman. He slipped Jack's application back into a file. The file went into a drawer. The desk top was now completely bare except for a blotter, a telephone, a Tensor amp, and an in-out basket. Both sides of the in-out were empty too.

Ulman stood up and went to the file cabinet in the corner. "Step around the desk, if you will, Mr. Torrance. We'll look at the hotel floor plans."

He brought back five large sheets and set them down on the glossy walnut plain of the desk. Jack stood by his shoulder, very much aware of the scent of Ullman's cologne. *All my men wear English Leather or they wear nothing at all* came into his mind for no reason at all, and he had to clamp his tongue between his teeth to keep in a bray of laughter. Beyond the wall, faintly, came the sounds of the Overlook Hotel's kitchen, gearing down from lunch.

"Top floor," Ullman said briskly. "The attic. Absolute y nothing up there now but bric-a-brac. The Overlook has changed hands several times since World War II and it seems that each successive manager has put everything they don't want up in the attic. I want rattraps and poison bait sowed around in it. Some of the third-floor chambermaids say they have heard rusting noises. I don't believe it, not for a moment, but there mustn't even be that one-in-a-hundred chance that a single rat inhabits the Overlook Hotel."

Jack, who suspected that every hotel in the world had a rat or two, held his tongue.

"Of course you wouldn't allow your son up in the attic under any circumstances."

"No," Jack said, and flashed the big PR smile again. Humiliating situation. Did this officious little prick actually think he would allow his son to goof around in a rattrap attic full of junk furniture and God knew what else?

Ullman whisked away the attic floor plan and put it on the bottom of the pile.

"The Overlook has one hundred and ten guest quarters," he said in a scholarly voice. "Thirty of them, all suites, are here on the third floor. Ten in the west wing (including the Presidential Suite), ten in the center, ten more in the east wing. All of them command magnificent views."

Could you at least spare the salespitch?

Bo, he kept quiet. He needed the job.

Ullman put the third floor on the bottom of the pile and they studied the second floor.

"Forty rooms," Ullman said. "Thirty doubles and ten singles. And on the first floor, twenty of each. Plus three linen closets on each floor and a storeroom which is at the extreme east end of

the hotel on the second floor and the extreme west end on the first. Questions?"

Jack shook his head. Ullman whisked the second and first floors away.

"Now Lobby level. Here in the center is the registration desk. Behind it are the offices. The lobby runs for eighty feet in either direction from the desk. Over here in the west wing is the Overlook Dining Room and the Colorado Lounge. The banquet and ballroom facility is in the east wing. Questions?"

"Only about the basement," Jack said. "For the winter caretaker, that's the most important level of all. Where the action is, so to speak."

"Wilson will show you all that. The basement floor plan is on the boiler room wall." He frowned impressively, perhaps to show that as manager, he did not concern himself with such mundane aspects of the Overlook's operation as the boiler and the plumbing. "Might not be a bad idea to put some traps down there too. Just a minute . . ."

He scrawled a note on a pad he took from his inner coat pocket (each sheet bore the legend *From the Desk of Stuart Ullman* in bold black script), tore it off and dropped it into the out basket. It sat there looking lonesome. The pad disappeared back into Ullman's jacket pocket like the cone up or of a magician's trick. Now you see it, Jacky-boy, now you don't. This guy is a real heavyweight.

They had resumed their original positions. Ullman behind the desk and Jack in front of it, interviewer and interviewee supplicant and relucant patron. Ullman folded his neat little hands on the desk blotter and looked directly at Jack, a small, bauding man in a banker's suit and a quiet gray tie. The flower on his lapel was balanced off by a small lapel pin on the other side. It read simply STAFF in small gold letters.

"I'll be perfectly frank with you, Mr. Torrance. A href Shockley is a powerful man with a large interest in the Overlook, which showed a profit this season for the first time in its history. Mr. Shockley also sits on the Board of Directors, but he's not a hotel man and he would be the first to admit his. But he has made his wishes in this caretaking matter quite obvious. He wants you

bite. I would do so. But if I had been given a free hand in this matter, I would have taken you up.

Jack's hands were clenched tightly in his lap, work up against each other, sweating. *Officious & le prick officious have prick officious*

"I don't believe you care much for me, Mr. Torrance. I don't care. Certainly your feelings toward me play no part in my own belief that you are not right for the job. During the season that runs from May fifteenth to September sixteenth, the Overlook employs one hundred and ten people full-time, one for every room in the hotel. You might say I don't think many of them like me and I suspect that some of them think I'm a bit of a bastard. They would be correct in their judgment of my character. I have to be a bit of a bastard to run this hotel in the manner I deserve."

He looked at Jack for comment, and Jack flashed the PR smile again, large and dazzlingly toothy.

Ullman said, "The Overlook was built in the years 1907 to 1909. The closest town is Seward, forty miles east of here over roads that are closed from sometime in late October or November until sometime in April. A man named Robert Townley Watson built it, the grandfather of our present maintenance man. Vandenberg has lived here, and Rockefellers, and Astors and Du Ponts. Four Presidents have stayed in the Presidential Suite. Wilson, Harding, Roosevelt and Nixon."

"I wouldn't be too proud of standing and Nixon," Jack murmured.

Ullman frowned but went on regardless. "It proved too much for Mr. Watson and he sold the hotel in 1915. It was sold again in 1927 in 1933. In 1936 I stood vacant until the end of World War II, when it was purchased and completely renovated by Harry Derwent, millionaire owner or, poet, film producer, and entrepreneur."

"I know the name," Jack said.

Yes. Everything he touched seemed to turn to gold — except the Overlook. He spent over a million dollars to make it the first postwar guest ever stepped through its doors — among a dozen to come to a new place. I was Derwent who caused the trouble, and I saw you admiring when you arrived."

"Rogue?"

"A British forbear of our croquet, Mr. Torrance. Croquet is bastardized roque. According to legend, Derwent learned the game from his social secretary and fell completely in love with it. Ours may be the finest roque court in America."

"I wouldn't doubt it," Jack said gravely. A roque court, a topiary full of hedge animals out front, what next? A life-sized Uncle Wiggly game behind the equipment shed? He was getting very tired of Mr. Stuart Ullman, but he could see that Ullman wasn't done. Ullman was going to have his say every last word of it.

"When he had lost three million, Derwent sold it to a group of California investors. Their experience with the Overlook was equally bad. Just isn't hotel people."

"In 1970 Mr. Shockey and a group of his associates bought the hotel, and turned its management over to me. We have also run in the red for several years, but I'm happy to say that the trust of the present owners in me has never wavered. Last year we broke even. And this year the Overlook's accounts were written in black ink for the first time in almost seven decades."

Jack supposed that this fussy little man's pride was satisfied, and that his original dislike washed over him again in a wave.

He said, "I see no connection between the Overlook's admittedly colorful history and your feeling that I'm wrong for the post, Mr. Ullman."

"One reason that the Overlook has lost so much money lies in the depreciation that occurs each winter. It shortens the profit margin a great deal, more than you might believe. Mr. Torrance, the winters are fantastically cruel. In order to cope with the problem, I've installed a full-time winter caretaker on site, the boiler and I've beat different parts of the hotel to a pulp during the winter. To repair breakage as it occurs and to do repairs so the elements can't get a foothold. I've been continually alert to any and every contingency. During our first winter I hired a friend, instead of a single man. There was a tragedy. A horrible tragedy."

Ullman looked at Jack on a kind of sympathetic

"I made a mistake. I didn't freely. The man was drunk."

Jack felt a slow, hot grip, the total antithesis of the Justice PR grin, slide across his mouth. Is that it? I'm surprised. All I want tell you, I've retired."

"Yes. Mr. Shockley told me you no longer drink. He also told me about your last job — your last position of trust, shall we say? You were teaching English in a Vermont prep school. You lost your temper. I don't believe I need to be any more specific than that. But I do happen to believe that Grady's case has a bearing, and that's why I have brought the matter of your . . . uh previous history into the conversation. During the winter of 1971-72, after we had refurbished the Overlook but before our first season, I hired this . . . this unfortunate named Delbert Grady. He moved into the quarters you and your wife and son will be sharing. He had a wife and two daughters. I had reservations, the main ones being the harshness of the winter season and the fact that the Grads would be cut off from the outside world for five to six months."

But that's not really true, is it? There are telephones here and probably a citizen's band radio as well. And the Rocky Mountain National Park is within helicopter range and surely a piece of ground that big must have a chopper or two."

"I wouldn't know about that," L'Eman said. "The hotel does have a two-way radio that Mr. Watson will show you, along with a list of the correct frequencies to broadcast on if you need help. The telephone lines between here and Sidewinder are still aboveground, and they go down almost every winter at some point or other and are apt to stay down for three weeks to a month and a half. There is a snowmobile in the equipment shed also."

"Then the place really isn't cut off."

Mr. L'Eman looked pained. "Suppose your son or your wife tripped on the stairs and fractured his or her skull. Mr. Torrance. Would you think the place was cut off then?"

Jack saw the point. A snowmobile running at top speed could get you down to Sidewinder in an hour and a half — maybe. A helicopter from the Parks Rescue Service could get up here in three hours — under optimum conditions. In a blizzard, I would never even be able to lift off and you couldn't hope to run a snowmobile at top speed, even if you dared take a seriously injured person out into temperatures that might be twenty-five below or forty-five below, if you added in the wind-chill factor.

"In the case of Grady," Ulman said, "I reasoned much as Mr. Shockey seems to have done in your case. So little can be damaging to itself. Better for the man to have his family with him. If there was trouble, I thought, the odds were very high that it would be something less urgent than a fractured skull or an accident with one of the power tools or some sort of convulsion. A serious case of the flu, pneumonia, a broken arm, even appendicitis. Any of those things would have left enough time."

"I suspect that what happened came as a result of too much cheap whiskey of which Grady had laid in a generous supply, unknown to me, and a curious condition which the old-timers call cabin fever. Do you know the term?" Ulman offered a patronizing little smile, ready to explain as soon as Jack admitted his ignorance, and Jack was happy to respond quickly and crisply.

* It's a slang term for the claustrophobic reaction that can occur when people are shut in together over long periods of time. The feeling of claustrophobia is externalized as dislike for the people you happen to be shut in with. In extreme cases it can result in hallucinations and violence—murder has been done over such minor things as a burned meal or an argument about whose turn it is to do the dishes."

Ulman looked rather nonplussed, which did Jack a world of good. He decided to press a little further, but so early promised Wendy he would stay cool.

"I suspect you did make a mistake at that. Did he hurt them?"

"He killed them, Mr. Torrance, and then committed suicide. He murdered the little girls with a hatchet, his wife with a shotgun, and himself the same way. His leg was broken. Undoubtedly so drunk he fell downstairs."

Ulman spread his hands and looked at Jack self-righteously.

"Was he a high school graduate?"

"As a matter of fact, he wasn't," Ulman said a little stiffly. "I thought a, shall we say, less imaginative individual would be less susceptible to the rigors, the loneliness—"

"That was your mistake," Jack said. "A stupid man is more prone to cabin fever just as he's more prone to shoot someone over a card game or commit a spur-of-the-moment robbery. He gets bored. When the snow comes, there's nothing to do but watch

TV or play solitaire and cheat when he can't get all the aces out. Nothing to do but bitch at his wife and nag at the kids and work. It gets hard to sleep because there's nothing to hear. So he thinks himself to sleep and wakes up with a hangover. He gets up. And maybe the telephone goes off and the TV screen allows down and there's nothing to do but think and cheat at solitaire and get edgier and edgier. Finally — boom, boom, boom."

"Whereas a more educated man such as yourself?"

"My wife and I both like to read. I have a play to work on, as Al Shockley probably told you. Danny has his puzzles, his coloring books, and his crystal radio. I plan to teach him to read and I also want to teach him to snowshoe. Wendy would like to learn how, too. Oh yes, I think we can keep busy and out of each other's hair if the TV goes on the fritz." He paused. "And Al was telling the truth when he told you I no longer drink. I did once, and I got to be serious. But I haven't had so much as a glass of beer in the last fourteen months. I don't intend to bring any alcohol up here, and I don't think there will be an opportunity to get any after the snow flies."

"In that you would be quite correct," Ulman said. "But as long as the three of you are up here the potential for problems is multiplied. I have told Mr. Shockley this, and he told me he would take the responsibility. Now I've told you, and apparently you are also willing to take the responsibility."

"I am."

"All right. I'll accept that, since I have a choice. But I would still rather have an unattached college boy taking a year off. Well, perhaps you'll do. Now I'll turn you over to Mr. Watson, who will take you through the basement and around the grounds. Unless you have further questions?"

"No. None at all."

Ulman stood. "I hope there are no hard feelings, Mr. Torrance. There is no thing personal in the things I have said to you. I only want what's best for the Overlook. It is a great hotel. I want it to stay that way."

"No. No hard feelings." Jack flashed the PR grin again, but he was glad Ulman didn't offer to shake hands. There were hard feelings. All kinds of them.

2

BOULDER

She looked out the kitchen window and saw him just sitting here on the curb, not playing with his trucks or the wagon. At even the boulders that had pelted him so much all the last week since Jack had brought him home. He was just sitting there watching or their stormworn VW, his elbows planted on his thighs and his chin propped in his hands, a five-year-old waiting for his dad.

Wendy suddenly felt bad almost crying bad.

She hung the dish towel over the bar by the sink and went down the stairs buttoning the top two buttons of her house dress. Jack and his pride. Her son. *At I don't need an advance from you for a while.* The hill walls were gashed and marked with craggy pencil spray paint. The stars were steep and spiky. The whole thing smelled of sour beer and what sort of place was this for Dennis after the small nice brick house in Spring? The people living above them on the third floor weren't married and what can't be her but he's done in dangerous betting did. I scared her. The guy up there was Tom, and after the bars had closed and they had returned home, the fight would start in earnest. The rest of the week was just a prelude in comparison. The Friday Night Fights. Jack called them, but it wasn't funny. The woman's real name was Elaine, who'd at last be reduced to tears and to repeating over and over again. Don't Tom. Please don't. Please don't. And he would shout at her. Once they had even awakened Danny and Danny slept like a corpse. The next morning Jack caught Tom going out and he'd spoken to him on the sidewalk at some length. Tom started to bluster and Jack had said something else to him too quietly for Wendy to hear and Tom had only shaken his head so only and walked away. That had been a week ago and for a few days things had been better, but since the weekend things had been working back to normal - excuse me abnormal. It was bad for the boy.

Her sense of grief washed over her again but she was on the walk now and she smothered it. Sweeping her steps under her and sitting down on the curb beside him, she said "What's up, doc?"

He smiled at her but it was perfunctory "Hi, Mom."

The glider was between his sneakered feet, and she saw that one of the wings had started to splinter.

"Want me to see what I can do with that, honey?"

Danny had gone back to staring up the street. "No. Dad will fix it."

"Your daddy may not be back until suppertime, doc. It's a long drive up into those mountains."

"Do you think the bug will break down?"

"No, I don't think so." But he had just given her something new to worry about *Thanks Danny I needed that*

"Dad said it might," Danny said in a matter-of-fact, almost bored manner. "He said the fuel pump was all shot to shit."

"Don't say that, Danny."

"Fuel pump?" he asked her with honest surprise.

She sighed. "No, 'All shot to shit.' Don't say that."

"Why?"

"It's vulgar."

"What's vulgar, Mom?"

"Like when you pick your nose at the table or pee with the bathroom door open. Or saying things like 'All shot to shit.' Shit is a vulgar word. Nice people don't say it."

"Dad says it. When he was looking at the bugmotor he said, 'Christ this fuel pump's all shot to shit.' Isn't Dad nice?"

How do you get into these things, Winnifred? Do you practice?

"He's nice, but he's also a grown-up. And he's very careful not to say things like that in front of people who wouldn't understand."

"You mean like Uncle Al?"

"Yes, that's right."

"Can I say it when I'm grown-up?"

"I suppose you will, whether I like it or not."

"How old?"

"How does twenty sound, doc?"

"That's a long time to have to wait."

"I guess it is, but will you try?"

"Hokay."

He went back to sitting up the street. He flexed a little as if to rise but the beetle coming was much newer, and much brighter red. He relaxed again. She wondered just how hard his move to Colorado had been on Danny. He was closest now to her about it, but it bothered her to see him spending so much time by himself. In Vermont three of Jack's fellow faculty members had had children about Danny's age—and there had been the preschool—but in this neighborhood there was no one for him to play with. Most of the apartments were occupied by students attending CU, and of the few married couples here on Arapahoe Street, only a tiny percentage had children. She had spotted perhaps a dozen of high school or junior high school age, three infants, and that was all.

"Mommy, why did Daddy lose his job?"

She was jolted out of her reverie and floundering for an answer. She and Jack had discussed ways they might handle just such a question from Danny. Ways had varied from evasion to the plain truth with no varnish on it. But Danny had never asked. Not until now, when she was sitting now and easily prepared for such a question. Yet he was looking at her, maybe reading the confusion on her face and forming his own ideas about that. She thought that to children adult motives and actions must seem as bulkier and ominous as do mysterious animals seen in the shadows of a dark forest. They were jerked about like puppets, having only the vaguest notions why. The bright brought her dangerously close to tears again, and while she fought them off she leaned over, picked up the discarded glider, and turned it over in her hands.

"Your daddy was coaching the debate team, Danny. Do you remember that?"

"Sure," he said. "Arguments for fun, right?"

"Right." She turned the glider over and over, looking at the trade name (SPEEDOOLDF) and the blue star decals on the wings, and found herself telling the exact truth to her son.

"There was a boy named George. He said that Daddy had to cut from the team. That means he wasn't as good as some of the others. George said your daddy cut him because he didn't like him and not because he wasn't good enough. Then George did a bad thing I think you know about that."

"Was he the one who put holes in our bug's tires?"

"Yes, he was. It was after school and your daddy caught him doing it." Now she hesitated again, but there was no question of evasion now; it was reduced to tell the truth or tell a lie.

"Your daddy . . . sometimes he does things he's sorry for later. Sometimes he doesn't think the way he should. That doesn't happen very often, but sometimes it does."

"Did he hurt George Halfield like the time I spilled all his papers?"

Sometimes—

(Danny with his arm in a cast)

he does things he's sorry for later

Wendy blinked her eyes savagely hard, driving her tears all the way back.

"Something like that, honey. Your daddy hit George to make him stop cutting the trees and George hit his head. Then the men who are in charge of the school said that George couldn't go there anymore and your daddy couldn't teach there anymore." She stopped, out of words, and waited in dread for the deluge of questions.

"Oh" Danny said, and went back to looking up the street. Apparently the subject was closed. If only it could be closed that easily for her—

She stood up. "I'm going upstairs for a cup of tea, doc. Want a couple of cookies and a glass of milk?"

"I think I'll watch for Dad."

"I don't think he'll be home much before five."

"Maybe he'll be early."

"Maybe," she agreed. "Maybe he will."

She was halfway up the walk when he called, "Mommy?"

"What, Danny?"

"Do you want to go and live in that hotel for the winter?"

Now, which of five thousand answers should she give to that one? The way she had felt yesterday or last night or this morning? They were all different, they crossed the spectrum from rosy pink to dead black.

She said, "If it's what your father wants, it's what I want." She paused. "What about you?"

"I guess I do," he said finally. "Nobody much to play with around here."

"You miss your friends, don't you?"

"Some—nay I miss Scott and Andy? That's about all."

She went back to him and kissed him, rumpled his light-colored hair that was just losing its baby-fineness. He was such a solemn little boy, and sometimes she wondered just how he was supposed to survive with her and Jack for parents. The high hopes they had begun with came down to this unpleasant apartment building in a city they didn't know. The image of Danny in his cast rose up before her again. Somebody in the Divine Placement Service had made a mistake, one she somehow was feared could never be corrected and which only the most innocent bystander could pay for.

"Stay out of the road, doc," she said, and hugged him tight.

"Sure, Mom."

She went upstairs and into the kitchen. She put on the teapot and laid a couple of Oreos in a plate for Danny in case he decided to come up while she was lying down. Sitting at the table with her big pottery cup in front of her, she looked out the window at him, still sitting on the curb in his blue jeans and his oversized dark green Stovington Prep sweatshirt, the garter now lying beside him. The tears which had threatened all day now came in a cloudburst and she leaned into the fragrant curling steam of the tea and wept. In grief and loss for the past, and terror of the future.

3

WATSON

You lost your temper, Lilman had said

"Okay, here's your furnace," Watson said, turning on a light in the dark, musty-smelling room. He was a beefy man with fluffy popcorn hair, white shirt, and dark green chinos. He swung open a small square grating in the furnace's bay and he and Jack peered in together. "This here's the pilot light." A steady blue-white jet hissing slowly upward channeled destructive force, but the key word, Jack thought, was *destructive* and not *channeled*.

If you stuck your hand in there the barbecue would happen in three quick seconds.

Lost your temper.

(Danny, are you all right?)

The furnace filled the entire room, by far the biggest and oldest Jack had ever seen.

The place got a failsafe" Watson told him. "The sensor in there measures heat. If the heat falls below a certain point it sets off a buzzer in your quarters. Dolce's on the other side of the wall. I'll take you around." He slammed the grating shut and led Jack behind the iron bulk of the furnace toward another door. The iron radiated a stuporous heat at them, as for some reason Jack thought of a large dragon. Watson jingled his keys and whistled.

Lost your—

(When he went back into his study and saw Danny standing there, wearing nothing but his training pants and a grim a slow, red cloud of rage had eclipsed Jack's reason. It had seemed slow subjectively inside his head but it must have all happened in less than a minute. It only seemed slow the way some dreams seem slow. The bad ones. Every door and drawer in his study seemed to have been ransacked in the time he had been gone. Closet, cupboards, the sliding bookcase. Every desk drawer yanked out to the stop. His manuscript, the three-act play he had been slowly developing from a novelette he had written seven years ago as an undergraduate, was scattered all over the floor. He had been drinking a beer and doing the Act II corrections when Wendy said the phone was for him, and Danny had poured the can of beer all over the pages. Probably to see it foam. See it foam, see it foam, the words played over and over in his mind like a single sick chord on an out-of-tune piano, completing the circuit of his rage. He stepped deliberately toward his three-year-old son, who was looking up at him with that pleased grin, his pleasure at the job of work so successfully and recently completed in Daddy's study. Danny began to say something and that was when he had grabbed Danny's hand and bent it to make him drop the typewriter eraser and the mechanical pencil he was clutching in it. Danny had cried out a little no no no tell the truth he screamed. It was all hard to remember through the fog of anger, the sick single

thump of that one Spike Jones chord. Wendy somewhere, asking what was wrong. Her voice faint, dumped by the inner mist. This was between the two of them. He had whirled Danny at end to spank him, his big adult fingers digging into the scant meat of the boy's forearm, meeting around it in a closed fist, and the snap of the breaking bone had not been loud, not loud but it had been very loud, *HIC!* but not loud. Just enough of a sound to cut through the red fog like an arrow—but instead of letting it sink, that sound set in the dark clouds of shame and remorse, the terror, the agonizing conviction of the spirit. A can sound with the past on one side of it and all the future on the other—a sound like a breaking pencil lead or a small piece of kindling when you break it down over your knee. A moment of utter silence on the other side in respect to the beginning future maybe all the rest of his life. Seeing Danny's face drained of color until it was like cheese, seeing his eyes, always large, grow larger still, and grow. Jack knew the boy was going to burst dead away into the puddle of beer and papers. His own voice weak and drunk still, trying to take it all back, to find a way around that not too loud sound of bone cracking and into the past. Is there a status quo in the house? saying. *Danny, are you all right?* Danny's answering shriek, then Wendy's shocked gasp as she came at and them and saw the peculiarity of Danny's forearm had to his elbow, no arm was meant to hang quite that way in a world of normal families. Her own scream as she swept him into her arms, and a nonsense babble. *Oh God, Danny, oh dear God, oh sweet God, your poor sweet arm.* And Jack was standing there, stunned and stupid, trying to understand how a thing like this could have happened. He was standing there and his eyes met the eyes of his wife and he saw that Wendy hated him. It did not occur to him what the hate might mean in practical terms, it was only later that he realized she ought to have left him that night, gone to a motel given a divorce lawyer in the morning, or come to the police. He saw only that his wife hated him and he felt stupified by it all alone. He felt awful. This was what overwhelming would feel like. Then she fled for the telephone and dialed the hospital with the number being wedged in the crink of her arm and Jack did not get at her, he only stood in the rooms of his life, slogging beer and thinking—
You lost your temper.

He rubbed his hand harshly across his lips and followed Watson into the boiler room. It was humid in here, but it was more than the humidity that brought the sick and salty sweat onto his brow and stomach and legs. The remembering did that, it was a total thing that made that night two years ago seem like two hours ago. There was no lag. It brought the shame and revulsion back, the sense of having done worth at all, and that feeling always made him want to have a drink, and the wanting of a drink brought it's darker despair—won't he ever have an hour not a week or even a day, mind you, but just one waking hour when the craving for a drink wouldn't surprise him like this?

"The boiler," Watson announced. He pulled a red and blue bandanna from his back pocket, blew his nose with a detective hank, and thrust it back out of sight after a short peek into it to see if he had gotten any hung interesting.

The boiler stood on four cement blocks, a long and cylindrical metal tank, copper-tacked and often patched. It squatted beneath a confusion of pipes and ducts which zigzagged up and into the high ceiling-ribbed basement ceiling. To Jack's right, two large heat pipes came through the wall from the furnace in the adjoining room.

"Pressure gauge's here." Watson tapped it. "Pounds per square inch psi. I guess you'd know that. I got her up to a hundred now, and the rooms get a little chilly at night. Few guests complain, what the fuck. They're crazy to come up here in September anyway. Besides, this is an old baby. Got some patches on her, han a pair of welfare overalls." Out came the bandanna. A look. A peek. Back it went.

"I got me a fuckin cold," Watson said conversationally. "I get one every September. I be tinkering down here with this old whore, hen I be out in the grass or rakin that rogue court. Get a cold, I don't catch a cold. My old man used to say. God help us or she been dead six year. The cancer got her. Once the cancer gets you, you might as well I notice your will."

"You, I want to keep your press up to no more than fifty maybe sixty. Mr. I think he says to heat the west wing one day, central wing the next, east wing the day after that. And be a crazy man?" I have this little truck. Happy truck. a. the way along day he ju the one a those little dogs that b es you on the

ankle then run around an pe all over the rug. If brims was black powder he couldn't blow his own nose. It's a p'ay the things you see when you ain't got a gun.

"Look here. You open an close these doors by pu in these rings I got em all marked for you. The blue tags all go to the rooms in the east wing. Red tags is the middle. Yellow is the west wing. When you go to heat the west wing, you got to remember that's the side of the hotel that realy catches the weather. When it whoops, those rooms get as cold as a f***ed woman with an ice cube up her works. You can run your press all the way to c***y on west wing days. I would, anyway."

"The thermostats upstairs—" Jack began.

Watson shook his head vehemently, making his floppy hair bristle on his skull. "They ain't hooked up. They're just here for show. Some of these people from Cal. or Fla. I've don't think things straight unless they got it hot enough to grow a pine cone in their fuck n bed room. All the heat comes from down here. Got to watch the press, though. See her creep?"

He tapped the main dial, which had crept from a hundred pounds per square inch to a hundred and w- as Watson said, quoted. Jack felt a sudden shiver cross his back in a hurry and thought *The goose just walked over my grave*. Then Watson gave the pressure wheel a spin and dumped the breaker off. There was a great hissing, and the needle dropped back to nine y-one. Watson twisted the valve shut and the hissing died reluctantly.

"She creeps," Watson said. "You to that fat h---e peckered off him, he drags out the account books and spends three hours showing how we can't afford a new one until 1982. I tell you, this whole place is gonna go sky high someday and I just hope that fat fuck's here to ride the rocket. Grog, I wish I could be as charitable as my mom her was. She used to see the good in everybody. Me I'm just as mean as a snake with the shingles. What the fuck, a man can't help his nature."

"Now you got to remember to come down here twice a day and once at night, before you fuck it. You got to check the press. If you forget, I'll just creep and creep and I'll be as bad as your family'll wake up on the fuckin moon. You got to dump her off a little and you I have no trouble."

"What's top end?"

"Oh, she's rated for two-fifty, but she'd blow long before that now. You couldn't get me to come down and stand next to her when that dial was up to one hundred and eighty."

"There's no automatic shutdown?"

"No, there isn't. This was built before such things were required. Federal government's into everything these days, ain't it? FBI openin' mail, CIA buggin' the goddam phones . . . and I don't know what happened to that Nixon. Wasn't that a sorry slob?"

"But if you just come down here regular and check the press, you'll be fine. And remember to switch those ducks around like he wants. Won't none of the rooms get much above forty-five unless we have an amazing warm winter. And you'll have your own apartment just as warm as you like it."

"What about the plumbing?"

"Okay, I was just getting to that. Over here through this arch."

They walked into a long, rectangular room that seemed to stretch for miles. Watson pulled a cord and a single seventy-five-watt bulb cast a sickish, swinging glow over the area they were standing in. Straight ahead was the bottom of the elevator shaft, heavy greased cartons descending in pulleys twenty feet in diameter and a huge, grease-clogged trash bin. Newspapers were everywhere, bundled and banded and boxed. Other cartons were marked *Records or Inventories or Receipts—SAVE!* The smell was yellow and moldy. Some of the cartons were falling apart, spilling yellow glossy sheets that might have been twenty years old out onto the floor. Jack stared around, fascinated. The Overlook's entire history might be here, buried in these rotting cartons.

"That elevator's a bitch to keep running," Watson said, jerking his thumb at it. "I know. Iman's buying the state elevator inspector a few fancy dinners to keep the repairman away from that fucker."

"Now here's your central plumbin' core." In front of them five large pipes, each of them wrapped in insulation and cinched with steel bands, rose into the shadows and out of sight.

Watson pointed to a cobwebby shelf beside the utility shaft. There were a number of greasy rags on it, and a loose leaf binder. "That there is all your plumbin' schematics," he said. "I don't think you'll have any trouble with tanks—never has been. Just sometimes the pipes freeze up. Only way to stop that is to run the

fouces a little bit down the nights, but there's over four hundred taps in this fuckin palace. That fat fairy-ups ass would scream all the way to Denver when he saw the water bill. Ain't that right?"

"I'd say that's a remarkably astute analysis."

Watson looked at him admiringly. "Say you really are a college fella aren't you? Talk just like a book. I admire that, as long as the fella ain't one of those fairy-boys. Lots of em are. You know who started up all those college riots a few years ago? The homossexuals, that's who. They get frustrated and have to cut loose. Comin' out of the closet, they call it. Hey shit, I don't know what the world's coming to."

"Now, if she freezes, she most like's gonna freeze right up in this shaft. No heat, you see. If it happens, use this." He reached into a broken orange crate and produced a small gas torch.

"You just wrap the insulating when you hit the ice plug and put the heat right to her. Get it?"

"Yes. But what if a pipe freezes outside the air my core?"

"That won't happen. If you're doing your job and keepin' the place heated. You can't get to the other pipes anyway. Don't you fret about it. You'll have no trouble. Beasley placed down here Cobwebby. Gives me the horrors, it does."

"Ulman saw the first winter caretaker killed his family and himself."

"Yeah, that guy Grady. He was a bad actor. I know that the minute I saw him. Always grinnin' like an egg-sack dog. That was when they were just startin' out here and that fat fuck Ulman, he won't hire the Boston Strangler if he'd've worked for man-mani wage. Was a ranger from the National Park that found em, the phone was dead. All of em up on the west wing on the top floor froze solid. I'm bad about the little girls. Eight and six, they was cute as cu buttons. Oh, that was a hell of a mess. That Ulman, he manages some honky-tonky resort place down in Laramie in the off season, and he caught a plane up to Denver and hired a helicopter to take him up here from Sidewinder because the roads were closed. As straight can you be, eh, bat? He about split a gun trying to keep it out of the papers. Did pretty well, I got to give him credit. There was an item in the *Denver Post*, you know, featuring the boy in that peasant little rag they have down in Evans Park, but last week

just about a 1. Pre is good, considerin' the reputation this place has got. I expected some reporter would dig it all up again and just wanna put Gandy in it as an excuse to take over the scandal."

"What scandals?"

Watson shrugged. "Any big hotel's have got scandals," he said. "Just like every big hotel has got a ghost. Why? Hell people come and go. Sometimes one of em will pop off in his room, heart attack or stroke or something like that. Hotels are superious places. No thirties, no floors or room thirteen, no guitars on the back of the door you come in through stuff like that. Why we lost a lady last this last July. A woman had to take care of that and you can bet your ass he did. That's what they pay him twenty two thousand bucks a season for, and as much as I dislike the little prick he earns it. I've like some people just come here to throw up and they hire a guy like Leman to clean up the messes. Here's this woman, must be sixty fuckin years old, 'ain't aged', and her hair dyed just as red as a whore's simple. It's Captain, just about down to her belly button on account of she don't wearin' no brassiere. She's everywhere you look up and down her legs so her neck looks a little. I just him if he thinks the girl's drugged. If her neck and arms an' her earlobes. And she's got this hole with hair in it. She can't be no more than seventeen with hair down to her a-hole and her mouth be grin like he stuffed it up with the funnypieces. So they're here a week, ten days maybe and every night's the same deal. Down in the Colorado I runge from five to seven, her suckin' up Singapore smokes like they're gonna outlaw em tomorrow and him with just the one bottle of Olympia suckin' it makin' noise. And she'd be makin' noises and sayin' all these witty things, and every time she said one he'd grin just like a fuckin' ape. Like she has a roses tied to the corners of his mouth. Only after a few days you could see it was gettin' harder an' harder for him to grin, and I can know what he had to think about to get his pump primed by her. Well, he's a regular dinner him with a and her's a fine cook as a cook you know, and he'd be pruchin' the words and repeatin' them when she wasn't lookin'. He'd even hold the spoon how she do—"

Watson shrugged.

"I don't know who he might mind on such a wifey. I mean, I don't know if she was passable again. He even

other night she was there—and he's goin to get her some stomach medicine. So off he goes in the little Porsche they come in, and that's the last we see of him. Next morning she comes down and tries to put on this big act, but all day she's gettin' paler and paler, and Mr. Ullman asks her sorta diplomatic-like would she like him to notify the state cops, just in case maybe he had a little accident or something. She's on him like a cat. No-no-no, he's a fine driver she isn't worried, everything's under control, he'll be back for dinner. So that afternoon she steps into the Colorado around three and never has no dinner at all. She goes up to her room around ten-thirty, and "ta's the last time anybody saw her alive."

"What happened?"

"County coroner said she took about thirty sleeping pills on top of all the booze. Her husband showed up the next day some big-shot lawyer from New York. He gave old Ullman our different shades of grey hef. I 'sue it is an 'I', sue that an when I'm through you won't even be able to find a clean pair of underwear, still like that. But Ullman's good, the sucker. Ullman got him quieted down. Probably asked him a bigshot how he'd like to see his wife splashed all over the New York papers. Wife of Prominent New York Banker Found Dead With Bedful of Sleeping Pills. After playing hide-the-salami with a kid young enough to be her grandson."

"The state cops found the Porsche in back of this big-burger joint down in Lyons, and Ullman pulled a few strings to get it released to that lawyer. Then both of them gorged up on old Archer Houghton, which is the county coroner and got him to change the verdict to accidental death. Heart attack. Now ole Archer's driving a Chevy or I don't begrudge him. A man's got to take it where he finds it, especially when he starts gettin' along a years."

Out came the bandanna Hank Pook Out of sight.

"So what happens? About a week later this stupid girl of a chambermaid—Deores McKey by name, she gives out with a helluva shriek while she's makin' up the room where those two stayed, and she faints deadaway. When she comes to she says she seen the dead woman in the bathroom, you naked in the tub. Her face was all purple and puffy, she says. Far she was given a

me' So Ulman gave her two weeks' worth of walking papers and told her to get lost. I figure there's maybe forty-fifty people died in this hotel since my grandfather opened it for business in 1910."

He looked shrewdly at Jack.

"You know how most of em go? Heart attack or stroke, while they're bangin the lady they're with. That's what these resorts get a lot of, old types that want one last fling. They come up here to the mountains to pretend they're twenty again. Sometimes somethin gives, and not all the guys who ran this place was as good as Ulman is at keepin it out of the papers. So the Overlook's got a reputation, yeah. I'll bet the fuckin Biltmore in New York City has got a reputation, if you ask the right people."

"But no ghosts?"

"Mr Torrance, I've worked here all my life. I played here when I was a kid no older'n your boy to that wallet snapshot you showed me. I never seen a ghost yet. You want to come out back with me, I'll show you the equipment shed."

"Find?"

As Watson reached up to turn off the light, Jack said, "There sure are a lot of papers down here."

"Oh, you're not kiddin. Seems like they go back a thousand years. Newspapers and old invoices and bills of lading and Christ knows what else. My dad used to keep up with them pretty good when we had the old wood-burning furnace, but now they've got all out of hand. Some year I got to get a boy to haul them down to Sidewinder and burn em. If Ulman will stand the expense. I guess he will if I bother 'em' loud enough."

"Then there are rats?"

"Yeah. I guess there's some. I got the traps and the poison Mr Ulman wants you to use up in the attic and down here. You keep a good eye on your boy, Mr Torrance. You wouldn't want nothin' to happen to him."

"No, I sure wouldn't." Coming from Watson the advice didn't sting.

They went to the stairs and paused there for a moment while Watson blew his nose again.

"You'll find all the tools you need out there and some you don't, I guess. And here's the shingles. Did Ulman tell you about that?"

"Yes, he wan's part of the west roof reshingled."

"He'll get all the far free out of you that he can, the fat little prick, and then whine around in the spring about how you didn't do the job half right. I told him once right to his face. I said . . ."

Watson's words faded away to a comforting drone as they mounted the stairs. Jack Torrance looked back over his shoulder once into the impenetrable, musty-smelling darkness and thought that if there was ever a place that should have ghosts, this was it. He thought of Grady, locked in by the soft, implacable snow, going quietly berserk and committing his atrocity. Did they scream? he wondered. Poor Grady, feeling it close in on him more every day and knowing at last that for him spring would never come. He shouldn't have been here. And he shouldn't have lost his temper.

As he followed Watson through the door the words echoed back to him like a knell, accompanied by a sharp snap like a break of pencil lead. Dear God, he could use a drink. Or a thousand of them.

4

SHADOWLAND

Danny weakened and went up for his milk and cookies at quarter past four. He gobbled them while looking out the window, then went in to kiss his mother who was lying down. She suggested that he stay in and watch "Sesame Street"—the time would pass faster—but he shook his head firmly and went back to his place on the curb.

Now it was five o'clock, and although he didn't have a watch and couldn't tell time too well yet anyway he was aware of passing time by the lengthening of the shadows, and by the golden cast that now tinged the afternoon light.

Turning the glider over in his hands, he sang under his breath "Skip to my Lou, a I don't care . . . skip to my Lou, a I don't care . . . my master's gone away . . . Lou, Lou, skip to my Lou . . ."

They had sung this song together at the Rock and Roll Party. Scotty had given it back to Scottie. He didn't get to nursery school again because Daddy wouldn't afford to send him anywhere. He knew his mother and father worried about that. He worried that it was affecting his healthiness, and even more deeply, unspoken between them, that Danny blamed them. But he did not really want to give a third and final blow and J. L. was gone. It was for babies. He wasn't a baby any more, but he was still a baby anymore. His kids went to the big school and got a hot lunch. First grade. Next year. This year was a midpoint between being a baby and a real kid. It was all right. He did miss Scott and Andromeda & Scott, but it was still all right. It seemed best to wait and see for who ever might happen next.

He understood a great many things about his parents, and he knew that many times they didn't like his understandings, and many other times refused to believe them. But someday they would have to believe. He was content to wait.

It was the bad they didn't believe more than the good. At times like now, Mommy was lying on her bed in the apartment, sitting up crying. He was so worried about Daddy. Some of the things he was worried about were things grown up for Danny to understand - tragic things that had to do with security with Dad. A number of feelings of pain and anger and the fear of what was to become of them. But the two main things on her mind right now were that Daddy had had a breakdown in the mountains ("How come he doesn't he can't") or that Daddy had gone off to do the Bad Thing. Danny knew perfectly well what the Bad Thing was since Scotty Armstrong, who was six months older, had explained it to him. Scotty knew because his daddy did the Bad Thing, too. Once, Scotty told him, his daddy had punched his mom right in the eye and knocked her down. Finally Scotty's dad and mom had gotten a divorce over the Bad Thing, and when Danny had known him, Scotty lived with his mother and only saw his dad on weekends. The greatest terror of Danny's life was divorce, a word that always appeared in his mind as a sign painted in red letters which were covered with hissing poisonous snakes. In particular your parents no longer lived together. They had a ring of war over you in a court (tennis court? badminton court?) Danny wasn't sure which or if it was some other, but Mommy and Daddy

had played both tennis and badminton at Sewington, so he assumed I could be either and you had to go with one of them and you practically never saw the other one and the one you were with could marry somebody you did. Isn't even know if the wife come on them. The most terrifying thing about DAD OR ELSE was that he had sensed the word—or concept or whatever it was that came to him in his understandings floating around in his own parent's heads, sometimes diffuse and relatively distant, sometimes as thick and obscuring and frightening as thunderheads. It had been that way after Daddy punished him for messing the papers up in his study and the doctor had to put his arm in a cast. That memory was already faded, but the memory of the divorce thoughts was clear and terrifying. It had mostly been around his mommy that time and he had been a constant terror that she would pluck the word from her brain and drag it out of her mouth making it real or VISIBLE. It was a constant undercurrent of their thoughts, one of the few he could always pick up, like the beat of simple music. But like a beat, the central thought formed only the spine of more complex thoughts, thoughts he could not as yet even begin to interpret. They came to him only as emotions and moods. Mommy's DIVORCE thoughts centered around what Daddy had done to his arm and what had happened at Sewington when Daddy lost his job. That boy. That George Haffie who got pissed off at Daddy and put the holes in their bug's feet. Daddy's DIVORCE thoughts were more complex, colored dark violet and shot through with frightening veins of pure black. He seemed to think they would be better off if he left. That things would stop hurting. His daddy hurt a most all the time, mostly about the Bad Thing. Daddy could almost always pick that up too. Daddy's constant craving to go into a dark place and watch a color TV and eat peanuts out of a bowl and do the Bad Thing until his brain would be quiet and leave him alone.

But this afternoon his mother had no need to worry and he wished he could go to her and tell her that. The bug had n't broken down. Daddy was not off somewhere doing the Bad Thing. He was almost home now, put-putting along the highway he went Lyons and Boulder. For the moment his daddy wasn't even thinking about the Bad Thing. He was thinking about . . . about . . .

Danny looked furtively behind him at the kitchen window

Sometimes thinking very hard made something happen to him. It made things real bones go away and make you see things that weren't there. Once not long after they put the ~~c~~ on his arm, this had happened at the supper table. They were talking a great deal to each other then. But they were thinking. Oh yes. The thoughts of DIVORCE hung over the kitchen like a cloud from the dark rain pregnant ready to burst. It was so bad he didn't eat. He thought of eating with all that black DIVORCE around him like it was time to throw up. And because it had seemed desperately important he had driven himself fully into concentration and something had happened. When he came back to real things he was lying on the floor with beans and mashed potatoes in his lap and his mommy was holding him and crying and Daddy had been on the phone. He had been frightened, had tried to explain to them that there was nothing wrong, that this sometimes happened to him when he concentrated on understanding more than what normally came to him. He tried to explain about Tony, who they called his "invisible playmate."

His father had said, "He's having a His Last Son Nervous. He seems okay but I want the doctor to look at him anyway."

After the doctor left, Danny had made him promise to never do that again, to never scare them that way, and Danny had agreed. He was frightened himself. Because when he had concentrated his mind, it had flown out to his daddy and for just a moment before Tony had appeared (far away as he always did calling distantly) and the strange things had floated out their kitchen and the carved roast on the blue plate for just a moment his own consciousness had plunged through his daddy's darkness to an incomprehensible word much more frightening than DIVORCE and that word was SUICIDE. Danny had never come across it again in his daddy's mind, and he had certainly not gone looking for it. He didn't care if he never found out exactly what that word meant.

But he did like to concentrate because sometimes Tony would come. Not every time. Sometimes things just got wonky and squirmy for a minute and then cleared—most times, in fact—but at other times Tony would appear at the very limit of his vision, calling distantly and beckoning.

It had happened twice since they moved to Brad Jet and he

remembered how surprised and pleased he had been to find Tony had followed him all the way from Vermont. So all his friends hadn't been left behind after all.

The first time he had been out in the back yard and nothing much had happened. Just Tony beckoning and then darkness and a few minutes later he had come back to real things with a few vague fragments of memory, like a jumbled dream. The second time, two weeks ago, had been more interesting. Tony, beckoning, calling from four yards over "Danny come see." It seemed that he was going up, then falling into a deep hole, like Alice into Wonderland. Then he had been in the basement of the apartment house and Tony had been beside him, pointing into the shadows at the trunk his daddy carried all his important papers in, especially "THE PLAY."

"See?" Tony had said in his distant musical voice. "It's under the stairs. Right under the stairs. The movers put it right . . . under . . . the stairs."

Danny had stepped forward to look more closely at this marvel and then he was falling again this time out of the back yard swing, where he had been sitting all alone. He had gotten himself knocked out of himself, too.

Three or four days after his daddy had been stomping around, telling Mommy furiously that he had been all over the goddam basement and the trunk wasn't there and he was going to sue the goddam movers who had left it somewhere between Vermont and Colorado. How was he supposed to be able to finish "THE PLAY" if things like this kept cropping up?

Danny said, "No. Daddy. It's under the stairs. The movers put it right under the stairs."

Daddy had given him a strange look and had gone down to see. The trunk had been there, just where Tony had shown him. Daddy had taken him aside, had sat him on his lap, and had asked Danny who let him down cellar. Had it been Tom from upstairs? The cellar was dangerous, Daddy said. That was why the door had kept it locked. If someone was leaving it unlocked, Daddy wanted to know. He was glad to have his papers and his "PLAY" but it wouldn't be worth it to him, he said. If Danny fell down the stairs and broke his . . . his leg, Danny told his father earnestly that he hadn't been down in the cellar. That door was always locked. And

Mommy agreed. Danny never went down in the back hall she said because it was damp and dark and spidery. And he didn't tell lies.

"Then how did you know, doc?" Daddy asked.

"Tony showed me."

His mother and father had exchanged a look over his head. This had happened before, from time to time. Because it was frightening, they swept it quickly from their minds. But he knew they worried about Tony, Mommy especially, and he was careful about thinking the way that could make Tony come where she might see. But now he thought she was lying down, not moving about in the kitchen yet, and so he concentrated hard to see if he could understand what Daddy was thinking about.

His brow furrowed and his slightly grimy hands clenched into tight fists on his jeans. He did not close his eyes—that wasn't necessary—but he squinted them down to slits and imagined Dad's voice, Jack's voice, John Daniel Terrance's voice, deep and steady, sometimes quirking up with amusement or deepening even more with anger or just staying steady because he was thinking. Thinking of Thinking about Thinking

(thinking)

Danny sighed quietly and his body slumped on the curb as all the muscles had gone out of it. He was fully conscious—he saw the street and the girl and boy walking up the sidewalk on the other side, holding hands because they were

(?in love?)

so happy about the day and themselves together in the day. He saw autumn leaves blowing along the gutter, yellow cartwheels of irregular shape. He saw the house they were passing and noticed how the roof was covered with

(shingles : i guess it'll be no problem if the flashing's ok yeah that it be all right that Watson. Christ what a character wish there was a place for him in "THE PLAY" i'll end up with the whole fucking human race in it if i don't watch out yeah shingles are there now's out there? oh sh: forgot to ask him well they're simple to get sidewinder hardware store wasps they're nesting this time of year i might want to get one of those bug bombs in case they're there when i rip up the old shingles new shingles old)

shingles. So that's what he was thinking about. He had gotten the job and was thinking about shingles. Danny didn't know who

Watson was, but everything else seemed clear enough. And he might get to see a wasps' nest. Just as sure as his name was

"Danny . . . Dannee . . .

He looked up and there was Tony far up the street, standing by a stop sign and waving. Danny as always felt a warm burst of pleasure at seeing his old friend, but this time he seemed to feel a prick of fear, too, as if Tony had come with some darkness hidden behind his back. A jar of wasps which when released would sting deeply.

But there was no question of not going.

He slumped further down on the curb, his hands sliding laxly from his thighs and dangling below the fork of his crotch. His chin sank onto his chest. Then there was a dim, painless tug as part of him got up and ran after Tony into funneling darkness.

"Dannee—"

Now the darkness was shot with swirling whiteness. A coughing, whooping sound and bending, tortured shadows that resolved themselves into fir trees at night, being pushed by a screaming gale. Snow swirled and danced. Snow everywhere.

"Too deep" Tony said from the darkness, and there was a sadness in his voice that terrified Danny. "Too deep to get out."

Another shape looming, rearing. Huge and rectangular. A sloping roof. Whiteness that was blurred in the stormy darkness. Many windows. A long building with a shingled roof. Some of the shingles were greener, newer. His daddy put them on. With nails from the Sidewinder hardware store. Now the snow was covering the shingles. It was covering everything.

A green witchlight glowed into being on the front of the building, flickered, and became a giant, grinning skull over two crossed bones.

"Poison," Tony said from the floating darkness. "Poison."

Other signs flickered past his eyes, some in green letters, some of them on boards stuck at leaning angles into the snowdrifts. NO SWIMMING. DANGER! LIVE WIRES. THIS PROPERTY CONDEMNED. HIGH VOLTAGE. THIRD RAIL. DANGER OF DEATH. KEEP OFF. KEEP OUT. NO TRESPASSING. VIOLATORS WILL BE SHOT ON SIGHT. He understood none of them completely. He couldn't read—but got a sense of all, and a dreamy terror floated into the dark hollows of his body like light brown spores that would die in sunlight.

They faded. Now he was in a room filled with strange furniture,

a room that was dark. Snow spattered against the windows like thrown sand. His mouth was dry, his eyes like hot marbles, his heart trip hammering in his chest. Outside there was a hollow booming noise, like a dreadful door being thrown wide. Footfalls. Across the room was a mirror, and deep down in its silver bubble a single word appeared in green fire and that word was REDRUM.

The room faded. Another room. He knew
(would know)

This one. An overturned chair. A broken window with snow swirling in already had frosted the edge of the rug. The drapes had been pulled free and hung on their broken rod at an angle. A low cabinet lying on its face.

More hollow booming noises, steady, rhythmic, horrible. Smashing glass. Approaching destruction. A hoarse voice, the voice of a madman, made the more terrible by its familiarity.

Come out! Come out you little shit! Take your medicine!

Crash Crash Crash Splintering wood. A bellow of rage and satisfaction. REDRUM Coming.

Drifting across the room. Pictures torn off the walls. A record player

(?Mommy's record player?)

Overturned on the floor. Her records, Grieg, Handel, the Beatles, Art Garfunkel, Bach, Liszt, thrown everywhere. Broken into jagged black pie wedges. A shaft of light coming from another room, the bathroom, harsh white light and a word flickering on and off in the medicine cabinet mirror like a red eye, REDRUM, REDRUM, REDRUM—

"No," he whispered. "No, Tony please—"

And, dangling over the white porcelain lip of the bathtub, a hand. Limp. A slow trickle of blood (REDRUM) trickling down one of the fingers, the third, dripping onto the tile from the carefully shaped nail—

No oh no oh no—

(oh please, Tony, you're scaring me)

REDRUM REDRUM REDRUM

(stop it, Tony, stop it)

Fading

In the darkness the booming noises grew louder, louder still, echoing, everywhere, all around.

And now he was crouched in a dark hallway, crouched on a blue rug with a riot of twisting black shapes woven into its pile. Listening to the booming noises approach, and now a Shape turned the corner and began to come toward him, lurching, smearing of blood and doom. It had a mallet in one hand and it was swinging it (REDRUM) from side to side in vicious arcs, slamming it into the walls, cutting the silk wallpaper and knocking out ghostly bursts of plasterdust:

Come on and take your medicine! Take it like a man!

The Shape advancing on him, reeking of that sweet-sour odor, gigantic, the mallet head cutting across the air with a wicked hissing whisper, then the great hollow boom as it crashed into the wall, sending the dust out in a puff you could smell, dry and itchy. Tiny red eyes glowed in the dark. The monster was upon him, it had discovered him, cowering here with a blank wall at his back. And the trapdoor in the ceiling was locked.

Darkness. Drifting.

"Tony, please take me back, please, please—"

And he was back, sitting on the curb of Arapahoe Street, his shirt sticking damply to his back, his body bathed in sweat. In his ears he would still hear that huge, contrapuntal booming sound and smell his own urine as he voided himself in the extremity of his terror. He could see that limp hand dangling over the edge of the tub with blood running down one finger, the third, and that inexplicable word so much more horrible than any of the others REDRUM.

And now sunshine. Real things. Except for Tony, now six blocks up, only a speck, standing on the corner, his voice faint and high and sweet. "Be careful, doc . . ."

Then, in the next instant, Tony was gone and Daddy's battered red bug was turning the corner and chittering up the street, farting blue smoke behind it. Danny was off the curb in a second, waving, leaping from one foot to the other, yelling "Daddy! Hey, Dad! Hi! Hi!"

His daddy swung the VW into the curb, killed the engine, and opened the door. Danny ran toward him and then froze, his eyes widening. His heart crawled up into the middle of his throat and froze so id. Beside his daddy, in the other front seat, was a short-handled mallet, its head clotted with blood and hair.

Then it was just a bag of groceries.

"Danny . . . you okay, doc?"

"Yeah. I'm okay." He went to his daddy and buried his face in Daddy's sheepskin-lined denim jacket and hugged him tight tight tight. Jack hugged him back, slightly bewildered.

"Hey, you don't want to sit in the sun like that, doc. You're drippin' sweat."

"I guess I fell asleep a little. I love you Daddy I been waiting."

"I love you too. Dan I brought home some stuff Think you're big enough to carry it upstairs?"

"Sure am!"

"Doc Torrance, the world's strongest man," Jack said, and ruffled his hair "Whose hobby is falling asleep on street corners?"

Then they were walking up to the door and Mommy had come down to the porch to meet them; and he stood on the second step and watched them kiss. They were glad to see each other. Love came out of them the way love had come out of the boy and girl walking up the street and holding hands. Danny was glad.

The bag of groceries—just a bag of groceries—cracked in his arms. Everything was all right. Daddy was home. Mommy was loving him. There were no bad things. And not everything Tooy showed him always happened.

But fear had settled around his heart, deep and dreadful, around his heart and around that indecipherable word he had seen at his spirit's mirror:

5

PHONEBOOTH

Jack parked the VW in front of the Rexall in the Table Mesa shopping center and let the engine die. He wondered again if he shouldn't go ahead and get the fuel pump replaced, and told himself again that they couldn't afford it. If the little car could keep running until November, I could retire with full honors anyway. By November the snow up there in the mountains would be higher

than the beetle's roof . . . maybe higher than three beetles stacked on top of each other

"Want you to stay in the car, doc. I'll bring you a candy bar."

"Why can't I come in?"

"I have to make a phone call. It's private stuff."

"Is that why you didn't make it at home?"

"Check."

Wendy had insisted on a phone in spite of their unraveling finances. She had argued that with a small child—especially a boy like Danny who sometimes suffered from fainting spells—they couldn't afford not to have one. So Jack had forked over the thirty-dollar installation fee, bad enough, and a ninety-dollar security deposit, which they'd burst. And so far the phone had been mine except for two wrong numbers.

"Can I have a Baby Ruth, Daudy?"

"Yes. You sit still and don't play with the gearshift, right?"

"Right. I'll look at the maps."

"You do that."

As Jack got out, Dapox opened the bug's glovebox and took out the five barrel gas station maps: Colorado, Nebraska, Wyoming, New Mexico. He loved road maps, loved to trace where the roads went with his finger. As far as he was concerned, new maps were the best part of moving West.

Jack went to the drugstore counter, got Danny's candy bar, a newspaper and a copy of the October *Motor's Digest*. He gave the girl a five and asked for his change in quarters. With the silver in his hand he walked over to the telephone booth by the key-making machine and slipped inside. From here he could see Danny in the bug through three sets of glass. The boy's head was bent studiously over his maps. Jack felt a wave of nearly desperate love for the boy. The emotion showed on his face as a stony grimness.

He supposed he could have made this telephone bill on one call to A from home; he certainly wasn't going to say anything Wendy would object to. It was his pride that said no. These days he almost always listened to what his pride told him to do, because along with his wife and son, six hundred dollars in a checking account and one weary 1968 V-8 Keweenaw, his pride was all that was left. The only thing there was his. Even the checking account was

joint. A year ago he had been teaching English in one of the finest prep schools in New England. There had been friends—although not exactly the same ones he'd had before going on the wagon—some laughs, a few faculty members who admired his deft touch in the classroom and his private dedication to writing. Things had been very good six months ago. And at once there was enough money left over at the end of each two-week pay period to start a little savings account. In his drinking days there had never been a penny left over even though Al Shockley had stood a great many of the rounds. He and Wendy had begun to talk cautiously about finding a house and making a down payment in a year or so. A farmhouse in the country, take six or eight years to renovate it completely. What the hell, they were young, they had time.

Then he had lost his temper.

George Hatfield.

The smell of hope had turned to the smell of old leather in Crommer's office, the whole thing like some scene from his own play—the old prints of previous Stovington headmasters on the walls, steel engravings of the school as it had been in 1879, when it was first built and in 1895, when Worcester money had enabled them to build the big house that still stood at the west end of the soccer field, squat immense, dressed in ivy. April ivy had been rustling outside Crommer's slit window and the drowsy sound of steam heat came from the radiator. It was no set, he remembered thinking. It was real. His life. How could he have fucked it up so badly?

"This is a serious situation. Jack. Terribly serious. The Board has asked me to convey its decision to you."

The Board wanted Jack's resignation and Jack had given it to them. Under different circumstances, he would have gotten a job that June.

What had followed that interview in Crommer's office had been the darkest, most wretched night of his life. The wanting, the need—me to get drunk had never been so bad. His hands shook. He knocked things over. And he kept wanting to take it out on Wendy and Danny. His temper was like a vicious animal on a frayed leash. He had left the house in terror that he might strike them. Had ended up outside a bar and the only thing that had kept him from going in was the knew edge that I he J.J. Wendy

would leave him at last, and take Danny with her. He would be dead from the day they left.

Instead of going into the bar where dark shadows sat watching the tasty waters of oblivion, he had gone to Al Shockley's house. The Board's vote had been six to one. Al had been the one.

Now he dialed the operator and she told him that for a dollar eighty-five he could be put in touch with Al two thousand miles away for three minutes. Time is relative, baby, he thought, and struck an eight quarters. Fairly he could hear the electronic bleeps and beeps of his connection settling its way eastward.

Al's father had been Arthur Longley Shockley, the steel baron. He had left his only son, Arthur, a fortune and a huge range of investments and directorships and chairs on various boards. One of these had been on the Board of Directors for St. Vincents Preparatory Academy, the old man's favorite charity. Both Arthur and Arthur Shockley were clowns and Al lived in Barre, close enough to take a personal interest in the school's affairs. For several years Al had been St. Vincents' top coach.

Jack and Al had become friends in a completely natural and unequivocal way at the many school and faculty functions they attended together. They were always the two drunkest people there. Shockley was separated from his wife and Jack's own marriage was skidding slowly downhill although he still loved Wendy, and had promised sincerely (and frequently) to reform, for her sake and for baby Danny's.

The two of them went on from many faculty parties, hitting the bars until they closed, then stopping at some mom-and-pop store for a case of beer they would drink parked at the end of some back road. There were mornings when Jack would stumble into their leased house with down seeping into the sky and find Wendy and the baby asleep in the couch. Danny always on the inside, a tiny fist curled under the shelf of Wendy's jaw. He would look at them and the self loathing would kick up his throat in a bitter wave even stronger than the taste of beer on his tongue and that time—most as Al called them. Those were the times that his mind would turn thoughts ugly and sadly to be gone on the rope of the razor blade.

If the banter had occurred on a weeknight, he would sleep for three hours, get up, dress, chew four Excedents, and go off to

teach his prize stock American Dogs still drunk. Good morning.
know that the Redwood Woman is going to tell you about how
Long it was when we were here big tree.

He believed he was at telephone. Jack thought as A sat,
the boy sitting on his car. The classes he had missed or
left unshaven a seeker of last night's morsels. Not me I
constituted me. Then as he and Wendy had passed a separ-
ate bed. Listen, I'm fine. Mixed feelings. Sure I'm okay to
drive. The tears she always did to the bathroom. Cautious looks
from his colleagues at any party where alcohol was served, even
wrote. The slowly growing realization that he was being kept
aboard. The knowledge that he was producing nothing at his Uni-
versity but books of mostly blank paper that ended up in the
garbage basket. He had been writing a catch for Stowman a
slowly maturing American writer perhaps, and certainly a man
well qualified to teach the greatest creative writing. He had
published two dozen short stories. He was working on a play, and
thought there might be a movie made up in some manner back
room. But now he was not producing and his teaching had become erratic.

It had finally ended one month less than a month after Jack had
broken his son's arm. That it seemed to him had ended his mar-
riage. All that remained was for Wendy to gather her w... If
her mother hadn't been such a grace. A bitch he knew, Wendy
would have taken a bus back to New Hampshire as soon as
Danny had been okay to travel. It was over.

It had been a cold past night. Jack and A, were coming into
Barre on U.S. 31. A behind the wheel of his Jig shifting fancies
on the curves, sometimes crossing the double yellow line. They
were both very drunk. The man in the house that night to force
They came around the last curve before the bridge at seventy and
hit W. A. A's bike in the head and in the sharp hurt squeal-
ing as rubber shredded from the tire, no Jack remembrance
seeing A's face coming over the steering wheel like a round
white moon. Turned everything to respond as his Eddie bike
at forty miles had flown like a bent and twisted bird the
hand. It stopped the world and when it was in the air
crashing he stopped a few feet in front of Jack's bulging
eyes. A moment later he heard the final dreadful smash as it

landed on the road behind them. Something thumped underneath them as the tires passed over it. The Jag drifted around broadside, Al still cranking the wheel, and from far away Jack heard himself saying "Jesus A. We ran him down. I felt it."

In his ear the phone kept ringing. *Come on, Al. Be home. Let me get this over with.*

A had brought the car to a smoking halt not more than three feet from a bridge stanchion. Two of the Jag's tires were flat. They had left zigzagging loops of burned rubber for a hundred and thirty feet. They looked at each other for a moment and then ran back in the cold darkness.

The bike was completely turned. One wheel was gone and looking back over his shoulder A had seen it lying in the middle of the road, half a dozen spikes sticking up like piano wire. A had said heatedly "I think that's what we ran over. Jacky-boy!"

"Then where's the kid?"

"Did you see a kid?"

Jack frowned. It had all happened with such crazy speed. Coming around the corner. The bike looming in the Jag's headlights. Alive. Something. Then the collision and the long skid.

They moved the bike to one shoulder on the road. A went back to the Jag and put on its four way flasbers. For the next two hours they searched the sides of the road, using a powerful four-cell flashlight. Nothing. Although it was late several cars passed the beached Jaguar and the two men with the bobbing flashlight. None of them stopped. Jack thought later that some queer providence, bent on giving them both a last chance, had kept the cops away, had kept any of the passers by from calling them.

At quarter past two they returned to the Jag, sober but queasy. "If there was nobody riding, what was it doing in the middle of the road?" Al demanded. "It wasn't parked on the side. It was right in the fucking middle!"

Jack could only shake his head.

"Your party does not answer," the operator said. "Would you like me to keep on trying?"

"A couple more rings, opera or Do you mind?"

"No, sir," the voice said dutifully.

Come on, Al!

Al hollered across the bridge to the nearest pay phone, called

a bachelor friend and told him it would be worth fifty dollars if the friend would get the Jag's snow tires out of the garage and bring them down to the Highway 31 bridge outside of Barre. The friend showed up twenty minutes later wearing a pair of shorts and his pajama top. He surveyed the scene.

"Kill anybody?" he asked.

A. was alreadyacking up the back of the car and Jack was loosening lug nuts. "Provocatively, no one," A. said.

"I think I'll just head on back anyway. Pay me in the morning."

"Fine," A. said without looking up.

The two of them had gotten the tires on without incident, and together they drove back to Al Shockley's house. A. put the Jag in the garage and killed the motor.

In the dark quiet he said "I'm off drinking. Jacky-boy. It's all over. I've slain my last man."*

And now, sweating in this phonebooth, it occurred to Jack that he had never doubted Al's ability to carry through. He had driven back to his own house in the VW with the radio turned up, and some disco group changed over and over again, talking in the house before dawn. *Do it anyway you wanna do it do it anyway you want*. No matter how loud he heard the squealing tires, the crash. When he blinked his eyes shut he saw hot sun a crushed wheel with its broken spokes pointing at the sky.

When he got in, Wendy was asleep on the couch. He looked in Danny's room and Danny was in his crib on his back, sleeping deeply, his arm still buried in the east. In the softly filtered glow from the streetlight outside he could see the dark lines on its plastered whiteness where all the doctors and nurses in pediatrics had signed it.

It was an accident. He fell down the stairs

(to your dirty flat)

I was an accident I lost my temper

(you fucking drunken waste god who snot out of his nose and that was you)

Listen here come on please just an accident

By the last piece was so very away by the image of that bobbing flashlight as they hurried through the dry late November weeds, looking for the sprawled body that by all good rights should have

been there, waiting for the police. It didn't matter that A had been driving. There had been other nights when he had been driving.

He pulled the covers up over Danny, went into their bedroom, and took the Spanish Llama #8 down from the top shelf of the closet. It was in a shoe box. He sat on the bed with it for nearly an hour, looking at it, fascinated by its deadly sheen.

It was dawn when he put it back in the box and put the box back in the closet.

That morning he had called Bruckner, the department head, and told him to please post his classes. He had the flu. Bruckner agreed, with less good grace than was common. Jack Torrance had been extremely susceptible to the flu in the last year.

Wendy made him scrambled eggs and coffee. They ate in silence. The only sound came from the back yard, where Danny was gleefully running his trucks across the sand pile with his good hand.

She went to do the dishes. Her back to him, she said: "Jack, I've been thinking."

"Have you?" He lit a cigarette with trembling hands. No hangover this morning, oddly enough. Only the shakes. He blinked. In the instant's darkness the bike flew up against the windshield, shattering the glass. The tires shrieked. The flashlight bobbed.

"I want to talk to you about — about what's best for me and Danny. For you too, maybe. I don't know. We should have talked about it before, I guess."

"Would you do something for me?" he asked, looking at the wavering tip of his cigarette. "Would you do me a favor?"

"What?" Her voice was dull and neutral. He looked at her back.

"Let's talk about it a week from today. If you still want to."

Now she turned to him, her hands aky with suds, her pretty face pale and disillusioned. "Jack, promises don't work with you. You just go right on with—"

She stopped, looking in his eyes, fascinated, suddenly uncertain.

"In a week," he said. His voice had lost all its strength and dropped to a whisper. "Please, I'm not promising anything. If you still want to talk then, we'll talk. About anything you want."

Icy looked across the room, & then at each other for a long time, and when she turned back to the bushes without saying anything more he began a sadder song, he needed a drink just a little pick-me-up to put things in their true perspective.

Danny said he dreamed you had a car accident," she said abruptly. "He has funny dreams sometimes. He said it's so morning, when I got him dressed. Did you, Jack? Did you have an accident?"

"No."

By noon the craving for a drink had become a raw-grade fever. He went to Al's.

"You oily?" Al asked before letting him in. Al looked horrible.

"Bone dry. You look like Lon Chaney in *Phantom of the Opera*."

"Come on in."

They played two-handed whist all afternoon. They didn't drink. A week passed. He and Wendy didn't speak much. But he knew she was watching, not believing. He drank coffee black and endless cans of Coca-Cola. One night he drank a whole six-pack of Coke and then ran into the bathroom and vomited it up. The end of the bottles in the liquor cabinet did not go down. After his glasses he went over to Al Shockley's—she hated Al Shockley worse than she had ever hated anyone—and when he came home she would swear she smelled scotch or gin on his breath, but he would talk lucidly to her before supper, drink coffee, play with Danny after supper, sharing a Coke with him, read him a bedtime story, then sit and correct themes with cup after cup of black coffee by his hand, and she would have to admit to herself that she had been wrong.

Weeks passed and the unspoken word retreated further from the back of her lips. Jack sensed its retreat but knew it would never be completely. Things began to get a little easier. Then George Hatfield. He had lost his temper again, this time stone sober.

"Sir, your party still doesn't—"

"Hello?" Al's voice, out of breath.

"Go ahead," the operator said dourly.

"Al, this is Jack Torrance."

"Jacky-boy" Genuine pleasure. "How are you?"

"Good. I just called to say thanks. I got the job. It's perfect. If I can't finish that goddam play snowed in all winter, I'll never finish it."

"You'll finish."

"How are things?" Jack asked hesitantly.

"Dry," Al responded. "You?"

"As a bone."

"Miss it much?"

"Every day."

Al laughed. "I know that scene. But I don't know how you stayed dry after that Hatfield thing, Jack. That was above and beyond."

"I really botched things up for myself," he said evenly.

"Oh, hell. I'll have the Board around by spring. Effinger's already saying they might have been too hasty. And if that play comes to something—"

"Yes. Listen, my boy's out in the car, Al. He looks like he might be getting restless—"

"Sure. Understand. You have a good winter up there, Jack. Glad to help."

"Thanks again, Al." He hung up, closed his eyes in the hot booth, and again saw the crashing bike, the bobbing flashlight. There had been a squib in the paper the next day, no more than a space-filler really, but the owner had not been named. Why it had been out there in the night would always be a mystery to them, and perhaps that was as it should be.

He went back out to the car and gave Danny his slightly melted Baby Ruth.

"Daddy?"

"What, doc?"

Danny hesitated, looking at his father's abstracted face.

"When I was waiting for you to come back from that hotel, I had a bad dream. Do you remember? When I fell asleep?"

"Um-hm."

But it was no good. Daddy's mind was someplace else, not with him. Thinking about the Bad Thing again.

(I dreamed that you hurt me, Daddy.)

"What was the dream, doc?"

"Nothing," Danny said as they pulled out into the parking lot. He put the maps back into the glove compartment.

"You sure?"

"Yes."

Jack gave his son a faint, troubled glance, and then his mind turned to his play.

6

NIGHT THOUGHTS

Love was over and her man was sleeping beside her.

Her man.

She smiled a little in the darkness, his seed still trickling with slow warmth from between her slightly parted thighs, and her smile was both rueful and pleased, because the phrase *her man* summoned up a hundred feelings. Each feeling examined alone was a bewilderment. Together, in this darkness dozing to sleep, they were like a distant blues tune heard in an almost deserted night club, melancholy but pleasing.

Lovin' you baby, is just like rislin' off a log,

But if I can't be your woman, I sure can't goin' to be your dog.

Had that been Billie Holiday? Or someone more prosaic like Peggy Lee? Didn't matter. It was low and torchy, and in the silence of her head it played mellowly, as if issuing from one of those old-fashioned jukeboxes, a Wurlitzer, perhaps, half an hour before closing.

Now, moving away from her consciousness, she wondered how many beds she had slept in with this man beside her. They had met in college and had first made love in his apartment — that had been less than three months after her mother drove her from the house, told her never to come back, that if she wanted to go somewhere she could go to her father since she had been responsible for the divorce. That had been in 1970. So long ago? A se-

moester later they had moved in together had found jobs for the summer, and had kept the apartment when their senior year began. She remembered that bed the most clearly, a big double that sagged in the middle. When they made love, the rusty box spring had counted the beats. That fall she had finally managed to break from her mother. Jack had helped her. She wants to keep beating you. Jack had said. The more times you phone her, the more times you crawl back begging forgiveness, the more she can beat you with your father. It's good for her, Wendy, because she can go on making believe it was your fault. But it's not good for you. They had talked it over again and again in that bed, that year.

(Jack sitting up with the covers pooled around his waist, a cigarette burning between his fingers, looking her in the eye—he had a half-humorous, half-scowling way of doing this. telling her *She told you never to come back right? Never to darken her door again, right? Then why doesn't she hang up the phone when she knows it's you? Why does she only tell you that you can't come in if I'm with you? Because she thinks I might cramp her style a little bit. She wants to keep putting the thumbscrews right to you baby You're a fool if you keep letting her do it. She told you never to come back so why don't you take her at her word? Give it a rest And at last she'd seen it his way.)*

It had been Jack's idea to separate for a while—to get perspective on the relationship, he said. She had been afraid he had become interested in someone else. Later she found it wasn't so. They were together again in the spring and he asked her if she had been to see her father. She had jumped as if he'd struck her with a quart.

How did you know that?

The Shadow knows

Have you been spying on me?

And his impatient laughter, which had always made her feel so awkward—as if she were eight and he was able to see her motivations more clearly than she.

You needed time, Wendy.

For what?

I guess ... to see which one of us you wanted to marry.

Jack, what are you saying?

I think I'm proposing marriage.

The wedding. Her mother had been there, her mother had not been. She knew where I stood on that. I she had Jack. Then Danny had come, her fine son.

That had been the best year, the best bed. After Danny was born, Jack had gotten her a job typing for half a dozen English Department professors—quizzes, exams, class syllabi, study guides, reading lists. She ended up typing a novel for one of them, a novel that never got published. Much to Jack's very treasured and very private joy. The job was good for forty a week, and she worked all the way up to sixty during the two months she spent typing the unsuccessful novel. They had their first car, a five-year-old Buick with a baby seat in the middle. Bright upwardly mobile young marrieds. Danny forced a reconciliation between her and her mother, a reconciliation that was always tense and never happy, but a reconciliation at the same. When she took Danny to the house, she went without Jack. And she didn't tell Jack that her mother always remade Danny's clothes. I rouned over his formula, could always spot the accusation first signs of a rash on the baby's bottom or privates. Her mother never said anything ever, but the mess would come through anyway. The price she had begun to pay (and maybe a way would) for the reconciliation was the feeling that she was an inadequate mother. It was her mother's way of keeping the thumbscrews handy.

During the days Wendy would stay home and housewife, feeding Danny his bottles in the sunwashed kitchen of the four-room second-story apartment, playing her records on the battered portable stereo she had had since high school. Jack would come home at three (or at two if he left the classroom) and while Danny slept he would lead her into the bedroom and fears of inadequacy would be erased.

At night while she typed, he would do his writing and his assignments. In those days she sometimes came out of the bedroom where the typewriter was to find both of them asleep on the studio couch, Jack wearing nothing but his underpants. Danny sprawled comfortably on her husband's chest with his thumb in his mouth. She would put Danny in his crib, then read whatever Jack had written that night before waking him up enough to come to bed.

The best bed, the best year

Sixty years since then—by Jack Gould

In those days, Jack's drinking had still been well in hand. On Saturday nights a bunch of his fellow students would drop over and there would be a case of beer and discussions in which she seldom took part because her major had been sociology and this was English arguments over whether Pepys's diaries were literature or history, discussions of Charles Olson's poetry, sometimes the reading of works in progress. Thirty and a hundred others. Not a thousand. She felt no real urge to take part, it was enough to sit in her rocking chair beside Jack, who sat cross-legged on the floor one hand holding a beer, the other gently cupping her calf or braceleting her ankle.

The competition at UNH had been fierce, and Jack carried an extra burden on his writing. He put on at least an hour at it every night. It was his routine. The Saturday sessions were necessary therapy. They let something out of him that might otherwise have swelled and swelled until he burst.

At the end of his grad work he had landed the job at Springfield, mostly on the strength of his stories—four of them published at that time, one of them in *Esquire*. She remembered that day clearly enough. I would take more than three years to forget it. She had almost thrown the envelope away, thinking it was a subscription offer. Opening it she had found instead that it was a letter saying that *Esquire* would like to use Jack's story "Concerning the Black Holes" early the following year. They would pay nine hundred dollars, not on publication but on acceptance. That was nearly half a year's take typing papers and she had flown to the telephone, leaving Danny in his high chair to goggle comically after her back face lathered with creamed peas and beef puree.

Jack had arrived from the university forty-five minutes later, the Buick wobbling down with seven friends and a keg of beer. After a ceremonial toast (Wendy also had a glass, although she ordinarily had no taste for beer), Jack had signed the acceptance letter, put it in the return envelope and went outside the block to drop it in the letter box. When he came back he stood gravely in the door and said, "Veni, vidi, vici." There were cheers and ap-

house. When the keg was empty at eleven that night, Jack and the two others were so tipsy they went on to hit a few bars.

She had gotten him aside in the downstairs hallway. The other two were already out in the car, drunkenly singing the New Hampshire fight song. Jack was down on one knee, now, shyly fumbling with the laces of his moccasins.

"Jack," she said, "you shouldn't. You can't even tie your shoes, let alone drive."

He stood up and put his hands calmly on her shoulders. "To-night I could fly to the moon if I wanted to."

"No," she said. "Not for all the *Esquire* stories in the world."

"I'll be home early."

But he hadn't been home until four in the morning, stumbling and muttering his way up the stairs, waking Danny up when he came in. He had tried to soothe the baby and dropped him on the floor. Wendy had rushed out thinking of what her mother would think if she saw the bruise before she thought of anything else — God help her, God help them both—and then picked Danny up, sat in the rocking chair with him, soothed him. She had been thinking of her mother for most of the five hours Jack had been gone, her mother's prophecy that Jack would never come to anything. *Big ideas* her mother had said. *Sure. The welfare lines are full of educated tools with big ideas.* Did the *Esquire* story make her mother wrong or right? *Winnifred, you're not holding that baby right. Give him to me.* And was she not holding her husband right? Why else would he take his joy out of the house? A helpless kind of terror had risen up in her and it never occurred to her that he had gone out for reasons that had nothing to do with her.

"Congratulations," she said, rocking Danny—he was almost asleep again. "Maybe you gave him a concussion."

"It's just a bruise." He sounded sulky wanting to be repented a little now. For an instant she hated him.

"Maybe," she said tightly. "Maybe not." She heard so much of her mother talking to her departed father in her own voice that she was sickened and afraid.

"Like mother like daughter," Jack muttered.

"Go to bed!" she cried, her fear coming out sounding like anger. "Go to bed, you're drunk!"

"Don't tell me what to do."

"Jack . . . please, we shouldn't . . . it . . ." There were no words.

"Don't tell me what to do," he repeated sullenly, and then went into the bedroom. She was left alone in the rocking chair with Danny, who was sleeping again. Five minutes later Jack's snores came floating out to the living room. That had been the first night she had slept on the couch.

Now she turned restlessly on the bed, already dozing. Her mind, freed of any linear order by encroaching sleep, floated past the first year at Stovington, past the steadily worsening times that had reached low ebb when her husband had broken Danny's arm, to that morning in the breakfast nook.

Danny outside playing trucks in the sandpile, his arm still in the cast. Jack sitting at the table, pallid and gazzled, a cigarette jittering between his fingers. She had decided to ask him for a divorce. She had pondered the question from a hundred different angles, had been pondering it in fact for the six months before the broken arm. She told herself she would have made the decision long ago if it hadn't been for Danny, but not even that was necessarily true. She dreamed on the long nights when Jack was out and her dreams were always of her mother's face and of her own wedding.

(Who giveth this woman? Her father standing in his best suit which was none too good—he was a traveling salesman for a line of canned goods that even then was going broke—and his tired face, how old he looked, how pale I do.)

Even after the accident—if you could call it an accident—she had not been able to bring it all the way out, to admit that her marriage was a lopsided defeat. She had waited, dumbly hoping that a miracle would occur and Jack would see what was happening not only to him but to her. But there had been no slowdown. A drink before going off to the Academy. Two or three beers with lunch at the Stovington House. Three or four martinis before dinner. Five or six more while grading papers. The weekends were worse. The nights out with A. Shockley were worse still. She had never dreamed there could be so much pain in a life when there was nothing physically wrong. She hurt all the time. How much of it was her fault? That question haunted her. She felt like her

in her like her father. Sometimes when she felt like herself she wondered what it would be like for Danny, and she dreaded the day when he grew old enough to lay blame. And she wondered where they would go. She had no idea if her mother would take her in, and no doubt that after half a year of watching her disarray remade Danny's meals recocoked and not redistributed, of coming home to find his clothes changed or his hair cut, or the books her mother found unsuitable spirited away to some library in the attic.

After half a year of that she would have a complete nervous breakdown. And her mother would pat her hand and say comfortingly *Although it's not your fault, it's all your own fault. You were never ready. You showed your true colors when you came between your father and me.*

My father Danny's Father Mine Inc.

(Who giveth this woman? I do. Dead of a heart attack six months later.)

The night before that morning she had lain awake almost up to 2 a.m. thinking coming to her decision.

The divorce was necessary, she told herself. Her mother and father didn't belong in the decision. No, her did her feelings of guilt over the marriage over her feelings of inadequacy over her own. It was necessary for her son's sake, and for herself if she was to salvage anything at all from her early adulterous. The handwriting on the wall was bold but clear. Her husband was a fool. He had a bad temper, one he could no longer keep wholly under control now that he was drinking so heavily and his writing was going so badly. Accidentally or not accidentally, he had broken Danny's arm. He was going to lose his job if not this year then the year after. Already she had noticed the sympathetic looks from the other factory wives. She told herself for as long as she could now she would have to leave it. Jack could have followed up with her, and she would write him from time to time until she could find something and get on her feet, and that would have to be fairly rapidly because she didn't know how long Jack would be a reliable support person. She would do it with as much bitterness as possible. But it had to end.

So, thinking she had fallen off no other own path and unresilient sleep, haunted by the faces of her own mother and father. *You're nothing but a home-wrecker, her mother said. Who giveth this*

woman?" the minister said. "I do," her father said. But in the bright and sunny morning she felt the same. Her back to him, her hands plunged in warm dishwater up to the wrists, she had commenced with the unpleasantness.

"I want to talk to you about something that might be best for Danny and I. For you too, maybe. We should have talked about it before, I guess."

And then he had said an odd thing. She had expected to discover his anger, to provoke the bitterness, the recriminations. She had expected a mad dash for the liquor cabinet. But not this soft, almost toneless reply that was so unlike him. It was almost as though the Jack she had lived with for six years had never come back last night—as if he had been replaced by some unearthly doppelganger that she would never know or be quite sure of.

"Would you do something for me? A favor?"

"What?" She had to discipline her voice strictly to keep it from trembling.

"Let's talk about it in a week. If you still want to."

And she had agreed. It remained unspoken between them. During that week he had seen Al Shockley more than ever, but he came home early and there was no liquor on his breath. She imagined she smelled it, but knew it wasn't so. Another week. And another.

Doris went back to committee, unvoted on.

What had happened? She still wondered and still had not the slightest idea. The subject was taboo between them. He was like a man who had leaned around a corner and had seen an unexpected monster lying in wait, crouching among the dried bones of its old kills. The liquor remained in the cabinet, but he didn't touch it. She had considered throwing them out a dozen times but in the end always backed away from the idea, as if some unknown charm would be broken by the act.

And there was Danny's part in it to consider.

If she felt she didn't know her husband then she was in awe of her child—awe in the strict meaning of that word—a kind of unconfined superstitious dread.

Dozing lightly the image of the instant of his birth was presented to her. She was again lying on the delivery table, bloodied in sweat, her hair in strings, her feet splayed out in the stirrups

(and a little high from the gas they kept giving her whiffs of, at

one point she had muttered that she felt like an advertisement for gang rape and the nurse, an old bird who had assisted at the births of enough children to populate a high school, found that extremely funny.)

The doctor between her legs, the nurse off to one side, arranging instruments and burlap. The sharp, glassy pains had been coming at steadily shortening intervals, and several times she had screamed in spite of her shame.

Then the doctor told her quite sternly that she must *PEEE* and she did, and then she felt something being taken from her. It was a clear and distinct feeling, one she would never forget—the thing taken. Then the doctor held her son up by the legs—she had seen his tiny sex and known he was a boy immediately—and as the doctor groped for the navel, she had seen something else, something so horrible that she found the strength to scream again after she had thought all screams were used up.

He has no face!

But of course there had been a face, Danny's own sweet face, and the cau that had covered it at birth now resided in a small jar which she had kept almost shamefully. She did not hold with a superstition, but she had kept the cau nevertheless. She did not hold with wives' tales, but the boy had been unusual from the first. She did not believe in second sight but—

Did Daddy have an accident? I dreamed Daddy had an accident.

Something had changed him. She didn't believe it was just her getting ready to ask for a divorce that had done it. Something had happened before that morning. Something that had happened while she slept uncosily. Al Shockley said that nothing had happened, nothing at all, but he had averted his eyes when he said it and if you believed faculty gossip, Al had also climbed aboard the fabled wagon.

Did Daddy have an accident?

Maybe a chance collision with fate, surely nothing much more concrete. She had read that day's paper and the next day's with a closer eye than usual, but she saw nothing she could connect with Jack. God help her she had been looking for a hit and run accident or a barroom brawl that had resulted in serious injuries or "who knew?" Who wanted to? But no policeman came to call,

either to ask questions or with a warrant empowering him to take parts of scrapings from the VW's bumpers. Nothing. Only her husband's one hundred and eighty degree change and her son's sleepy question on walking.

Did Daddy have an accident? I dreamed.

She had stuck with Jack more for Danny's sake than she would admit in her waking hours but now sleeping lightly she could admit it. Danny had been Jack's for the asking, almost from the first. Just as she had been her father's, most from the first. She couldn't remember Danny ever spitting a bottle back on Jack's shirt. Jack could get him to eat after she had given up in disgust, even when Danny was teething and it gave him visible pains to chew. When Danny had a stomach ache she would rock him for an hour before he began to quiet. Jack had only to pick him up, walk twice around the room with him, and Danny would be asleep on Jack's shoulder, thumb securely corked in his mouth.

He hadn't minded changing diapers, even those he called the special ones. He sat with Danny for hours on end, bouncing him on his lap, playing finger games with him, making faces at him while Danny poked at his nose and then cringed with the pimplies. He made formula as and administered hero-far, fleshy, getting up every last burp afterward. He would take Danny with him in the car to get the paper or a bottle of milk or milk at the hardware store even when the sun was still an infant. He had taken Danny to a Stowington Keene soccer match when Danny was only six months old, and Danny had sat motionlessly on his father's lap through the whole game, wrapped in a blanket, a small Stowington pennant clutched in one chubby fist.

He loved his mother but he was his father's boy.

And hadn't she felt fine and homey in her son's wrists opposite to the whole idea of divorce? She would be thinking about it in the kitchen, turning it over in her mind as she turned the potatoes for supper over in her hands for the pictures to lie. And she would turn around to see him sitting cross-legged in a kitchen chair, looking at her with eyes that seemed both frightened and accusatory. Walking with him in the park, he would suddenly seize both her hands and say almost demand, "Do you love me?" Do you love daddy?" And, confused, she would nod or say "Of course I do, honey." Then he would run to the dock

pond, sending them squawking and scared to the other end, flapping their wings in a panic before the small ferocity of his charge, leaving her to stare after him and wonder.

There were even times when it seemed that her determination to at least discuss the matter with Jack dissolved, not out of her own weakness, but under the determination of her son's will.

I don't believe such things.

But in sleep she did believe them, and in sleep, with her husband's seed still drying on her thighs, she felt that the three of them had been permanently welded together—that if their three-oneness was to be destroyed, it would not be destroyed by any of them but from outside.

Most of what she believed centered around her love for Jack. She had never stopped loving him, except maybe for that dark period immediately following Danny's "accident." And she loved her son. Most of all, she loved them together walking or riding or only sitting, Jack's large head and Danny's small one poised alertly over the fans of old maid hands, sharing a bottle of Coke, looking at the funnies. She loved having them with her, and she hoped to dear God that this hotel caretaking job Al had gotten for Jack would be the beginning of good times again.

*And the wind gonna rise up, baby,
and blow my blues away . . .*

Soft and sweet and mellow, the song came back and lingered, following her down into a deeper sleep where thought ceased and the faces that came in dreams went unremembered.

IN ANOTHER BEDROOM

Danny awoke with the booming still load in his ears, and the drunk, savagely harsh voice crying hoarsely *Come out here and take your medicine! I'll find you! I'll find you!*

But now the breathing was only his racing heart, and the only voice in the room was the faraway sound of a police siren.

He lay in bed motionlessly looking up at the wind-stirred shadows of the leaves on his bedroom ceiling. They twined sinuously together, making shapes like the vines and creepers in a jungle, and patiently woven into the nap of a dark carpet. He was clad in Doctor Denison pajamas, but he wore the pajama suit and his skin he had grown a more closely fitting singlet of perspiration.

"Tony?" he whispered. "You there?"

No answer.

He slipped out of bed and padded silently across to the window and looked out on Arapahoe Street, now silent and silent. It was two in the morning. There was nothing out there but empty sidewalks cluttered with fallen leaves, parked cars and the long-roofed streetcar line the corner across from the C.M. & St. Louis gas station. With its hooded top and motionless stance, the streetcar looked like a monster in a space show.

He looked up the street both ways straining his eyes for Tony's slight beckoning form, but there was no one there.

The wind sighed through the trees, and the fallen leaves rattled on the deserted walks and around the hubcaps of parked cars. It was a faint and sorrowful sound, and the boy thought that he might be the only one in Boulder awake enough to hear it. The only human being, at least. There was no way of knowing what else might be out in the night slinking hungrily through the shadows, watching and seeing in the breeze.

I'll find you! I'll find you!

"Tony?" he whispered again, but without much hope.

Only the wind spoke back, gusting more strongly this time, scattering leaves across the sloping roof below his window. Some of them stopped in the tangle and came to rest there like tree-dancers.

Danny... Danny...

He started at the sound of the familiar voice and craned out the window. His small hand on the sill. With the sound of Tony's voice the whole night seemed to have come suddenly and secretly alive whispering even when the wind quieted again and the leaves were still and the shadows had stopped moving. He thought he saw a darker shadow standing by the bus stop a block down, but it was hard to tell if it was a real thing or an eye-trick.

Don't go, Danny . . .

Then the wind gusted again, making him squint, and the shadow by the bus stop was gone . . . if it had ever been there at all. He stood by his window for

(a minute? an hour?)

some time longer, but there was no more. At last he crept back into his bed and pulled the blankets up and watched the shadows thrown by the alien streetlight turn into a sinuous jungle filled with flesh-eating plants that wanted only to slip around him, squeeze the life out of him, and drag him down into a blackness where one sinister word flashed in red.

REDRUM.

PART TWO

Closing Day

A VIEW OF THE OVERLOOK

Mommy was worried.

She was afraid the bug wouldn't make it up and down all these mountains and that they would get stranded by the side of the road where somebody might come tipping along and hit them. Danny himself was more sanguine, if Daddy thought the bug would make this one last trip, then probably it would.

"We're just about here," Jack said.

Wendy brushed her hair back from her temples. "Thank God."

She was sitting in the right-hand bucket, a Victoria Holt paperback open but face down in her lap. She was wearing her blue dress, the one Danny thought was her prettiest. It had a sailor collar and made her look very young like a girl just getting ready to graduate from high school. Daddy kept putting his hand high up on her leg and she kept laughing and brushing it off, saying Get away, fly.

Danny was impressed with the mountains. One day Daddy had taken them up to the ones near Boulder—the ones they called the Flatirons, but these were much bigger, and on the tallest of them you could see a fine dusting of snow, which Daddy said was often there year-round.

And they were actually in the mountains, no goofing around. Sheer rock faces rose all around them, so high you could barely see their tops even by craning your neck out the window. When they left Boulder, the temperature had been in the high seventies. Now, just after noon, the air up here felt crisp and cold like November back in Vermont and Daddy had the heater going—not that it worked all that well. They had passed several signs that said FALLING ROCK ZONE (Mommy read each one to him) and al-

though Danny had waited anxiously to see some rock fall none had. At least not yet.

Half an hour ago they had passed another sign that Daddy said was very important. This sign said ENTERING SIDEWINDER PASS, and Daddy said that sign was as far as the snowplows went in the wintertime. After that the road got too steep. In the winter the road was closed from the little town of Sidewinder, which they had gone through just before they got to that sign, all the way to Buckland, Utah.

Now they were passing another sign.

"What's that one, Mom?"

"That one says SLOWER VEHICLES USE RIGHT LANE. That means us."

"The bug will make it," Danny said.

"Please, God," Mummy said, and crossed her fingers. Danny looked down at her open-toed sandals and saw that she had crossed her toes as well. He giggled. She sniped back, but he knew that she was still worried.

The road wound up and up in a series of slow S curves, and Jack dropped the bug's stick shift from fourth gear to third, then into second. The bug wheezed and protested, and Wendy's eye fixed on the speedometer needle, which sank from forty to thirty to twenty, where it hovered reluctantly.

"The fuel pump . . ." she began timidly.

"The fuel pump will go another three miles," Jack said shortly.

The rock wall fell away on the right, disclosing a slash valley that seemed to go down forever, lined a dark green with Rocky Mountain pine and spruce. The pines fell away to gray cliffs of rock that dropped for hundreds of feet before smoothing out. She saw a waterfall spilling over one of them, the early afternoon sun sparkling in it like a golden fish snared in a blue net. They were beautiful mountains but they were hard. She did not think they would forgive many mistakes. An unhappy foreboding rose in her throat. Further west in the Sierra Nevada the Donner Party had become snowbound and had resorted to cannibalism to stay alive. The mountains did not forgive many mistakes.

With a punch of the clutch and a jerk, Jack shifted down to first gear and they labored upward, the bug's engine thumping gamely.

"You know," she said. "I don't think we've seen five cars since

we came through Sawmiller. And one of them was the hotel I'm curious."

Jack nodded. "It goes right to Stapleton Airport in Denver. There's already some icy patches up beyond the hotel, Watson says, and they're forecasting more snow for tomorrow up higher. Anybody going through the mountains now wants to be on one of the main roads, just in case. That goddam Ulman better still be up there. I guess he will be."

"You're sure the larder is fully stocked?" she asked, still thinking of the Donners.

"He said so. He wanted Halloran to go over it with you. Halloran's the cook."

"Oh," she said faintly, looking at the speedometer. It had dropped from fifteen to ten miles an hour.

"There's the top," Jack said, pointing three hundred yards ahead. "There's a scenic turnout and you can see the Overlook from there. I'm going to pull off the road and give the bug a chance to rest." He craned over his shoulder at Danny, who was sitting on a pile of blankets. "What do you think, doc? We might see some deer or caribou."

"Sure, Dad."

The VW labored up and up. The speedometer dropped to just above the five-mile-an-hour hashmark and was beginning to back when Jack pulled off the road.

("What's that sign, Mommy?" "SCENIC TURNOUT," she read dutifully.)

and stepped on the emergency brake and let the VW run in neutral.

"Come on," he said, and got out.

They walked to the guardrail together.

"That's it," Jack said and pointed at eleven o'clock.

For Wendy, it was discovering truth in a cliché—her breath was taken away. For a moment she was unable to breathe at all, the view had knocked the wind from her. They were standing near the top of one peak. Across from them—who knew how far?—an even taller mountain reared into the sky, its jagged tip only a silhouette that was now gimbused by the sun, which was beginning its decline. The whole valley floor was spread out below them, the

s-pes that they had climbed in the laboring bug falling away with such dizzying suddenness that she knew to look down there for too long would bring on nausea and even actual vomiting. The imagination seemed to spring to full life in the clear air, beyond the realm of reason, and to look was to helplessly see one's self plunging down and down and down. Sky and slopes changing places in slow cartwheels, the scream drifting from your mouth like a laryba boom as your hair and your dress billowed out.

She jerked her gaze away from the drop almost by force and lowered Jack's finger. She could see the big way clinging to the side of the cathedral spire, switching back on itself but always tending northwest, still climbing but at a more gentle angle. Further up, seemingly set directly into the slope itself, she saw the gaily clinging pines give way to a wide square of green lawn and standing in the middle of it, overlooking all this, the hotel. The Overlook. Seeing it, she found breath and voice again.

"Oh, Jack, it's gorgeous!"

"Yes, it is," he said. "Uman says he thinks it's the single most beautiful location in America. I don't care much for him, but I think he might be right. Danny! Danny, are you all right?"

She looked around for him and her sudden fear for him blotted out everything else stupendous or not. She darted toward him. He was holding onto the guardrail and looking up at the hotel, his face a pasty gray color. His eyes had the blank look of someone on the verge of fainting.

She knelt beside him and put steady hands on his shoulders. "Danny, what's—"

Jack was beside her. "You okay, doc?" He gave Danny a brisk little shake and his eyes cleared.

"I'm okay, Daddy. I'm fine."

"What was I? Danny?" she asked. "Were you dizzy, honey?"

"No, I was just thinking. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to scare you." He looked at his parents, kneeling in front of him, and offered them a small puzzled smile. "Maybe it was the sun. The sun got in my eyes."

"We'll get you up to the hotel and give you a drink of water," Daddy said.

"Okay."

And in the bug, which moved upward more surely on the

gentler grade. He kept looking out between them as the road unwound, affording occasional glimpses of the Overlook Hotel, its massive bank of westward-looking windows reflecting back the sun. It was the place he had seen in the midst of the blizzard, the dark and booming place where some hideously familiar figure sought him down long corridors carpeted with jungle. The place Tony had warned him against. It was here. It was here. Whatever Redrum was, it was here.

9

CHECKING IT OUT

Ulman was waiting for them just outside the wide, old-fashioned front doors. He shook hands with Jack and nodded coolly at Wendy, perhaps noticing the way heads turned when she came through into the lobby, her golden hair spilling across the shoulders of the simple navy dress. The hem of the dress stopped a modest two inches above the knee, but you didn't have to see more to know they were good legs.

Ulman seemed truly warm toward Danny only, but Wendy had experienced that before. Danny seemed to be a child for people who ordinarily held W. C. Fields' sentiments about children. He bent a little from the waist and offered Danny his hand. Danny shook it formally, without a smile.

"My son Danny," Jack said. "And my wife Winnifred."

"I'm happy to meet you both," Ulman said. "How old are you, Danny?"

"Five, sir."

"Sir yet." Ulman smiled and glanced at Jack. "He's well mannered."

"Of course he is," Jack said.

"And Mrs. Torrance." He offered the same little bow, and for a bemused instant Wendy thought he would kiss her hand. She half-offered it and he did take it, but only for a moment, clasped in

both of his. His hands were small and dry and smooth, and she guessed that he powdered them.

The lobby was a bustle of activity. Around every one of the elegantly fashioned high-backed chairs was taken. Bellboys shuttled in and out with suitcases and there was a line at the desk, which was dominated by a huge brass cash register. The BankAmericard and Master Charge details on it seemed jarringly anachronistic.

To their right, down toward a pair of tall double doors that were pulled closed and roped off, there was an old-fashioned fireplace now blazing with birch logs. Three nuns sat on a sofa that was drawn up a most to the hearth side. They were talking and smiling with their bags slacked up to either knee, waiting for the check-out line to thin a little. As Wendy watched them they burst into a chord of trilling, giddy laughter. She felt a smile touch her own lips, but one of them could be understood.

In the background was the constant hum of conversation, the muted ding of the silver-plated bell beside the cash register as one of the two clerks on duty struck it, the slightly impatient call of "Front, please!" It brought back strong, warm memories of her honeymoon in New York with Jack at the Beckman Tower. For the first time she let herself believe that this might be exactly what the three of them needed—a season together away from the world, a sort of family honeymoon. She smiled affectionately down at Danny, who was giggling around frankly at everything. Another limo, as gray as a banker's vest, had pulled up out front.

"The last day of the season," Ullman was saying. "Closing day. Always hectic. I had expected you more around three, Mr. Torrance."

"I wanted to give the Vicks time for a nervous breakdown if it decided to have one," Jack said. "It didn't."

"How fortunate," Ullman said. "I'd like to take the three of you on a tour of the place a little at r, and of course Dick Hallerann wants to show Mrs. Torrance the Overlook's kitchen. But I'm afraid—"

One of the clerks came over and almost tugged his forelock.

"Excuse me, Mr. Ullman—"

"Well? What is it?"

"It's Mrs. Bront," the clerk said uncomfortably. "She refuses to

pay her bill with anything but her American Express card. I told her we stopped taking American Express at the end of the season last year, but she won't . . ." His eyes shifted to the Torrance family, then back to Ulman. He shrugged.

"I'll take care of it."

"Thank you, Mr. Ulman." The clerk crossed back to the desk, where a dreadnought of a woman burst ed into a long fur coat and what looked like a black feather boa was remonstrating loudly.

"I have been coming to the Overlook Hotel since 1955," she was telling the smiling, shrugging clerk. "I continued to come even after my second husband died of a stroke on that bresome rogue court—I told him the sun was too hot that day—and I have never

I repeat never . . . paid with anything but my American Express credit card. Call the police if you like. Have them drag me away! I will still refuse to pay with anything but my American Express credit card. I repeat: . . ."

"Excuse me," Mr. Ulman said.

They watched him cross the lobby, touch Mrs. Brant's elbow deferentially, and spread his hands and nod when she turned her gaze on him. He lisped sympathetically, nodded again, and said something in return. Mrs. Brant snorted triumphantly turned to the unhappy desk clerk, and said loudly "Thank God there's one employee of this hotel who hasn't become an utter Philistine!"

She allowed Ulman, who barely came to the bulky shoulder of her fur coat, to take her arm and lead her away, presumably to his inner office.

"Whoooo." Wendy said, smirking. "There's a dude who earns his money."

"But he didn't like that lady," Danny said pointedly. "He was just pretending to like her."

Jack grinned down at him. "I'm sure that's true, doc. But Flattery is the stuff that greases the wheels of the world."

"What's flattery?"

"Flattery," Wendy told him, "is when your daddy says he likes my new yellow slacks even if he doesn't or when he says I don't need to take off five pounds."

"Oh. Is it lying for fun?"

"Something very like that."

He had been looking at her closely and now said "You're pretty, Mommy." He frowned in confusion when they exchanged a glance and then burst into laughter.

"I'm not gonna waste much flattery on me," Jack said. "Come on over by the window, we'll go. I feel conspicuous standing up here in the middle with my denim jacket on. I honest to God didn't think there'd be anybody much here on closing day. Guess I was wrong."

"You look very handsome," she said, and then they laughed again. Wendy putting a hand over her mouth. Danny still didn't understand but it was okay. They were loving each other. Danny thought this place reminded her of somewhere else.

(the break-man place)

where she had been happy. He wished he used it as well as she did, but he kept telling himself over and over that the things Tony showed him would always come true. He would be careful. He would watch for something called Reatum. But he would probably never find it unless he absolutely had to. Because they were happy. They had been laughing and there were no bad feelings.

"Look at this view," Jack said.

"Oh, it's gorgeous! Danny, look!"

But Danny didn't think it was particularly gorgeous. He just liked heights; they made him dizzy. Behind the wide front porch, which ran the length of the hotel, a half-fallen, mangled lawn tree was a pooling green on one side, sloping away to a long, rectangular swimming pool. A cross design stood on a pedestal at one end of the pool. It told us something he could read by him- self if anyone told him. *R-O-Q-U-E*. *Pluto*, and a few others.

Beyond the pool a gravel path wound off through baby pines and azaleas and rhodendrons. He saw a small sign he didn't know though. There was an arrow below it.

"What's R-O-Q-U-E, Daddy?"

"Name, Danny. I've never heard of it myself, but people play on a gravel court there, sides and a big board, like instead of grass. It's a very old game, Danny. Sometimes they have tournaments here."

"Do you play it, too, Father?"

"Not me," Jack said. "I'm the kind of a little sweater and

The head has two sides. One side is hard rubber and the other side is wood."

(Come out, you little shit!)

"It's pronounced *rake*," Daddy was saying. "I'll teach you how to play, if you want."

"Maybe," Danny said in an odd colorless little voice that made his parents exchange a puzzled look over his head. "I might not like it, though."

"Well if you don't like it, doc, you don't have to pay. All right?"

"Sure."

"Do you like the animals?" Wendy asked. "That's called a topiary." Beyond the path leading to *roque* there were hedges clipped into the shapes of various animals. Danny, whose eyes were sharp, made out a rabbit, a dog, a horse, a cow, and a trio of bigger ones that looked like frolicking lions.

"Those animals were what made Uncle Al think of me for the job," Jack told him. He knew that when I was in college I used to work for a landscaping company. That's a business that fixes people's lawns and bushes and hedges. I used to trim a lady's topiary."

Wendy put a hand over her mouth and snickered. Looking at her, Jack said, "Yes. I used to trim her topiary at least once a week."

"Get away, fly!" Wendy said, and snickered again.

"Did she have nice hedges, Dad?" Danny asked, and at this they both stifled great bursts of laughter. Wendy laughed so hard that tears streamed down her cheeks and she had to get a Kleenex out of her handbag.

"They weren't animals, Danny," Jack said when he had control of himself. "They were playing cards. Spades and hearts and clubs and diamonds. But the hedges grow, you see."

(They creep, Watson had said . . . no, not the hedges, the boxer. You have to watch it all the time or you and your family will end up on the fuckin moon.)

They looked at him, puzzled. The smile had faded off his face.

"Dad?" Danny asked.

He blinked at them, as if coming back from far away. "They

grow, Danny, and lose their shape. So I'll have to give them a haircut once or twice a week until it gets so cold they stop growing for the year."

"And a playground, too," Wendy said. "My lucky boy."

The playground was beyond the topiary. Two slides, a big swing set with half a dozen swings set at varying heights, a jungle gym, a tunnel made of cement rings, a sandbox, and a playhouse that was an exact replica of the Overlook itself.

"Do you like it, Danny?" Wendy asked.

"I sure do," he said, hoping he sounded more enthused than he felt. "It's neat."

Beyond the playground there was an inconspicuous chain-link security fence, beyond that the wide, macadamized drive that led up to the hotel, and beyond that the valley itself, dropping away into the bright blue haze of afternoon. Danny didn't know the word *overlook*, but if someone had explained it to him he would have seized on it. Far below, lying in the sun like a long black snake that had decided to snooze for a while, was the road that led back through Sidewinder Pass and eventually to Boulder. The road that would be closed all winter long. He felt a little suffocated at the thought, and a mostumped when Daddy dropped his hand on his shoulder.

"I'll get you hot chocolate as soon as I can, doc. They're a little busy right now."

"Sure, Dad."

Mrs. Brent came out of the post office looking vindicated. A few moments later two hel boys, struggling with eight suitcases between them, followed her as best they could as she strode triumphantly out the door. Danny watched through the window as a man in a gray uniform and a hat like a captain in the Army brought her long silver car around to the door and got out. He peeled his cap to her and ran around to open the trunk.

And in one of those flashes that sometimes came, he got a complete thought from her, one that floated above the confused, overlapping bubble of emotions and colors that he usually got in crowded places.

(*I'd like to get into his pants*)

Danny's brow wrinkled as he watched her把her cases into the trunk. She was looking rather sharply at the man in the gray uniform, who was supervising the loading. Why would she

want to get that man's pants? Was she cold, even with that long fur coat on? And if she was hat cold, why hadn't she just put on some pants of her own? His mommy wore pants just about a winter.

The man in the gray uniform closed the trunk and walked back to help her into the car. Danny watched closely to see if she would say anything about his pants, but she only smiled and gave him a dollar bill as tip. A moment later she was guiding the big silver car down the driveway.

He thought about asking his mother why Mrs. Brant might want that car-man's pants, and decided against it. Sometimes questions could get you in a whole lot of trouble. It had happened to him before.

So instead he squeezed in between them on the small sofa they were sharing and watched all the people check out at the desk. He was glad his mommy and daddy were happy and loving each other, but he couldn't help being a little worried. He couldn't help it.

10

HALLORANN

The cook didn't conform to Wendy's image of the typical resort hotel kitchen personage at all. To begin with, such a personage was called a chef, nothing so mundane as a cook—cooking was what she did in her apartment kitchen when she threw all the left-overs into a greased Pyrex casserole dish and added noodles. Further, the culinary wizard of such a place as the Overlook, which advertised in the resort section of the New York Sunday Times, should be small, rotund, and pasty-faced (rather like the Pillsbury Dough-Boy), he should have a thin pencil line mustache like a forties musical comedy star, dark eyes, a French accent, and a detestable personality.

Hallorann had the dark eyes and that was all. He was a tall black man with a modest afro that was beginning to powder white

He had a soft southern accent and he laughed a lot, disclosing teeth too white and too even to be anything but 1950-style Sears and Roebuck dentures. Her own father had had a pair, which he called Roebuckers, and from time to time he would push them out at her comically at the supper table — a ways. Wendy remembered now, when her mother was out in the kitchen getting something else or on the telephone.

Danny had stared up at his black gramp in blue serge, and then had smiled when His orraon picked him up easily set him in the crook of his elbow, and said "You and gonna stay up here all winter."

"Yes I am," Danny said with a shy grin.

"No, you're gonna come down to St. Pete's with me and learn to cook and go out on the beach every damn evening watchin' for crabs. Right?"

Danny giggled deughtfully and shook his head no. Halloran set him down.

"If you're gonna change your mind," Halloran said, heading over to the grave and "you be or do it quick. It's my minutes from now and I'm in my car. Two and a half hours after that I'm sittin' at Gate 32 Concourse B, Stapleton International Airport, in the middle bigg city of Denver, Colorado. Three hours after that I'm rentin' a car at the Miami Airport and on my way to sunny St. Pete's, waitin' to get into my swim trunks and just losin' up my sieve a anybody stuck and caught in the snow. Can you hug it my boy?"

"Yes, sir," Danny said, smiling.

Halloran turned to Jack and Wendy. "Looks like a fine boy there."

"We think he'll do," Jack said, and offered his hand. Halloran took it. "I'm Jack Torrance. My wife Wanda died. Danny's my son."

And a pleasure it was. Ma'am, are you a W name or a Fredric?

"I'm a Wendy," she said, smiling.

"Okay. That's better than the other two. I think Right this way. Mr. T. won't want you to leave the door open you get." He took her hand and said a word his breath. And we'll be glad to see the last of him."

Hedorann commenced to tour them around the most immense kitchen Wendy had ever seen in her life. It was sparkingly clean. Every surface was coaxed to a high gloss. It was more than just big; it was overwhelming. She walked at Hedorann's side while Jack, wholly out of his element, hung back a little with Danny. A long pegboard hung with cutting instruments which went all the way from paring knives to two-handed cleavers hung beside a four-burner sink. There was a breadboard as big as their Boulder apartment's kitchen table. An amazing array of stainless-steel pots and pans hung from floor to ceiling, covering one whole wall.

"I think I'll have to leave a trail of breadcrumbs every time I come in," she said.

"Don't let it get you down," Hedorann said. "It's big, but it's still only a kitchen. Most of this stuff you'll never even have to touch. Keep it clean, that's all I ask. Here's the stove I'd be using, if I was you. There are three of them, all, but this is the smallest."

Smallest, she thought dismal y, looking at it. There were twelve burners: two regular ovens and a Dutch oven, a heated well on top in which you could simmer sauces or bake beans, a broiler, and a warmer plus a myriad dials and temperature gauges.

"All gas?" Hedorann said. "You've cooked with gas before, Wendy?"

"Yes."

"I love gas," he said, and turned on one of the burners. Blue flame popped into life and he adjusted it down to a faint glow with a delicate touch. "I like to be able to see the flame you're cooking with. You see where all the surface burner swishes are?"

"Yes."

"And the oven dials are all marked. Mine? I favor the marble one because it seems to heat the most even. But you use whichever one you like—or a three-for-the-money."

A TV dinner in each one," Wendy said, and laughed weakly.

Hedorann roared. "Go right ahead, if you like. I left a lot of everything edible over by the sink. You see?"

"Here it is, Mommy." Danny brought over two sheets of paper written closely on both sides.

"Good boy," Hedorann said, taking it from him and ruffling his hair. "You sure you don't want to come in Florida with me, my

how? I used to cook the sweetest shrimp creole this side of paradise?"

Danley put his hands over his mouth and giggled and retreated to his father's side.

"You three folks could eat up here for a year I guess," Hoffmann said. "We got a cold pantry, a walk-in freezer, all sorts of vegetable bins, and two refrigerators. Come on and let me show you."

For the next ten minutes Hoffmann opened bins and doors, disclosing food in such amounts as Wendy had never seen before. The food supplies amazed her but did not reassure her as much as she might have thought—the Donner Party kept recurring to her, not with thoughts of cannibalism, with a sense of how long it would indeed be a long time before they were reduced to such prior rations as each other, but with the reinforced idea that this was indeed a serious business. When snow fell, getting out of here would not be a matter of an hours drive to Sweden but a major operation. They would sit up here in this deserted ground hole eating the food that had been left them like creatures in a fairy tale, waiting on the bitter wind around their sun-blinded eaves. In Vermont when Danny had broken his arm

(when Jack broke Danny's arm)

she had called the emergency M.I.T. school, having the number from the little card attached to the phone. They had been at the house only ten minutes later. There were other numbers written on that little card. Jack had to have a police car in five minutes and a fire truck in even less time than that, because the fire station is only three blocks away and one block over. There was a moment of the lights were out, a minute to call. The shower stopped up a drain, or if the TV went on the fizz. But what would happen up here if Danny had one of his falling sicknesses and swallowed his tongue?

(oh God what a thought)

What if a police officer came? If Jack fell down the steps what if he cut his knee? What if

(what if we have a winter storm, or a blizzard?) It sounded

Hoffmann showed them in to the walk-in freezer first, where the bread was puffed up like clouds, crisp ham slices. In the freezer it was as cold as ever had reached the

Hamburger in big plastic bags, ten pounds in each bag, a dozen bags. Forty whole chickens hanging from a row of hooks in the wood-planked walls. Canned hams stacked up like poker chips, a dozen of them. Below the chickens, ten roasts of beef, ten roasts of pork, and a huge leg of lamb.

"You like lamb, doc?" Halloran asked, grinning.

"I love it." Danny said immediately. He had never had it.

"I knew you did. There's nothing like two good sides of lamb on a cold night, with some mint jelly on the side. You got the mint jelly here, too. Lamb eases the belly. It's a nonconcentious sort of meat."

From behind them Jack said curiously, "How did you know we called him doc?"

Halloran turned around. "Pardon?"

"Danny. We call him doc sometimes. I be in the Bugs Bunny cartoons."

"Looks sort of like a doc, doesn't he?" He wrinkled his nose at Danny, smacked his lips, and said, "Ehheh, what's up, doc?"

Danny giggled and then Halloran said something

(*Sure you don't want to go to Florida, doc?*)

to him, very clearly. He heard every word. He looked at Halloran, startled and a little scared. Halloran winked solemnly and turned back to the food.

Wendy looked from the cook's broad, serge-clad back to her son. She had the oddest feeling that something had passed between them, something she could not quite follow.

"You got twelve packages of sausage, twelve packages of bacon," Halloran said. "So much for the pig. In this drawer, twenty pounds of butter."

"Real butter?" Jack asked.

"The A-number-one."

"I don't think I've had real butter since I was a kid back in Berlin, New Hampshire."

"Well, you'll eat it up here until a cow seems a treat," Halloran said and laughed. "Over in this bin you got your bread—thirty loaves of white, twenty of dark. We try to keep racial balance at the Overlook, don't you know. Now I know fifty loaves won't take you through, but there's plenty of makings and fresh is better than frozen any day of the week."

"Down here you got your fish. Brain food, right, doc?"

"Is it, Mom?"

"If Mr. Halloran says so, honey." She stopped.

Danny wrinkled his nose. "I don't like fish."

"You're dead wrong," Halloran said. "You just never had any fish that liked you. This fish here will like you fine. Five pounds of rainbow trout, ten pounds of turbot, fifteen cars of tuna fish—"

"Oh yeah, I like tuna."

"And five pounds of the sweetest-tasting sole that ever swam in the sea. My boy, when next spring comes around you're gonna think old—." He snapped his fingers as if he had forgotten something. "What's my name, now? I guess it just slipped my mind."

"Mr. Halloran," Danny said, going up to his friends.

"That's right! And you be a friend, you make it Dick."

As he led him up to the far corner Jack and Wendy exchanged a puzzled glance both of them trying to remember J. Halloran had told them his first name.

"And this here I put a special!" Halloran said. "Hope you folks enjoy it."

"Oh really you should have. Wendy said, touched. It was a twenty-pound turkey wrapped in a wide scarlet ribbon with a bow on top.

"You got to have your turkey on Thanksgiving, Wendy," Halloran said gravely. "I believe there's a coupon back here somewhere for Christmas. Doubtless you'd stumble on it. Let's come on out of here now before we all catch the pee-o-oomon a. Right, doc?"

"Right."

There were more wonders in the cold pantry. A hundred boxes of dried milk. Halloran advised her gravely to buy fresh milk for the boy in September as long as it was feasible, five twelve-pound bags of sugar, a gallon jug of blackstrap molasses, cereals, glass jugs of rice, macaroni, spaghetti,罐头 cans of fruit and fruit salad, a bushel of fresh apples that scented the whole room with autumn, dried raisins, prunes, and apricots. "You got to be regular if you want to be happy," Halloran said, and peered brighter at the cold-pantry ceiling where one old-fashioned light globe hung down on an iron chain, a deep ban filled with potato-

tuves, and smaller caches of tomatoes, onions, turnips, squashes and cabbages.

"My word," Wendy said as they came out. But seeing all the fresh food after her thirty-dollar-a-week grocery budget so stunned her that she was unable to say just what her word was.

"I'm runnin' a bit late," Haloran said, checking his watch, "so I'll just let you go through the cabinets and the fridges as we get settled in. There's cheeses, canned milk, sweetened condensed milk, yeast baking soda, a whole bagful of those Table Talk pies, a few bunches of bananas that ain't even near to ripe yet."

"Stop," she said holding up a hand and laughing. "I'll never remember it all. It's super. And I promise to leave the place clean."

"That's all I ask." He turned to Jack. "Did Mr. Watson give you the rundown on the rats in his be-fry?"

Jack grunted. He said there were possibly some in the attic, and Mr. Watson said there might be some more down in the basement. There must be two tons of paper down there, but I didn't see any shredded, as if they'd been using it to make nests."

"That Watson," Haloran said, shaking his head in mock sorrow. "Ain't he the lowest-talking man you ever ran on?"

"He's quite a character," Jack agreed. His own father had been the loudest-talking man Jack had ever run on.

"It's sort of a pity," Haloran said, leading them back toward the wide swinging doors that gave on the Overlook dining room. "There was money in that family, long ago. It was Watson's granddad or great-granddad. I can't remember which. That built this place."

"So I was told," Jack said.

"What happened?" Wendy asked.

"Well, they couldn't make it go," Haloran said. "Watson will tell you the whole story twice a day if you let him. The old man got a bee in his bonnet about the place. He let 'em drag him down, I guess. He had two boys and one of them was killed in a nursing accident on the grounds while the hotel was still a building. That would have been 1908 or '09. The old man's wife died of the flu, and then it was just the old man and his youngest son. They ended up getting took on as caretakers in the same hotel the old man had built."

"It is sort of a pity," Wendy said.

"What happened to him? The old man?" Jack asked.

"He plugged his finger into a light socket by mistake and that was the end of him," Halloran said. "Some one in the car, three weeks before the Depression closed this place down for ten years."

"Anyway, Jack, I'd appreciate it if you and your wife would keep an eye out for rats in the kitchen, as well. If you should see them . . . traps, not poison."

Jack blinked. "Of course. Who'd want to put rat poison in the kitchen?"

Halloran laughed derisively. "Mr. Ullman, that's who. That was his bright idea last fall. I put it to him, I said, 'What if we all get up here next May, Mr. Ullman, and I serve the traditional opening night dinner— which just happens to be salmon in a very nice sauce— and everybody gets sick and the doctor comes and says to you, Ullman, what have you been doing up here? You've got eighty of the richest folks in America suffering from rat poison right?'"

Jack threw his head back and belowed laughter. "What did Ullman say?"

Halloran tucked his tongue into his cheek as if feeling for a bit of food in there. "He said, 'Get some traps, Halloran.'"

This time they all laughed, even Danny, although he was not completely sure what the joke was, except it had something to do with Mr. Ullman, who didn't know everything after all.

The four of them passed through the dining room, empty and silent now, with its fabulous western exposure on the snow-dusted peaks. Each of the white-linen tablecloths had been covered with a sheet of tough clear plastic. The rug, now rolled up for the season, stood in one corner like a sentinel on guard duty.

Across the wide room was a double set of hawing doors, and over them an off-white wood sign lettered in gilt script *The Colorado Lounge*.

Following his gaze, Halloran said, "If you're a drunk man, I hope you brought your own supplies. That place is picked clean. Employee's party last night, you know. Every maid and bellhop in the place is going around with a headache today, the bartender."

"I don't drink," Jack said shortly. They went back to the lobby.

It had cleared greatly during the half hour they'd spent in the kitchen. The long main room was beginning to take on the quiet, deserted look that Jack supposed they would become familiar with soon enough. The high-backed chairs were empty. The nuns who had been sitting by the fire were gone, and the fire itself was down to a bed of comfortably glowing coals. Wendy glanced out into the parking lot and saw that all but a dozen cars had disappeared.

She found herself wishing they could get back in the VW and go back to Boulder... or anywhere else.

Jack was looking around for Ulman, but he wasn't in the lobby.

A young maid with her ash-blond hair pinned up on her neck came over. "Your luggage is out on the porch, Dick."

"Thank you, Sal." He gave her a peck on the forehead. "You have yourself a good winter. Getting married, I hear."

He turned to the Torrances as she strode away, backside twinkling pertly. "I've got to hurry along if I'm going to make that plane. I want to wish you all the best. Know you I have."

"Thanks," Jack said. "You've been very kind."

"I'll take good care of your kitchen," Wendy promised again. "Enjoy Florida."

"I always do," Halloran said. He put his hands on his knees and bent down to Danny. "Last chance, guy. Want to come to Florida?"

"I guess not," Danny said, smiling.

"Okay. Like to give me a hand out to my car with my bags?"

"If my mommy says I can."

"You can," Wendy said, "but you'll have to have the jacket buttoned." She leaned forward to do it, but Halloran was ahead of her, his large brown fingers moving with smooth dexterity.

"I'll send him right back in," Halloran said.

"Fine," Wendy said, and I led them to the door. Jack was still looking around for Ulman. The last of the Overlook's guests were checking out at the desk.

II

THE SHINTING

There were four bags in a pile just outside the door. Three of them were giant, battered old suitcases covered with black oration alligator hide. The last was an oversized zipper bag with a faded tartan skin.

"Guess you can handle that one, can't you?" He orsoon asked him. He picked up two of the big cases in one hand and hoisted the other under his arm.

"Sure," Danny said. He got a grip on it with both hands and followed the cook down the porch steps, trying manfully not to grunt and give away how heavy it was.

A sharp and cutting fall wind had come up since they had arrived, it whistled across the parking lot, making Danny wince his eyes down to slits as he carried the zipper bag in front of him, bumping on his knees. A few errant aspen leaves rattled and turned across the now mostly deserted asphalt, making Danny think momentarily of that night last week when he had wakened out of his nightmare and had heard—or thought he heard, at least—Tony telling him not to go.

Halloran set his bags down by the trunk of a beige Plymouth Fury. "This ain't much car," he confided to Danny, "just a rental job. My Bessie's on the other end. She's a car! 1950 Cadillac, and does she run sweet? [I] tell the world. I keep her in Florida because she's too old for all this mountain climbing. You need a hand with that?"

"No, sir," Danny said. He managed to carry it the last ten or twelve steps without grunting and set it down with a large sigh of relief.

"Good boy," Halloran said. He produced a large key ring from the pocket of his blue serge jacket and unlocked the trunk. As he lifted the bags he said, "You shine on, boy. Harder than

anyone I ever met in my life. And I'm sixty years old this January."

"I am?"

"You got a knock," Hal ran said, leaning to him. "Me. I've always called it shoving. That's what my grandmother used to tell me. She had it. We used to sit in the kitchen when I was a boy no older than you and have long talks without even opening our mouths."

"Really?"

Hal ran snorted at Danny's openmouthed, a most hungry expression and said, "Come on, p and sit in the car with me for a few minutes. Want to talk to you." He slammed the truck.

In the lobby of the Overlook, Wendy Torrance saw her son get into the passenger side of Hal's car as the big black truck drove off behind the wheel. A sharp pang of fear struck her and she opened her mouth to tell Jack that Hal had not been lying about taking her son to Florida—there was a look dawning upon him. But they were only sitting there. She could barely see the small silhouette of her son's head, turned attentively toward Hal's truck as it drove away. Even at this distance her small head had a set to it that she recognized—it was the way her son looked when there was something on the TV that particularly fascinated him, or when he and his father were playing card mind or deal cribbage. Jack, who was still looking around for Ullman, hadn't noticed. Wendy kept silent, watching Hal's car nervously, wondering what they could possibly be talking about that would make Danny cock his head that way.

In the car Hal said, "Get you kinda lonely, thinkin' you were the only one?"

Danny, who had been frightened as well as lonely sometimes, replied, "Am I the only one you ever met?" he asked.

Hal ran laughed and shook his head. "No, I'd say, no. But you shine the hardest."

"Are there lots, then?"

"No," Hal ran said, "but you do run across them. A lot of folks they got a little bit of shine to them. They don't even know it. But they always seem to show up with flowers when their wives are fee in blue with the monthlies, they do good on school tests, they don't even study for, they got a good idea how people are

see'm as soon as they walk in a room I come across fifty or sixty like that. But it's only a dozen down a city street that know they was shakin'."

"Wow," Danny said, and thought about it. Then: "Do you know Mrs. Brant?"

"Her?" Halloran asked scornfully. "She don't shine. Just sends her supper back two-three times every night."

"I know she doesn't," Danny said earnestly. "But do you know the man in the gray uniform that gets the cars?"

"Mike? Sure, I know Mike. What about him?"

"Mr. Halloran, why would she want his pants?"

"Who, are you talking about boy?"

"Well, when she was watching him, she was thinking she would sure like to get into his pants and I just wondered why."

But he got no further. Halloran had thrown his head back, and thick, dark laughter issued from his chest, rolling around in the car like cannonfire. The seat shook with the force of it. Danny snorted, puzzled, and at last the storm subsided by fits and starts. Halloran produced a large silk handkerchief from his breast pocket like a white flag of surrender and wiped his streaming eyes.

"Boy," he said, still snorting a little, "you are gonna know everything there is to know about the human condition before you make ten. I dunno if to envy you or not."

"But Mrs. Brant—"

"You never mind her," he said. "And don't go askin' your mom, either. You'd only upset her, dig what I'm sayin'?"

"Yes sir," Danny said. He dug it perfectly well. He had upset his mother that way in the past.

"That Mrs. Brant is just a dirty old woman with an itch, that's all you have to know." He looked at Danny speculatively. "How hard can you hit, doc?"

"Huh?"

"Give me a boost. Think at me. I want to know if you got as much as I think you do."

"What do you want me to think?"

"Anything. Just think it hard."

"Okay," Danny said. He considered it for a moment, then gathered his concentration and flung it out at Halloran. He had never done anything precisely like this before, and at the last m-

sent some instinctive part of him to rise up and blunted some of the thoughts raw force. He didn't want to hurt Mr. Halloran. Still he thought arrowed out of him with a force he never would have believed. It was like a Nolan Ryan fastball with a little extra on it.

(Gee I hope I don't hurt him)

And the thought was:

(OH HI, DICK!!)

He jerked wincing and jerked backward on the seat. His teeth came together with hard click, drawing blood from his lower lip in a thin trickle. His hands flew up involuntarily to his lap to the level of his chest and then set them back again. For a moment his eyes did fluttered limp with no conscious control and Danny was frightened.

Mr. Halloran? Dick? Are you okay?

"I don't know," Halloran said, and laughed weakly. "I honest to God don't. My God, boy, you're a pistol."

"I'm sorry," Danny said, more alarmed. "Should I get my daddy? I'll run and get him."

"No, here I come. I'm okay, Danny. You just sit right there. I feel a little scrambled, that's all."

"I didn't go as hard as I could," Danny confessed. "I was scared to, at the last minute."

"Probably my good luck you did—my brain as well as the leather out my ears." He saw the alarm in Danny's face and smiled. "A harm done. What do I tell the wife?"

"Like I was Nolan Ryan throwing a fastball," he replied promptly.

"You like baseball, do you?" Halloran was rubbing his temples gingerly.

Danny and the LA Angels. Danny knew. The Red Sox in the American League East and the Angels in the West. Well, as the Red Sox against Detroit in the World Series, which is ten. And Danny was... Danny's face went dark at a troubled

"Was what, Danny?"

"I forgot," Danny said. He started to pat his thigh in his mother's saddle bag, a motion, a memory. He put his hand back on his lap.

"Can you tell who your mom and dad are thinking, Danny?"

Haloran was watching him closely.

"Most times, if I want to. But usually I don't try."

"Why not?"

"Well . . ." he paused a moment, troubled. "It would be like peeking into the bedroom and watching while they're doing the thing that makes babies. Do you know that thing?"

I have had acquaintance with it," Haloran said gravely.

"They wouldn't like that. And they wouldn't like me peeking at their thoughts. It would be dirty."

"I see."

"But I know how they're feeling," Danny said. "I can't help that. I know how you're feeling, too. I hurt you. I'm sorry."

"I just had a headache. I've had hangovers that were worse. Can you read other people, Danny?"

"I can't read yet at all," Danny said, except a few words. But Dickey's going to teach me this winter. My daddy used to teach reading and writing in the school. Mommy writing, but he knows reading, too."

I mean, can you tell what anybody is thinking?"

Danny thought about it.

"I can if it's *wrong*," he said finally. "Like Mrs. Brant and the prints. Or like once when me and Mommy were in this big store to get me some shoes, there was this big kid looking at radios, and he was thinking about taking one without buying it. Then he'd think what if I get caught? Then he'd think, I really want it. Then he'd think about getting caught again. He was making himself sick about it, and he was making me sick. Mommy was talking to the man who sells the shoes so I went over and said, Kid, don't take that radio. Come on. And he got really scared. He went away fast."

Haloran was grinning broadly. "I hear he did. Can you do anything else, Danny? Is it only thoughts and feelings, or is there more?"

Carefully. "Is there more, for you?"

"Sometimes," Haloran said. "Not often. Sometimes sometimes there are dreams. Do you dream, Danny?"

"Sometimes," Danny said. "I dream when I'm awake. After I fall asleep. I still think and move my mouth again. He

had never told anyone but Mommy and Daddy about Tony. He made his thumb-sucking hand go back into his coat.

"Who's Tony?"

And suddenly Danny had one of those flashes of understanding that frightened him most of all. It was like a sudden glimpse of some incomprehensible machine that might be safe or might be deadly dangerous. He was too young to know which. He was too young to understand.

"What's wrong?" he cried. "You're asking me all this because you're worried, aren't you? Why are you worried about me? Why are you worried about me?"

He train pu his large d sk hands on the smile how's shou
ders "Son," he said. I s probably n' bout But, I s soon han

"we've got a large thing in your head Danny. You'll have to do a lot. I got it in yet before you wake up on it. I guess. You got to be brave about it."

"But I don't understand things!" Danny burst out. "I do but I don't. People... they feel things and I see them but I don't know what I'm feeling." He looked down at his lap wretchedly. "I wish I could read some of the things Tony shows me sometimes and I can hardly read any of them."

"Who's This?" Heavner asked again.

"Mummy and Daddy can't help me because they're not here," I said.
"Daddy said reciting the words correctly. But he's not a real Army man. I think he's some sort of a... when I know I have to ride on a train,
he comes. He says, 'Tanny I want this' & you something. And
then he'll pass our door. There are dreams like you said. He
looked at the radio and said over there were no stations on the
radio. I can't remember the words for the song. 'I scared you
and make you cry."

"Nightmares?" Hal drawled.

Yes. That's right. **Nightmares.**"

"About this place" At the Overcamp?

Danny looked down at his trembling hand again. "No," he whispered. Then he spoke slowly, looking up into his mother's face. "But I can tell my daddy, and you can either let him have a job because he's the only one I have. And get Father home and he has a gun at his play or he may be thinking of that... or he could tell now what his son is getting paid, that's what."

it's when he used to work, he drunk and that was a bad thing to do. He stopped, on the verge of tears.

"Shh," Haloran said and pulled Danny's face against the rough serge of his jacket. It smelled faintly of mothballs. That's a right son. And if that triumph likes your mother let it go where it wants. But his face was troubled.

He said: What you got, son. I can't remember on the Bible folks having visions, and there's scientists that can. I preoccupation I've read up on it, son. I've studied on it. They all mean seeing the future. Do you understand that?"

Danny nodded against Haloran's coat.

"I remember the strongest shade I ever had that way. I'm not able to forget. It was 1955. I was still in the Army then stationed overseas in West Germany. It was an hour before supper, and I was standin by the sink, givin one of the KPs he'd been takin too much of the pot o' wine with the peeler. I says, Here, lemme show you how that's done. He held out the pot, I took the peeler and then the whole kitchen was gone. Bang, just like that. You say you see this guy Tony before... before you have dreams?"

Danny nodded.

Haloran put an arm around him. "With me it's always oranges. All that afternoon I'd been smellin them and thinkin nothing of it because they were on the menu for that night. we had thirty crates of Valencia. Everybody in the Jamie kitchen was sick in oranges that night.

For a minute it was like I had just passed out. And then I heard an explosion and saw flames. There were people screaming. Sirens. And I heard this hissing noise that could only be steam. Then it seemed like I got a little closer to whatever it was and I saw a railroad car off the tracks and layin on its side with Georgia and South Carolina Railroad written on it and I knew like a flash that my bro' Lee Car was on that train and it dinged the tracks and Car was dead just like that. Then it was gone and here's this scared stupid I KP in front of me all hollerin out his pot o' wine and the peeler. He says, Are you okay, Sarge? And I says, No. My brother's just been killed down in Georgia. And when I finally got my momma on the overseas telephone she told me how it was.

"But see boy I already knew how it was."

He shook his head slowly as I drew up the memory and
looked down at the wide-eyed boy.

"But the thing you got to remember my boy is I am
I had a job cooking at a boys' camp up in Maine on Long Lake. I
was sitting by the boarding gate at Logan Airport in Boston just
waiting to get on my flight and I start to smell smoke. For the
first time in maybe five years. So I say to myself, My God, who's
coming on? He's crazy ate slow now! and I get down to the bus-
room and I see one of the trucks is be private. I never sit back
out but I started to get this feeling stronger and stronger that no
place we gonna crash. Then the engine went away and the smell
of oranges, and I knew I was over. I went back to the Delta Air
lines desk and changed my flight to one flying to New York. And
you know what happened?"

"What?" Danny whispered.

Arthur Hargrave said and laughed. Few relished so well
the boyish ways of the Sultan as did the Englishman.
He was a boy of six and while a single man he was not
so very comfortable these few days past.

"Oh," Danny said.

Driving over the race track for the first time I was very disappointed. It is not by the side of a large body of water, so you can't get a little ship built like the boat at the one I had by me. I hope we get along well. I am very busy at the moment trying to get things off the car to sell so I can afford to go enough on the refit. I am afraid I will never get enough money to get me home from the track. I have more or less got rid of my car with the help of a friend of mine, so now I have to get another car to drive around in.

YESTERDAY I
WENT TO
THE BOOKSTORE
TO BUY A
BOOK.
I
BUT IT
IS
NOT
A
BOOK.

New year was H.M. and good-bye to the first year.
In the new year we have had many fine days and some
rainy days. I think there will be more rain than sun.
I hope you will have a happy New Year.

"Sometimes I've thought I've seen things. No, I won't say what. It ain't for a little boy like you. Just nasty things. Once it had a mean thing to do with those camp beddes & pped to look like so many Another time there was a maid, Delores Nickery her name was, and she had a little shine to her but I don't think she knew it. Mr. Lillian fired her . . . do you know what that is, doc?"

"Yes, sir," Danny said curiously, "my daddy got fired from his teaching job and that's why we're in Colorado, I guess."

"Well, Lillian fired her on account of her saying she'd seen some thing in one of the rooms where . . . well, where a bad thing happened. That was in Room 27, and I want you to promise me you won't go in there, Danny. Not all winter. See right here."

"All right," Danny said. "Did the lady—the maiden—did she ask you to go look?"

"Yes, she did. And there was a bad thing there. But . . . I don't think it was a bad thing that could *hurt* anyone. Danny, that's what I'm trying to say. People who shine can sometimes see things that are *good* happen, and I think sometimes they can see things that did happen. But they're just like pictures in a book. Didn't you ever see a picture in a book that scared you, Daddy?"

Yes," he said, thinking of the story of *Blackbeard* and the picture where *Blackbeard's* new wife opens the cover and sees all the heads.

"But . . . I know I couldn't hurt you, didn't you?"

"Yes, less . . ." Danny said a little dubious.

"Well, that's how it is in this hotel. I don't know why, but it seems that all the bad things that ever happened here, there's bits & pieces of those things still lay around like fingernail clippings or . . . hair-gems that somebody nasty just wiped under a chair. I don't know why it should just be here. There's bad going-on in most hotels, even hotel's in the world, I guess, and I've worked in a lot of them and had no trouble. Only here. But Danny, I don't think there's *anything* in it, you know." He emphasized each word in the sentence with a sharp stroke of the boy's shoulders. "So if you ever do see something in a bad way or a sound or a hidey-hole in these hallways . . . just look the other way and when you look back, it'll be gone. Are you diggin' me?"

"Yes, I am," the friend replied. He got up &

his knees, kissed H-Torann's cheek and gave him a big hard hug. He Torann hugged him back.

When he released the boy he asked "Your folks, they don't shine, do they?"

"No, I don't think so."

I tried them like I did you." H-Torann said. "Your momma jumped the fence but I think all the others shine a little. You know a least two there kids grow up enough to watch out for themselves. Your dad..."

H-Torann paused momentarily. He had looked at the boy's father and he didn't know. It wasn't like meeting someone who had he shone or someone who definitely did not. Peaking a Danny Huber had been... strange, as Jack Terrance had some big, something that he was having. Or something he was holding so deeply submerged in himself that it was impossible to get to.

I don't think he shines at all. He momma finished. So you don't worry about them. You just take care of your son. I think they're not here no longer than four weeks or so."

"Okay."

"*Danny! Hey, doc!*"

Danny looked around. This is Mom. She works and I have to go."

I know you do," H-Torann said. You had a good time here, Danny. Best you can, anyway."

I will. Thanks. Mr. Huber. I do a lot better.

The sun hung through clouds his mind

(Dick, to my friends)

(Yes, Dick, okay)

He eyes me and Dick II. I'm not worked

Danny scrabbled across the seat of the car and opened the passenger door. As he was getting in, I called out. "Danny?" "What?"

I have to provide you a place to live. A big place. So we have one you give. My 1970 Dodge. Meets you at the end of the driveway. Tienda. And I'll let you in the door."

"Okay," Danny said and smiled.

"You take care, big boy!"

"I wish."

Danny hammered the door and ran across the parking lot toward the porch, where Wendy stood holding her elbows against the cold wind. Haigorang watched—the big grin slowly fading.

I don't think there's anything here that can hurt you.

I don't think

But what if he was wrong? He had known that it was his last season at the Overlook ever since he had seen that thing in the bathtub of Room 217. It had been worse than any picture in any book, and from here the boy turning to his mother looked so small . . .

I don't think—

His eyes drifted down to the topiary animals.

Ahup! He started the car and put it in gear and drove away, trying not to look back. And of course he did, and of course the porch was empty. They'd gone back inside. It was as if the Overlook had swallowed them.

12

THE GRAND TOUR

"What were you talking about, hon?" Wendy asked him as they went back inside.

"Oh, nothing much."

"For nothing much I sure was a long talk."

He shrugged and Wendy saw Danny's pain fully in the gesture. Jack could hardly have done it better himself. She would go no more out of Danny. She felt strong exasperation mixed with an even stronger love; the love was helpless. The exasperation came from a feeling that she was deliberately being excluded. With the two of them around she sometimes felt like an outsider, a bit player who had accidentally wandered back onstage while the main action was taking place. Well, they wouldn't be able to exclude her this winter, her two exasperating males; quarters were going to be a little too close for that. She suddenly realized she

was feeling it was of the closeness between her husband and her son, and felt ashamed. It was so close to the way her own mother might have felt. For close & comfort.

The lobby was now empty except for Ulman and the head desk clerk (they were at the register casting up) a couple of maids who had changed to warm slacks and sweaters, standing by the front door and looking out with their luggage packed around them, and Watson, the maintenance man. He caught her looking at him and gave her a wink - a decidedly lecherous one. She looked away hurriedly. Jack was over by the window just outside the restaurant, studying the view. He looked rapt and dreamy.

The cash register apparently checked out because now Ulman ran it shut with an authoritative snap. He unlatched the safe and put it in a small copper case. Wendy silently applauded the head clerk who looked grizzled & relieved. Ulman looked like the type of man who might take any shortage out of the head clerk's have without ever spilling a drop of blood. Wendy made much

care for Ulman or his officious, ostentatiously hustling manner. He was like every boss she'd ever had, male or female. He would be saccharin sweet with the guests, a petty tyrant when he was backstage with the help. But now school was out and the head clerk's pleasure was writ on large on his face. I was out for every one but she and Jack and Danny anyway.

"Mr. Harrance," Ulman called peremptorily. "Would you come over here, please?"

Jack walked over nodding to Wendy and Danny that they were to come too.

The clerk, who had gone into the back, now came out again wearing an overcoat. Have a pleasant winter, Mr. Ulman."

"I doubt it," Ulman said distantly. "May twelfth Braddock. Not a day earlier. Not a day later."

"Yes, sir."

Braddock walked around the desk, his face sober and dignified as befitted his position, but when his back was entirely to Ulman he grinned like a schoolboy. He spoke briefly to the two girls still waiting by the door for their ride, and he was followed out by a brief burst of stifled laughter.

Now Wendy began to notice the silence of the place. It had fallen over the hotel, like a heavy blanket muffling everything but

The front pulse of the afternoon would not die. Farther where she stood she could look through the inner office, now seat to the point of sterility with its two bare desks and two sets of gray hanging calendars. Beyond that she could see Hartmann's spotless kitchen, the big porch-holed double doors propped open by rubber wedges.

"I thought I would take a few extra minutes and show you through the Hotel," Ullman said, and Wendy reflected that you could always hear that captain Ullman's voice. You were supposed to hear it. "I'm sure your husband will get to know the ins and outs of the Overlook quite well, Mrs. Torrance, but you and your son will doubtless keep more to the lobby even in the first floor, where your quarters are."

"Doubtless," Wendy murmured demurely, and Jack shot her a private glance.

"It's a beautiful place," Ullman said expansively. "I rather enjoy showing it off."

I bet you do, Wendy thought.

"Let's go up to third and work our way down," Ullman said. He sounded positively enthused.

"If we're keeping you..." Jack began.

"Not at all," Ullman said. "The shop is shut *Tu* *tu* *tu* for the season, at least. And I plan to overnight in Boulder at the Broadmoor, of course. On a decent hotel this side of Denver—except for the Overlook, of course. It's way."

They stepped into the elevator together. It was ornately scroled in copper and brass, but it settled appreciably before Ullman pulled the gate across. Danny stirred a little uneasily, and Ullman smiled down at him. Danny tried to smile back without notable success.

"Don't you worry about me," Ullman said. "Safe as houses."

"So was the *Titanic*," Jack said, looking up at the cut-glass globe in the center of the elevator ceiling. Wendy bit the inside of her cheek to keep the smile away.

Ullman was not amused. He slid the inner gate across with a rattle and a bang. "The *Titanic* made only one voyage, Mr. Torrance. This elevator has made thousands of them since it was installed in 1926."

"That's reassuring," Jack said. He ruffled Danny's hair. "The plane ain't gonna crash, doc."

Ullman threw the elevator, and for a moment there was nothing.

ing but a shudder ran down their feet and the instant it hit one of the men or below them Wendy had a vision of the two of them being trapped between floors like fleshy tabs and found a tiny spring with little red pieces going back to the Diner Party.

(Stop W)

The elevator began to rise with some vibration and creaking and banging from below at first. Then the noise smothered out. A hard foot struck through them to a bumpy stop, retracted the gate, and opened the door. The elevator car was still six inches below floor level. Danny gazed at the difference in height between the third floor station and the elevator floor as if he had just scanned the universe. "The world is not as some as he had been born," Iman said. He cleared his throat and raised the car a little, brought it to a stop with a jerk, a few inches from the boy and they all climbed out. With him we had gone the car rebounded a must to floor level, something Wendy did not find reassuring at all. Safe as houses or no, she resolved to take the stairs when she had to go up or down in this place. And under no conditions would she allow the three of them to get into the elevator bring together.

"What are you looking at, son?" Jack inquired belligerently. "See any spots there?"

"Of course not," Iman's mom retorted. "All the rugs were shampooed just two days ago."

Wendy glanced down at the half Turner herself. Pretty, but definitely not anything she would choose for her own home if the day ever came when she had one. Deep blue purple it was entwined with what seemed to be a surrealistic jungle scene full of monkeys and vines and trees fitted with exotic birds. It was hard to tell what sort of birds because all the interweaving was done in unshaded black giving only silhouettes.

"Do you like the rug?" Wendy asked Danny.

"Yes, Mom," he said colorlessly.

They walked down the hall which was comfribly white. The wallpaper was silk, a lighter blue to go against the rug. Electric sunbeams stood at ten-foot intervals at a height of about seven feet. Fashioned to look like Lord n gas lamps, the lights were masked behind cloudy cream-colored glass that was framed with crisscrossing iron strips.

"I like those very much," she said.

I can't believe what Mr. Denve & his wife will tell me about at the Hotel after the war. Number Two, I mean. In fact, I thought not a bit of the three-hour conversation scheme was his idea. This is full the President's name.

He twisted his key in the lock of the south-east double doors and swung them wide. The strong rays of white western exposure made him al gasp which had probably been a mistake mention. He smiled. "Quite a view, isn't it?"

"It sure is," Jack said.

The window ran nearly the length of the sitting room and beyond it the sun was poised directly between two, whitewashed peaks, casting golden light across the rock faces and the sugared snow on the ledges. The clouds around and behind this picture this card view were also tinted gold, and a sunbeam girt itself down into the darkly powdered boulders below the timberline.

Jack and Wendy were so absorbed in the view that they didn't look down at Danny who was staring hot out the window but at the red-and-white-striped sick-war paper to the left where a door opened into an interior bedroom. And his gasp, which now he'd mingled with theirs, had nothing to do with beauty.

Great splashes of dried blood flecked with tiny bits of gray-white tissue clotted the wall-paper. It made Danny feel sick. It was like a crazy picture drawn in blood. A streak she etching a man's face drawn back in terror and pain, the mouth drawn open, half the head pulverized—

*So if you should see something — just look the other way
and when you look back it'll be gone. Are you there? Are*

He deliberately looked out the window, being careful to show no expression on his face, and when his garments had closed over his own he took it, being careful not to squeeze it or give her a signal of any kind.

The manager was saying something to his dad & a maid was carrying a screen shutter that big window so a strong wind wouldn't blow it in. Jack was nodding. Danny looked cautiously back at the wall. The big dried bloodstain was gone. Those little gray-white flecks that had been scattered all through it, they were gone too.

Then U'Iman was leading them out. Mommy asked him if he thought the moon was pretty. Danny said he did, although he didn't really care for the mountains one way or the other. As

Then was closing the door behind Leo, Danny looked back over his shoulder. The bloodstain had returned, only now it was fresh. It was running. The man looked directly at it went on with his running commentary about the famous men who had stayed here. Danny discovered that he had bitten his lip hard enough to make it bleed, and he had never even felt it. As they walked on down the corridor, he felt a little bit behind the ears and wiped the blood away with the back of his hand and thought about blood.

"Did Mr. Halloway see blood or was it something worse?"

"I don't think those things can hurt you."

There was an iron scream behind his lips, but he would never shout it out. His mommy and daddy could not see such things, they never had. He would keep it up. His mommy and daddy were loving each other, and that was a real thing. The other things were just like pictures in a book. Some pictures were scary, but they couldn't hurt you. They couldn't hurt you.

Mr. Ulman showed them some other rooms on the third floor leading them through corridors that twisted and turned like a maze. They were all sweets up here Mr. Ulman said, although Danny didn't see any candy. He showed them some rooms where a lady named Marilyn Monroe once stayed when she was married to a man named Arthur Miller. Danny got a vague understanding that Marilyn and Arthur had gotten a DIVORCE not long after they were in the Overlook Hotel).

"Mommy?"

"What, honey?"

"If they were married, why do they have different names? You and Daddy have the same names."

"Yes, but we're not famous," Danny Jack said. "Famous women keep their same names even after they get married because their names are their bread and butter."

"Bread and butter?" Danny said, incompletely.

"What Daddy means is that people used to like to go to the movies and see Marilyn Monroe," Wendy said, "but they might not like to go to see Marry Miller."

"Why not? She'd still be the same lady. Wouldn't everyone know that?"

"Yes, but..." She looked at Jack hopefully.

Frank Carter once strolled his room. I managed to follow him. He opened the door. This was my time. And now it's never man Carter in a state like this.

There was nothing remarkable in any of those rooms but not for the absence of sweets, which Mr. Ullman kept carrying them, nothing that Danny was afraid of. In fact there was only one other thing in the building that bothered Danny and he could not have said why. It was the fire extinguisher on the wall just before they turned the corner and went back to the elevator which stood open and was grating like a mouthful of gold teeth.

It was an up-fashioned extinguisher, a flat hose folded back a dozen times upon itself, the end attached to a large red valve, the end ending in a brass nozzle. The folds of the hose were secured with a red steel slate on a hinge. In case of a fire you could knock the steel slate up and out of the way with one hard push and the hose would喷出. Danny could see that much. He was good at seeing how things worked. By the time he was two and a half he had been unlocking the protective gate his father had installed at the top of the stairs in the Swington house. He had seen how the lock worked. His daddy said it was a KAR. Some people had the KACK and some people didn't.

This fire extinguisher was a little queer than others he had seen the one in the nursery school, for instance, but that was not so unusual. Nonetheless I lined him with faint unease, curled up more against the light blue wa paper like a sleeping snake. And he was glad when I was out of sight at and the corner.

Of course all the windows have to be shattered! Mr. Ullman said as they stepped back into the elevator. Once again the car sank quickly beneath their feet. But I'm particularly concerned about the one in the Presidential Suite. The original bill on that window was four hundred and twenty dollars, and that was over three years ago. It would cost eight times that to replace today."

"I'll shatter it," Jack said.

They went down to the second floor where there were more rooms and even more twists and turns in the corridor. The light from the windows had begun to fade apparently now as the sun went behind the mountains. Mr. Ullman showed them one or two rooms and that was all. He walked past 27, the one Dick

Habermann had warned him about, without slowing Danny's broken car he had number plate on the door with unctuous faces at arm's length.

Then down to the first floor Mr. Ullman didn't show them into any rooms here until they had almost reached the brick-paved staircase that led down into the lobby again. "Here are your quarters," he said. "I think you'll find them adequate."

They went in. Danny was braced for whatever might be there. There was nothing.

Wendy Terrance felt a strong surge of relief. The President's Suite with its cold elegance had made her feel awkward and clumsy—it was all very well to visit some restored historical building with a bedroom plaque that announced Abraham Lincoln or Franklin D. Roosevelt had slept there but another thing entirely to imagine you and your husband lying beneath the eaves of power and perhaps making love where the greatest men in the world had once lain (the most powerful, anyway, she amended). But, this apartment was simpler, homier, a most inviting. She thought she could abide this place for a season with no great difficulty.

"It's very pleasant," she said with a smile, and heard the gratitude in her voice.

Ullman inclined his head to Danny condescendingly. "Simple but adequate. During the season, it's sure quarters the cook and his wife or the cook and his apprentice."

"Mr. Habermann lived here?" Danny broke in.

Mr. Ullman inclined his head to Danny condescendingly. "Once so. He and Mr. Never." He turned back to Jack and Wendy. "This is the sitting room."

There were several chairs that looked comfortable but not expensive, a coffee table that had once been expensive but now had a big chip gone from the side, two bookcases stacked full of Reader's Digest Condensed Books and Detective Book Club volumes from the forties. Wendy saw with some amusement, and an anonymous hotel TV that looked much less elegant than the busted wood consoles in the rooms.

No kitchen, of course," Ullman said. "but there is a dumbwaiter. This apartment is directly over the kitchen." He slid aside a square of paneling and disclosed a wide, square tray. He gave it a push and it disappeared, trailing rope behind it.

"It's a secret passage!" Danny said excitedly to his mother, temporarily forgetting all fears in favor of that intoxicating shaft behind the wall. "Just like in *Athens and Cleon, Meet the Monsters!*"

Mr. Ullman frowned but Wendy said indulgently, "Danny ran over to the dumb-waiter and peered down the shaft.

"This way, please."

He opened the door on the far side of the living room. It gave on the bedroom, which was spacious and airy. There were two beds. Wendy looked at her husband, smiled, shrugged.

"No problem," Jack said. "We'll push them together."

Mr. Ullman looked over his shoulder, blearily puzzled. "Beg pardon?"

"The beds," Jack said pleasantly. "We can push them together."

"Oh, quite." Ullman said, momentarily confused. Then his face cleared and a red flush began to creep up from the collar of his shirt. "Whatever you like."

He led them back into the sitting room, where a second door opened on a second bedroom. This one equipped with bunk beds. A radiator clunked in one corner, and the rug on the floor was a hideous embroidery of western sage and cactus. Danny had a ready falcon in love with it, Wendy saw. The walls of this smaller room were paneled in real pine.

"I think you can stand it in here, don't you?" Jack asked.

"Sure I can. I'm going to sleep in the top bunk. Okay?"

"If that's what you want."

"I like the rug, too, Mr. Ullman. Why don't you have all the rugs like that?"

Mr. Ullman looked for a moment as if he had sunk his teeth into a lemon. Then he smiled and patted Danny's head. "Those are your quarters," he said, "except for the bath, which opens off the main bedroom. It's not a huge apartment, but of course you have the rest of the hotel to spread out in. The lobby fireplace is in good working order, or so Watson tells me, and you must feel free to eat in the dining room if the spirit moves you to do so." He spoke in the tone of a man conferring a great favor.

"All right," Jack said.

"Shall we go down?" Mr. Ullman asked.

"Fine," Wendy said.

They went downstairs to the elevator and now the lobby was wholly deserted except for Watson, who was leaning against the main doors in a rawhide jacket, a toothpick between his lips.

"I would have thought you'd be miles from here by now," Mr. Ulman said, his voice slightly ch. 1

"Just stuck around to remind Mr. Trance here about the boiler," Watson said, straightening up. "Keep your good wee her eye on her, fa la, and she'll be fine. Knock the press down a couple of times a day. She creeps."

She creeps, Danny thought, and the words echoed down a long and silent corridor in his mind, a corridor lined with curtains where people seldom looked.

"I will," his daddy said.

"You'll be fine," Watson said and offered Jack his hand. Jack shook it. Watson turned to Wendy and inclined his head. "Ma'am," he said.

"I'm pleased," Wendy said, and thought it would sound absurd. I didn't. She had come on here from New England where she had spent her life, and it seemed to her that in a few short sentences this man Watson, with his fluffy fringe of hair, had epitomized what the West was supposed to be all about. And never mind the lecherous wink earlier.

"Young master Torrance," Watson said gravely and put his hand. Danny, who had known all about handshaking for almost a year now, put his own hand gingerly and felt it swallowed up. "You take good care of em, Dan."

"Yes, sir."

Watson let go of Danny's hand and straightened up tall. He looked at L. M. for a moment. "Next year I guess," he said, and held his hand out.

Ulman touched it blow less. His shiny ring caught the lobby's electric light in a brief, I sort of wink.

"May we find you," Watson said. "Not a day earlier or later."

"Yes, sir," Watson said and Jack could almost read the cloud in Watson's mind — your fucking little taggo.

Have a good winter, Mr. Ulman.

"Oh, I wouldn't," Ulman said remissively.

Watson opened one of the two big main doors, the wind whined louder and began to flutter the collar of his jacket. "You folks take care now," he said.

It was Danny who answered. "Yes, sir, we will."

Watson, whose not-so-distant ancestor had owned this place, stepped humbly through the door. It closed behind him, muffling the wind. Together they watched him clomp down the porch's broad front steps in his battered black cowboy boots. But the yellow aspen leaves tumbled around his heels as he crossed the lot to his International Harvester pickup and climbed in. Blue smoke belched from the rusted exhaust pipe as he started it up. The spell of silence held among them as he backed, then pulled out of the parking lot. His truck disappeared over the brow of the hill and then reappeared smaller, on the main road, heading west.

For a moment Danny felt more alone than he ever had in his life.

13

THE FRONT PORCH

The Torrance family stood together on the long front porch of the Overlook Hotel as if posing for a family portrait. Danny in the middle, zipped in a last year's fall jacket which was now too small, and starting to come out at the elbow. Wendy behind him with one hand on his shoulder and Jack to his left, his own hand resting lightly on his son's head.

Mr. Ulman was a step below them, his lined face an expensively looking brown mohair overcoat. The sun was entirely behind the mountains now, casting them with gold fire, making the shadows around things look long and purple. The only three vehicles left in the parking lot were the hole truck, Ulman's Lincoln Continental, and the battered Torrance VW.

"You've got your keys, then," Ulman said to Jack, "and you unders and frys about the furnace and the hot tub?"

Jack nodded, feeling something of sympathy for Ulman. Every-

thing was done for the season, the ball of string was neatly wrapped up until next May 12—not a day earlier or later—and Ullman, who was responsible for all of it and who referred to the hotel in the unmistakable tones of infatuation, could not help looking for loose ends.

"I think everything is well in hand," Jack said.

"Good. I'll be in touch." But he still lingered for a moment, as if waiting for the wind to take a hand and perhaps gust him down to his car. He sighed. "All right. Have a good winter, Mr. Torrance, Mrs. Torrance. You too, Danny."

"Thank you, sir," Danny said. "I hope you do, too."

"I doubt it." Ullman repeated, and he sounded sad. "The place in Florida is a dump. If the out-and-out truth is to be spoken Busywork. The Overlook is my real job. Take good care of it for me, Mr. Torrance."

"I think it will be here when you get back next spring," Jack said, and a thought flashed through Danny's mind

(but will we?)

and was gone.

"Of course. Of course it will."

Ullman looked out toward the playground where the hedge animals were chattering in the wind. Then he nodded once more in a businesslike way.

"Good-by, then."

He walked quickly and prissily across to his car—a ridiculously big one for such a little man—and tucked himself into it. The Lincoln's motor purred into life and the tail lights flashed as he pulled out of his parking stall. As the car moved away, Jack could read the small sign at the head of the stall: RESERVED FOR MR. ULLMAN, MGR.

"Right," Jack said softly.

They watched until the car was out of sight, headed down the eastern slope. When it was gone, the three of them looked at each other for a silent, almost frightened moment. They were alone. Aspen leaves whirled and scattered in aimless packs across the lawn that was now neatly mowed and trashed for no guest's eyes. There was no one to see the autumn leaves steal across the grass but the three of them. It gave Jack a curious shrinking feeling, as if his life force had dwindled to a mere spark while the hotel and

The guards had suddenly doubled in size and become sinister, dwarfing them with their immense power.

Then Wendy said "Look at you, doc. Your nose is running like a fire hose. Let's get inside."

And they did, closing the door firmly behind them against the restless whine of the wind.

PART THREE

The Wasps' Nest

UP ON THE ROOF

Jack's road to taking off a wasp nest

Jack Lawrence said these words with a both surprise and agony as he slapped his right hand against his blue chambray work shirt, exclaiming he had just now met the wasp that had stung him. Then he was scrambling up the roof as fast as he could looking back over his shoulder to see if the wasp's brothers and sisters were rising from the nest he had uncovered and hastle. If they were, it could be that the nest was between him and the sun and he trap himself standing there until a new pocket from the inside. The trap was seventy feet from the roof on the common patio between the hotel and the lawn.

The roof above the nest was hard and cold.

Jack was led a long way between his teeth as straddling the peak of the roof and examined his right index finger. It was swelling around the upper joint and he apposed the whole area to try and creep past the pain. He crawled down and put some ice on it.

It is October. Wendy in Denver along the snow belt winter in the hills (truck can't run, running Dodge truck was never pushed by that the VW which was now warming green and seemed to be a perfect reflection of pink and lemon Christmas lighting) I was in a room in the snow reflecting when the snow would come to us. There had been blizzards and a prime possibility of an eight inch snowbank was stuck with patch ice.

So far the fall had been a good one so far. In the three weeks they had been here golden days had followed golden days (a plus 40 degree mornings became a 60 degree afternoons in the low 60's) the perfect temperature for skating around on the Overlook's ponds, sipping warm beer and eating a sandwich. Jack had a message ready to Wendy that he should have finished the job four days ago but he felt no real urge to hurry. This was a from in her was still better than nothing as

vis. It is the Presumptive State in the shade. More important the work itself was soothing. On the roof he set himself in the form the Irish Juggler used of the last three years. On the roof he fell asleep. Those three years began to seem like a dream though more

The shades had been badly rotted, some of them having fallen away by the master's hands. He had ripped them all up, yelling "Bombs away" as he dropped them over the side and warning Danny to go, hit in case he had wandered over. He had been pulled out half dead when the wasp had gotten him.

The ironic part was that he warned himself each time he climbed onto the roof to keep an eye out for news. He had gotten this bug bomb just in case. But this morning the waitress and police had been so complicit that his watchfulness had lapsed. He had been back in the west of the city by 8 a.m., looking for a ghoulish whatever scene he would be working on this morning in his heart. The previous evening very well and now at 8 a.m. he had said little, he knew she was pleased. He had been called back to the criminal scene between Denker, the salaried bartender and Gary Benson, his young zero during he got a appointment six months at Seaview, in months when the economy for a while had been so bad that he could barely concertate on his own 40 acres, let alone his extraordinary art literary ambitions.

But in the last week evenings, as he actually sat I am in it
in the office now. And now he has borrowed from me in
the office down stairs the road back had disappeared. But his fingers
as though by some charm could unseal him. He had come
up a most effortfully with the insights into Lenore's character that
he always been lacking, and he has never stopped. The next
act after giving up his first love around the new scene. As I have
progressed he has act, which he has been carrying over in his
mind when he was put an end to day is on Wednesday after
all he said. He has he could rough it out in two weeks and
be a clean copy of the whole named out by New Years.

He had an agent in New York, a rough red-headed woman named Pauline Sandifer who smoked Herbert Lomax as drunk as he was from a pint of rum, and through the literary salons rose and set on Sean O'Casey. She had marketed three of Jack's best stories.

including the *Equre* piece. He had written about the play which was called *The Faire School*, describing the harsh conflict between Denker, a good student who had failed to becoming the brutal and brutalizing headmaster of a turn-of-the-century New England prep school, and Gray Benson, the student he sees as a younger version of himself. Fay had written back expressing interest and admonishing him to read O'Casey before sitting down to it. She had written again earlier that year asking where the hel was the play. He had written back wryly that *The Faire School* had been indefinitely and perhaps finally lost between hand and page, in that interesting interval Ciolek known as "the writer's block." Now I looked as if she might actually see the play. Whether or not it was any good, I felt we would ever see another production was another matter. And I didn't seem to care a great deal about those things. He felt it a way that the problem itself, the writing, was the roadblock, a dead end, symbol of the bad years at Somington Prep, the marriage he had always tolerated like a sulky kid behind the wheel of an old car, the monstrous assault on his son, the incident in the park, going off with George Haffitz, an incident he could no longer view as just another sudden and destructive flare of temper. He now thought that part of his drinking problem had stemmed from an all-consuming desire to be free of Somington and the security he felt was stilling whatever creative urge he had. He had stopped drinking, but the need to be free had been just as great. Hence George Haffitz. Now, I don't know what remained of those days was the play on the desk in his and Wendy's bedroom, and when it was done and I sent off to Fay its hole-in-the-wall New York agency, he could turn over her changes. But a drive, he was not ready to stumble into the swamp—an other three-year undertaking, but with more short stories. Perhaps a book of them.

Moving warily he scrambled back down the slope of the roof on his hands and knees past the line of demarcation where the fresh green Bird shingles gave way to the section of roof he had just finished cleaning. He came to the edge on the left of the wasps' nest he had uncovered and moved gingerly toward it ready to backtrack and bring down his ladder to the ground if the grass looked too hot.

He leaned over the section of paling as I hung and worked on

Two days later the last sparrow was found. It flew to the path in the ring of trees twice. I was more or less surprised to find it Jack - because he never flew around the center. I stopped and I thought because the tree he seen the day before the bird was in there but he thought the bird had eaten because it was a predator sparrow. The surface of the path was covered with the leaves which were falling from the trees and some of them which are not fallen either because they had been rendered above and strong by the fall temperatures but Jack who knew the new path in his lifetime wanted to see Jack in the blue house again since And he thought if I could have seen the house in the blue summer a week ago when he was here perhaps he would have been surprised at the difference. When a man is walking along a path and sees a red squirrel and the squirrel comes up to him and right through its part it would be entirely possible for it to be seven or eight feet tall and charge right off the edge of the road while you were trying to get away from him. As from that I can say about them only half the length of a pencil stub.

He had read somewhere in a Sunday supplement page of a book of the best newsmagazine article that 7 per cent of all automobile fatalities go over the mechanical failure due to excessive speed or more or had weather. Simply because of the concentrated section of road he had to travel he never had time to consider what had happened to him. The article had mentioned an increase in the death rate per mile traveled by men of those aged for crashes resulting from insects in the car. He was not sure whether a sparrow or a moth. The converges quickly and it would be more a swallow or a bat or. Presumably the insect would be like the driver of the automobile. Either way it was the same as the one he met and it completely unchanged as it buzzed merrily out of the smoking truck looking for greener pastures. The driver had been in favor of having pathogens look for mice venom while not paying such amounts. Jack recalled

Now looking down on the nest it seemed to him that it could serve as both a warning symbol for what he had been brought

On what he had regard his two sons to find him. He wanted no argument for a better future. How else could you get into the house? the boy happened to him? But he said nothing. The whole range of unhappy Stevenson experiences had to be fought at once. Jack Torrance in the passive mode. He has not done things that has been done to him. He has known plenty of people in the Sewing Room faculty. Two of them right in the English Department who were barroom fighters. Zack Tunney was in the English, picking up a full keg of beer on Saturday afternoon, picking it up again on Sunday night, and then laid down near a fire on Sunday watching football games and old movies. Yet through the week Zack was as sober as a judge. A weak cock or a hillbilly was an occasion.

He and Al Shuckes had been schoolmates. They had gone to each other out like two castoffs who were still smart enough to prefer spending together to being alone. The sea had been whole grain instead of salt that was all. Looking down at the wasps as they slowly went about their instinctual business before winter came. Al would say, "I bet her bypassing queen he would go farther." He was still an alcoholic always would be, perhaps had been since Sophomore Cross Night, a high school when he had taken his first drink. It had nothing to do with power or the misery of drinking, or the weakness or strength of his own character. There was a broken swivel somewhere inside, or a circuit breaker had blown out, and he had been propelled down the chasm. It may be only at first, then accelerating as Sisyphus applied his pressures on him. A big greased slide and all the time had been a shattered ownerless bicycle and a son with a broken arm. Jack Torrance in the passive mode. And his temper same bone. All his life he had been trying unsuccessfully to control it. He could remember himself as a seven-year-old boy, one hot day, for playing with matches. He had gone out and had had a kick at a passing car. His father had seen that and he had descended on him. Jacky, roaring. He had redoubled Jack's behavior, and then knocked his eye. And when his father had gone into the house muttering to see what was on television, Jack had come upon a stray dog and had kicked it into the gutter. There had been twelve fights in grammar school, even more of them in high school, starting two suspensions and uncounted detentions, in

of a country. Each had previously been a member of the up-to-date numbered people with the usual portarion of every man of every game in a style of high polish. Like the early opposing black and white partnerships. He had been a one-man power making All but utterance in his attitude a silent voice, and he knew perfectly well that he had his own hot temper. I used to blame him. He had not deserved it. Every game a "grudge match."

And yet through all he had not been a son of a bawdy-haunted town. He had always regarded himself as Jack London, a really nice guy who was just going to have to learn how to cope with his temper someday before it got him in trouble. The same way he was going to have to learn how to cope with his drinking, and he had been an emotional adolescent as everyone knows he has been a physical one. The two of them were never bound together somewhere deep inside him, where you'd least expect to look. But it didn't much matter to him if the root causes were intertwined or separate. Sociology! For pity's sake! or psychology! He had had to draw web after web, he thinks. He speaks not of the losses from his woman, the suspensions, with trying to keep on the school clothes, or in playground brawls, and after the brawls still the slowly dissolving glue of his marriage, the single bicycle which with its bent spokes pointed to the sky. Dennis' hand on the And George Hatfield, of course.

I recall that he had unwittingly stuck his hand out. The Great Works Novel of Life As It Should Look. As a common firefly he could it was serviceable. He had stuck his hand through some rotten flueing in high summer and that hand and his whole arm had been consumed in the righteous fire, destroying consciousness, so that nothing he concept of civilized behavior obscene. Could he expect to behave as a thinking human being when you had wings being impaled on red-hot dining needles? Could you be expected to live on the loss of your nearest and dearest when the brown lamas could rise out of the hole in the fabric of things, like I think you thought you was so innocent, and grow a strength of your own? Could you be held responsible for your own actions as you ran crazily about on the sleeping roof, seventy feet above the ground, not knowing where you were going, not remembering the day at the city swimming pool, drowning while crashing

and he was sitting right over the camp poster and could only stand by on the circumference seventy feet he saw Jack didn't think you could. When you know it really stuck your hand in to the wasps' nest you hadn't made a covenant with the devil to give up your soul because with its trappings of love and respect and honor I just happened to you. Passively with no say you ceased to be a creature of the mind and became a creature of the nerve endings from educated man to walking ape in five easy seconds.

He thought about George Hatfield.

Tall and shaggy blond George had been an almost accidentally beautiful boy. In his tight faded jeans and Stinsonton sweater shirt with the sleeves carelessly pushed up to the elbows to disclose his tanned forearms, he had reminded Jack of a young Robert Redford and he doubted that George had much trouble scoring more than that young football playing devil Jack Torrance had ten years earlier. He could say that he hopefully didn't feel jealous of George or envy him his good looks, in fact he had almost unconsciously begun to visualize George as the physical incarnation of his play hero, Gary Benson, the perfect lad for the dark slumped and aging Denker, who grew to hate Gary so much. But the Jack Torrance had never felt the way about George. If he had, he would have known it. He was quite sure of that.

George had flunked through his classes at Stinsonton. A soccer and baseball star, his academic program had been left unattended and he had been content with C's and D's in every class except history or botany. He was a fierce field competitor but a lackadaisical, amused sort of student in the classroom. Jack was familiar with the type, more from his own days as a high school and college student than from his reading experience which was at second hand. George Hatfield was a jock. He could be a tall, unassuming figure in the classroom but when the right set of circumstances were stimuli was applied like electrodes to the temples of Frankenstein's monster Jack brightened. He could feel himself a raggerdaut.

In January George had tried out with two dozen others for the debate team. He had been quite frank with Jack. His father was a corporation lawyer and he wanted his son to follow in his first steps. George, who felt no burning call to do anything else, was wrong. His grades were not top end but this was crucial only

It pained George to see him. If he had come to meet him he would have had something to say. George's own offer of a friendly walk past him was all that he could do. But Jim in Hatfield thought his son had got no real debate team. It was good practice and it was something he now relied upon. His boards always had a card. So George went at first choice, and in late March Jack came from the team.

The late winter squad debates had fired George. He was competitive still. He became a grumpy, determined debater, preparing his position fiercely. And in time of the subject was legalization of marijuana, reinstating the death penalty or the complete ban on wine. George became conversant and he was an expert enough on horses and care which is to be won at large and valuable. And even in high-stake debaters, Jack knew. The days of a true competitor and a true debater were past. He was not yet from each other. They were both remarkably interested in the main chance. So far, so good.

But George Hatfield stuttered.

This was not a handicap that had ever shown up in the class room where George was always cool and collected. Whether he had done his homework or not, and certainly not on the Stage. In playing tennis where talk was not a virtue and they sometimes even threw you out of the game for too much discussion.

When George got tightly wound up in a debate, the stool would come out. The more eager he became, the worse it was. And when he felt he had an opponent dead in his sights, an infectious sort of buck fever seemed to take place between his speech centers and his mouth and he would freeze solid while the clock ran out. It was painful to watch.

S-S-So I think we have to say that the full facts in the case Mr. D-D D-Dorsky et al's are ten ten rendered absolute by the rather recent and hasty decision handed down in-in-a-

The buzzer would go off and George would whirl around to stare furiously at Jack who sat beside it. George's face at those moments would be flushed, his nose crumpled spasmodically in one hand.

Jack had held on to George long after he had cut most of the obvious flat tires, hoping George would work out. He remembered one late afternoon about a week before he had reluctantly

dropped the ax. George had stayed after the others had filed out, and then had confronted Jack angrily.

"You set the timer ahead."

Jack looked up from the papers he was mulling back to his briefcase.

"George, what are you talking about?"

"I didn't get my whole five minutes. You set it ahead. I was web-watching the clock."

The clock and the timer may keep slightly different times, George, but I never let either the dog or the damned thing Scout's honor."

"Yuh-yuh, you did!"

The well-gerent, I'm stucking-up-for my big s'way, George was looking at him had sparked Jack's own temper. He had been off the sauce for two months, two months too long, and he was rugged. He made one last effort to hold himself in. I assure you I did not, George. I s your stutter. Do you have any idea what causes it? You don't stutter in class."

"I duh-duh-don't s-s-sit st-stutter!"

"Lower your voice."

"I duh-duh-don't want to yell on. I duh-duh-don't want me on your g-g-goddam team!"

"Lower your voice, I said. Let's discuss this rationally."

"I duh-duh-duh that!"

"George, if you can control your stutter, I'd be glad to have you. You're well-prepared for every practice and you're good at the background stuff which means you're rarely surprised. But all that doesn't mean much if you can't control that—"

"I've deh-deh-never sturred!" he cried out. "It's uh, you! If sub-someone else had the d-d-deh-deh-deh team I could—"

Jack's temper slipped another notch.

"George, you're never going to make much of a lawyer, corporation or otherwise, if you can't control the Law so I like soccer. Two hours of practice every night won't cut it. What are you going to do stand up in front of a board meeting and say, 'Nuh-nuh-nuh, g-gentlemen, abou, this t-t-tort'?"

He suddenly blushed, not with anger but with shame at his own cruelty. This was not a man in front of him but a seventeen-year-old boy who was facing the first major defeat of his life and

in he asked him the why he could for it is help him find a way to cope with it.

George gave him a brief, sharp glance. It was as though he saw as long as the world battered up behind them struggled to find their way out.

"Why did you set it ahead? You just hate me because you know—because you know . . . you know . . ."

With an abrupt intake of breath he had rushed out of the classroom, slamming the door hard enough to make the wire-reinforced glass rattle in its frame. Jack had stood there, feeling, rather than hearing, the echo of George's Ad das in the empty hall. Still as the empty hall's emptiness and his shame at mocking George's stammer his first thought had been a sick sort of exultation. For the first time in his life George Hatfield had wanted something he could no longer have. For the first time there was something wrong that all of Dadu's money could not fix. You couldn't bribe a speech center. You couldn't offer a tongue an extra fifty a week and a bonus at Christmas if it would agree to stop flopping like a record needle in a defective groove. Then the exultation was simply buried in shame, and he felt the way he had after he had broken Danny's arm.

Dear God I am not a son of a bitch Please

That sick happiness at George's retreat was more typical of Denker in the play than of Jack Torrance the playwright.

You hate me because you know . . .

Because he knew what?

What could he possibly know about George Hatfield that would make him hate him? That his whole future lay ahead of him? That he looked a little bit like Robert Redford and all conversations among the girls stopped when he did a double somersault from the pool diving board? That he played soccer and baseball with a natural, unlearned grace?

Ridiculous. Absurdly absurd. He envied George Hatfield nothing. If the truth was known, he felt worse about George's unfortunate stammer than George himself because George really would have made an excellent debater. And if Jack had set the timer ahead—and of course he hadn't—it would have been because both he and the other members of the squad were embarrassed for George's struggle; they had agonized over it the way

You agonize when the Class Night speaker forgets some of his lines. If he had set the timer ahead, it would have been just to
to put George out of his misery.

But he hadn't set the timer ahead. He was quite sure of it.

A week later he had cut him, and that time he had kept his temper. The shouts and the threats had all been on George's side. A week after that he had gone out to the parking lot halfway through practice to get a pile of sourcebooks that he had left in the trunk of the VW and there had been George, down on one knee with his long blood hair swinging in his face, a hunting knife in one hand. He was sawing through the VW's right front tire. The back tires were already shredded, and the bug sat on the flats like a small, tired dog.

Jack had seen red, and remembered very little of the encounter that followed. He remembered a thick growl that seemed to issue from his own throat. "All right, George. If that's how you want it, just come here and take your medicine."

He remembered George looking up, startled and fearful. He had said "Mr Torrance—" as if to explain how all this was just a mistake. the tires had been flat when he got there and he was just cleaning dirt out of the front treads with the tip of this gutting knife he just happened to have with him and—

Jack had walked in, his fists held up in front of him and it seemed that he had been grinning. But he wasn't sure of that.

The last thing he remembered was George holding up the knife and saying "You better not come any closer."

And the next thing was Miss Strong, the French teacher holding Jack's arms, crying, screaming "Stop it, Jack! Stop it! You're going to kill him!"

He had blinked around stupidly. There was the hunting knife still lying harmlessly on the parking lot asphalt four yards away. There was his Volkswagen, his poor old battered bug, ve crum of many wild midnight drunken rides sitting on three flat shoes. There was a new dent in the right front fender he saw and there was something in the middle of the dent that was either red paint or blood. For a moment he had been confused by the lights.

Jesus Christ al we h.i.h.m after al.

of that other night. Then his eyes had settled on George. George looking dazed and blinking on the asphalt. His debate group had

come out and they were huddled together by the door, staring at George. There was blood on his face from a scalp laceration that looked minor, but there was also blood running out of one of George's ears and that probably meant a concussion. When George tried to get up, Jack shook free of Miss Strong and went to him. George cringed.

Jack put his hands on George's chest and pushed him back down. "Lie still," he said. "Don't try to move." He turned to Miss Strong, who was staring at them both with horror.

"Please go call the school doctor, Miss Strong," he told her. She turned and fled toward the office. He looked at his debate class then, looked them right in the eye because he was in charge again, fully himself, and when he was in himself here wasn't a ne'er guy in the whole state of Vermont. Surely they knew that.

"You can go home now," he told them quietly. "We'll meet again tomorrow."

But by the end of that week six of his debaters had dropped out. Two of them the class of the act, but of course it didn't matter much because he had been informed by them that he would be dropping out himself.

Yet somehow he had stayed off the bottle and he supposed that was something.

And he had not hated George Hafield. He was sure of that. He had not acted but had been acted upon.

You hate me because you know . . .

But he had known nothing. *Nothing*. He would swear that before the Throne of Almighty God just as he would swear that he had set the timer ahead no more than a minute. And not out of base but out of pity.

Two wasps were crowing suggestively about on the roof beside the hole in the flashing.

He watched them until they spread their aerodynamically unsound but strangely efficient wings and lumbered off into the October sunshine, perchance in stung someone else. God had seen fit to give them stingers and Jack supposed they had to use them on somebody.

How long had he been sitting here smoking at that hole with its unpleasant surprise down inside, raking over old coals? He looked at his watch. Almost half an hour.

He let himself down to the edge of the roof, dropped one leg over, and felt around until his foot found the top rung of the ladder just below the overhang. He would go down to the equipment shed where he had stored the bug bomb on a high shelf out of Danny's reach. He would get it come back up, and then they would be the ones surprised. You could be stung, but you could also sting back. He believed that sincerely. Two hours from now the nest would be just so much chewed paper and Danny could have it in his room if he wanted to—Jack had had one in his room when he was just a kid. It had always smelled faintly of woodsmoke and gasoline. He could have it right by the head of his bed. It wouldn't hurt him.

"I'm getting better."

The sound of his own voice, confident in the silent afternoon, reassured him even though he hadn't meant to speak aloud. He was getting better. It was possible to graduate from passive to active, to take the thing that had once driven you nearly to madness as a neutral prize of no more than occasional academic interest. And if there was a place where the thing could be done, this was surely it.

He went down the ladder to get the bug bomb. They would pay. They would pay for stinging him.

15

DOWN IN THE FRONT YARD

Jack had found a huge white-painted wicker chair in the back of the equipment shed two weeks ago, and had dragged it around to the porch over Wendy's objections that it was really the ugliest thing she had ever seen in her whole life. He was sitting in it now, amusing himself with a copy of E. L. Doctorow's *Welcome to Hard Times*, when his wife and son rattled up the driveway in the hotel truck.

Wendy parked it at the turn-around place. The engine sputtered and then turned it off. The truck's single tail light died. The engine rumbled grumpily with power gone and finally stopped. Jack got out of his chair and ambled down to meet them.

"Hi Dad," Danny called and raised up his hand. He had a box in one hand. "Look what Mommy brought me!"

Jack picked his son up, swung him around twice, and kissed him heartily on the mouth.

Jack Terrence, the Eugene O'Neill of his generation, the American Shakespeare, Wendy said smiling. Fancy meeting you here so far up in the mountains.

"The common rock became fire much for the dear lady," he said, and slipped his arms around her. They kissed. "How was your trip?"

"Very good. Danny complains that I keep jerking him but I didn't start the truck once and . . . oh, Jack, you finished it."

She was looking at the roof and Danny followed her gaze. A thin frown touched his face as he looked at the wide swatch of fresh shingles atop the Overlook's west wing, a lighter green than the rest of the roof. Then he looked down at the box in his hand and his face cleared again. At night the pictures Tony had showed him came back to haunt him, heringray clarity, but in sunny daylight they were easier to disregard.

"Look, Daddy, look!"

Jack took the box from his son. It was a model car, one of the Big Daddy Roth caricatures that Danny had expressed an interest in the past. This one was the Violent Violet Volkswagen, and the picture on the box showed a huge purple VW with long, fat Cad Bar Chrome de Ville tailights burning up a dirt track. The VW had a smile, an I-poking-up-through-it, clawed hands on the wheel crown; he VW was a goon, a warty monster with popping boulders of eyes, a manic grin and a giddy English turn-up turned around backward.

Wendy was smirking at him and Jack winked at her.

"That's what I like about you, kid," Jack said, handing it out back. "Your taste runs to the queer, the sober, the responsible. You are definitely the child of my dreams."

"Mommy said you'd help me put it together as soon as I could read all of the first Dick and Jane."

"That ought to be by the end of the week," Jack said. "What else have you got in that fine-looking truck you am?"

"Uh-uh." She grabbed his arm and pulled him back. "No peeking. Some of the stuff is for you. Danny and I will take it. You can get the milk. It's on the floor of the car."

"That's all I am to you," Jack cried, clapping a hand to his forehead. "Just a dray horse, a common beast of the field. Dray here, dray there, dray everywhere."

"Just dray that milk right into the kitchen master!"

"It's too much!" he cried, and threw himself on the ground where Danny stood over him and giggled.

"Get up, you ok," Wendy said, and prodded him with the toe of her sneaker.

"See?" he said to Danny. "She called me an ok. You're a witness."

"Witness witness." Danny conceded grudgingly and broad-jumped his prone father.

Jack sat up. That reminds me, honey, I've got something for you, too. On the porch by my arm, by."

"What is it?"

"Forgot. Go and see."

Jack got up and the two of them stood together watching Danny charge up the lawn and then take the steps to the porch one by one. He put an arm around Wendy's waist.

"You happy, babe?"

She looked up at him solemnly. "This is the happiest I've been since we were married."

"Is that the truth?"

"God's honest."

He squeezed her tightly. "I love you."

She squeezed him back, touched those bad never been cheap words with John Lawrence, she could count the number of times he had said them in her better regard after marriage on both her hands.

"I love you too."

"Mommym! Mommy!" Danny was on the porch now, shouting excited. "Come and see! Wow! I found!"

"What's it?" Wendy asked him as they walked up from the parking lot, hand in hand.

"Forgot," Jack said.

"Oh you'll get yours," she said, and elbowed him. "See if you don't."

"I was hoping I'd get it tonight," he remarked, and she argued. A moment later he asked, "Is Danny happy do you think?"

"You ought to know. You're the one who has a long talk with him every night before bed."

"That's usually about what he wants to be when he grows up or if Santa Claus is real or not. That's going to be a big thing with him. I think his old buddy Scott let some people drop on that one. No, he hasn't said much of anything about the Overlook to me."

"Me either," she said. They were climbing the porch steps now. But he's very quiet a lot of the time. And I think he's lost weight, Jack, I really do."

"He's just getting tall."

Danny's back was to them. He was examining something on the table by Jack's chair, but Wendy couldn't see what it was.

"He's not eating as well either. He used to be the original steam shovel. Remember last year?"

"They taper off," he said vaguely. "I think I read that in Spock. He'll be using two forks again by the time he's seven."

They had stopped on the top step.

"He's pushing awfully hard on those readers, too," she said. "I know he wants to learn how, to please us . . . to please you," she added reluctantly.

"To please himself most of all," Jack said. "I haven't been pushing him on that at all. In fact, I do wish he would go quite so hard."

"Well, do you think I was foolish if I made an appointment for him to have a physical? There's a G.P. in Sidewinder, a young man from what the checker in the market said."

"You're a little nervous about the snow coming, aren't you?"

She shrugged. "I suppose. If you think it's foolish."

"I don't. In fact you can make appointments for all three of us. We'll get our clean bills of health and then we can sleep easy at night."

"I make the appointments this afternoon," she said.

"Mom. Look, Mommy!"

He came running to her with a large gray thing in his hands,

and for one comic horrible moment Wendy thought it was a brain. She saw what it really was and recoiled instinctively.

Jack put an arm around her. "It's all right. The insects who didn't fly away have been shaken out. I used the bug bomb."

She looked at the large wasps' nest her son was holding but would not touch it. "Are you sure it's safe?"

"Once we I had one in my room when I was a kid. My dad gave it to me. Want to put it in your room, Danny?"

"Yeah! Right now!"

He turned around and raced through the double doors. They could hear his muffled, running feet on the main stairs.

"There were wasps up there," she said. "Did you get stung?"

"Where's my purple heart?" he asked, and displayed his finger. The swelling had already begun to go down, but she reached over it so gently and gave it a small, gentle kiss.

"Did you pull the stinger out?"

"Wasps don't leave them in. They're bees. They have barbed stingers. Wasp stingers are smooth. That's what makes them so dangerous. They can sting again and again."

"Jack, are you sure that's safe for him to have?"

"I followed the directions on the bomb. The stuff is guaranteed to kill every single bug in two hours time and then dissipate with no residue."

"I hate them," she said.

"What . . . wasps?"

"Anything that stings," she said. Her hands went to her elbows and cupped them, her arms crossed over her breasts.

"I do too," he said, and hugged her.

Down the hall, in the bedroom. Wendy could hear the typewriter Jack had carried up from downstairs burst into life for thirty seconds, fall silent for a minute or two, and then rattle briefly again. It was like watching a machine-gun fire from an isolated pit box.

The sound was music to her ears. Jack had not been writing so much since the second year of their marriage when he wrote his story that *Eugene* had published. He said he brought the play would be done by the end of the year for better or worse and he would be moving on to something new. He said he didn't care if *Fair Lake School* started any excitement when Parris showed it around. I don't care if it sank without a trace and Wendy he said that too. The actual act of his writing must have immensely helped him not because she expected great things from the play but because her husband seemed to be slowly closing a huge door in a roomful of monsters. He had held his shoulder to the door at a time like now but at last it was swinging shut.

Every key typed closed it a little more.

"Look, Dick, look."

Danny was hunched over the first of the three batches of primers Jack had dug up by digging through the old Builders' surplus on-hand bookshops. They would take Danny right up to a second-grade reading level, a program she had told Jack she thought was in children's books. Their son was the point they knew that father would be a mistake to push him so far so fast. Jack had agreed. There would be no pushing or need. But if the boy caught on fast they would be prepared. And now he wondered if Jack hadn't been right about that too.

Danny, prepared by four years of "Sesame Street" and three years of "Electric Company," seemed to be catching up with almost scary speed. He hunched over the innocuous

le books, his eyes at raze and his gaze fixed on the shelf above him as though his life depended on learning to read. His small face was more tense and paler than she liked in the dark and only glow of the dim-wick lamp they had put in his room. He was taking it very seriously. Here he reading now the workbook pages his mother had put together every afternoon. Picture of an apple and a peach. The words were written beneath in Jack's large, slightly misaligned print. Once the right picture he rose his head with the word. And those son would write from the word to the pictures he was showing sounding at him by shouting it out. And with his down-curved red pencil curled into his index finger he could now write about three dozen words on his own.

He began to say a dozen words in the room. Ahhie

there was a picture Wendy had remembered from her own grammar school days, nineteen years before. A laughing boy with brown curly hair. A girl in a short dress, her hair in braided pigtails, one hand holding a jump rope. A jumping dog running after a large red rubber ball. The first-grade title, *Dick Jane and I*.

"See *Jip run*?" Danny read slowly. "Run, Jip, run! Run for me. He paused, dropping his finger down to the line. See the . . ." He bent closer, his nose almost touching the page now. "See the . . .?"

"Not so close, doc," Wendy said quietly. "You'll hurt your eyes. It's—"

"Don't tell me," he said sitting up with a jerk. His voice was strained. "Don't tell me, Mommy, I can get it."

"A night, honey," she said. "But it's not a big thing. Really it's not."

Unheeding, Danny went forward again. On his face was an expression that might be more commonly seen hovering over a graduate record exam in a college gym somewhere. She liked it less and less.

"See the . . . hub. Aw E E See he uhaw-c-e? See the uhaw *Bail*?" Suddenly triumphant Force. The darkness in his voice scared her. "*See the bail!*"

"That's right," she said. "Honey, I think that's enough for to-night."

"A couple more pages, Mommy? Please?"

"No, doc." She used the red-hand book firmly. "It's bed-time."

"Please?"

"Don't leave me about it, Danny. Mommy's tired."

"Okay." But he looked longingly at the primer.

"Go kiss your father and then wash up. Don't forget to wash."

"Yeah."

He slouched out, a small boy in pajama bottoms with feet in the large flannel top with a football on the front and NEW ENGLAND PATRIOTS written on the back.

Jack's typewriter stopped, and she heard Danny's hearty smack. "Night, Daddy."

"Goodnight, doc. How'd you do?"

"Okay, I guess Mommy made me stop."

M A R T I N C O M P L E X

form

"Yes?"

From the produce market she had come home with turnips and carrots and cabbages and

she had been looking forward to the hour when she could wash them. Her eyes were full of longing and there was no brighter moment in the day than when she could sit down with her mother and tell her about the hand she had just made. Her mother would say "How nice you are now. You have grown up so much. You have a good mother now."

This summer began to resemble last summer. Starting in the early morning she would go around her house and the others would follow. Her legs were long and she picked flowers and berries and wild onions and herbs with the others. They would go to the beach and play in the sand. The woman who owned a house above them soon began to shake and pull at the floor. He and his mother helped her out of the room. In the end she died. It may even be that she died in the morning. She had a picture of Bushy and Cheshire Cat pinned to the wall. Soon enough it was replaced with pictures and photographs of the sun king rock stars. She supposed. Immature to experience human nature like this and growl. She made her son know he would be in school and she would love at least half of him if she were to his friend. She and Jack had not even another one for a while when things had seemed to be going well. It was in fact when he played now. Things were in an uncertain kind place where they would be in quite possibly.

Her eyes fell on the wasps' nest

It had the ultimate high place in Danny's room resting on a tiny paper plate on the table by his bed. She didn't like it even if it was empty. She wondered vaguely if it might have germs

he got to ask Jack then decided he would laugh at her. So he would ask the doctor tomorrow, if she could catch him w/ a Jack out of the room. She didn't like the idea of that thing, constructed from the wings and soiva of so many evil creatures living within a foot of her sleeping son's head.

The water in the bathroom was still running, and she got up and went into his big bedroom to make sure everything was okay. Jack didn't look up, he was lost in his world, he was making staring at the typewriter, a cigarette clamped to his teeth.

She knocked lightly on the closed bathroom door. "You okay, sweet? You awake?"

No answer

"Danny?"

No answer. She tried the door. It was locked.

"Danny?" She was worried now. The lack of any sound beneath the steadily running water made her uneasy. "Danny! Open the door, honey!"

No answer

"Danny!"

"Jesus Christ, Wendy, I can't sleep if you're going to stand outside the door all night."

Danny's locked himself in the bathroom and he wasn't answering me!"

Jack came around the desk, taking out his knife. He knocked on the door once, hard. "Open up, Danny! No games!"

No answer.

Jack knocked harder. "Stop faking doc! Beat me's beat me! Spanking if you don't open up!"

He's losing his temper, she thought, and was more afraid. He had not touched Danny in anger since that evening two years ago, but at this moment he sounded angry enough to do it.

"Danny, honey—" she began.

No answer. Only running water.

"Danny, if you make me break this neck I can guarantee you won't spend the night sleeping on your belly." Jack tried.

Nothing.

"Break it," she said, and suddenly it was hard to take. Quick!

He raised one foot and brought it down hard against the floor.

at the top of the stairs. The lock was a poor thing — gave some
quarrelly and the door suddenly open, banging hard on the floor in
all and rebounding halfway.

"*Danny!*" she screamed.

The water was rushing full force on the basin. Beside it at the
end of Crest with the tap off, Danny was sitting on the rim of the
bathtub across the room. His toothbrush clamped tightly in his
hand, a thin foam of toothpaste around his mouth. He was staring,
trancelike, into the mirror on the front of the medicine cabinet
above the washbasin. The expression on his face was one of
dreadful horror and her first thought was that he was having some
sort of epileptic seizure, that he might have swallowed his tongue.

"*Danny!*"

Danny didn't answer. Guttural sounds came from his throat.

Then she was pushed aside so hard that she crashed into the
towel rack and Jack was kneeling in front of the boy.

"*Danny,*" he said. "*Danny, Danny!*" He snapped his fingers in
front of Danny's blank eyes.

"Ah sir, " Danny said. "I wanna do my S'more Nuttree."

"*Danny!*"

"Roque!" Danny said his voice suddenly deep, almost male. "Be
"Roque Stroke. The roque mallet has two sides." *Cannulae.*"

"Oh Jack, my God what's wrong with him?"

Jack grabbed the boy's elbows and shook him and Danny's head rolled empty backward and then snapped forward like a balloon on a stick.

"*Roque, Stroke, Redrum!*"

Jack shook him again and Danny's eyes suddenly cleared. His
toothbrush fell out of his hand and onto the tiled floor with a
small click.

"What?" he asked looking around. He saw his father knelt in
before him, Wendy standing by the wall. "What?" Danny asked
again, wincing a bit. "W-W Web. What's wr-i-t-

"Don't matter!" Jack suddenly screamed into his face. Danny
cried out in shock, his body going tense, trying to draw away from
his father and then he collapsed into tears. Shaken, Jack pulled
him close. "Oh, honey, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, doc. Please. Don't
cry. I'm sorry. Everything's okay."

The writer ran ceaselessly in the house and Wendy did not know who had stepped into her growing nightmare where she ran backward backward to the one where her drunken husband had broken her son's arm and as they mouthed over from it almost the exact same words.

"I'm sorry, doctor, I'm sorry doc. Please Sir, sorry."

She could hear him tried Danny out of Jack's arms which he save the look of angry reprimand on his face but Blue eyes after consideration had fled him up. She walked him back to the small bedroom. Danny's arms clasped around her neck, Jack trailing them.

She sat down by Danny and rocked him back and forth and holding him with a fierceness which repeated over and over. She looked up at Jack and there was only misery in his eyes now. His face quivering eyebrows at her. She shook her head to and fro.

"Danny," she said. "Danny. Danny. It's okay doc. It's fine."

Again Danny was quickly fair to temblng in her arms. So it was Jack he spoke to first. Jack who was now sitting his back to them on the bed and she felt the old pain pang.

"It's him first and it's always been him first."

Of course Jack had shouted at him. She had comforted him, yet it was to his father that Danny said,

"I'm sorry if I was bad."

"Nothing to be sorry for, doc. Jack rubbed his hair. "What the hell happened to there?"

Danny shook his head slowly, dazed. "I... I don't know. Why did you tell me I was attacking Daddy? I don't remember."

"Of course not," Jack said heartily but Wendy felt a quick, sharp touch her heart. Jack suddenly looked scared as if he'd seen something that might just have been a ghost.

Something about the man. Danny just stared.

How. Jack was leaning forward and Danny flinched in her arms.

"Jack, you're scaring him!" she said and her voice was highly accusatory. I suddenly came to her that they were a source of all of what?

I don't know. I don't know. Danny was saying to his father. "What . . . what did I say, Daddy?"

"Nothing," Jack muttered. He took his handkerchief from his back pocket and wiped his mouth with it. Wendy had a moment of that sickening time-is-running-backward feeling again. It was a gesture she remembered well from his drinking days.

"Why did you kick me down, Danny?" she asked gently. "Why did you do that?"

"Tony," he said. "Tony told me to."

They exchanged a glance over the top of his head.

"Did Tony say why, son?" Jack asked quickly.

I was brushing my teeth and I was thinking about my reading," Danny said. "Thinking real hard. And . . . and I saw Tony lay down in the mirror. He said he had to show me again."

You mean he was behind you?" Wendy asked.

"No, he was in the mirror." Danny was very emphatic on his point. Way down deep. And then I went through the mirror. The next thing I remember Daddy was shaking me and . . . thought I was being bad again."

Jack winced as if struck.

"No, doc," he said quietly.

"Tony told you to lock the door?" Wendy asked, brushing his hair.

"Yes."

And what did he want to show you?"

Danny tensed in her arms, as if the muscles in his body had turned into something like piano wire. "I don't remember," he said distraught. "I don't remember. Don't ask me. . . . I don't remember nothing!"

"Shh," Wendy said, alarmed. She began to rock him again. "It's all right if you don't remember, hon. Sure is."

At last Danny began to relax again.

"Do you want me to stay a little while? Read you a story?"

"No. Just the night right." He looked shyly at his father. "Would you stay, Daddy? For a minute?"

"Sure, doc."

Wendy sighed. "I'll be in the living room, Jack."

"Okay."

She got up and watched as Danny slid under the covers. He seemed very small.

"Are you sure you're okay, Danny?"

"I'm okay. Just going to Snoopy, Mom."

"Sure."

She layed in the right side of his bed, Snoopy the first and perched on top of his duvet. He had never wanted a night light, they never got the Overlook, and then he had specifically requested one. She turned it off. He lay down the overheat and kicked back at her the small white eyes of Danny's face and Jack's above it. She hesitated a moment.

and then I went through the mirror,

and then left them quietly

"You sleepy?" Jack asked, breaking Danny's hair off his forehead.

"Yeah."

"Want a drink of water?"

"No."

There was silence for a few times. Danny was still beneath his hand, shaking, the boy had dropped it if he was about to get up and leave quickly when Danny said from the brink of sleep:

"Rogue."

Jack turned back, all zero at the bone.

"Danny—?"

"You'd never hurt Mommy with you + Daddy,"

"No."

"Or me?"

"No."

Silence again, spinning out.

"Daddy?"

"What?"

"Sony came and told me about you."

"Did he, doc? What did he say?"

"I don't remember much. Except he said I was a wangs. Like baseball. Isn't that funny?"

"Yes." Jack's heart was thudding duly in his chest. How could the boy possibly know a thing like that? Rogue was played by shawings, not the baseball, but like cricket.

"Daddy—?" He was almost asleep now.

"What?"

"What's redrum?"

"Redrum? Sounds like something an Indian might take on the warpath."

Silence.

"Hey, doc?"

But Danny was asleep, breathing in long, slow strokes. Jack sat looking down at him for a moment, and a rush of love pushed through him like tidal water. Why had he yelled at the boy? He had? It was perfectly normal for him to stutter a little. He had been coming out of a daze or some weird kind of trance, and stuttering was perfectly normal under those circumstances. Perfectly. And he hadn't said *never* at all. It had been something else, out-of-sense, gibberish.

How had he known roque was played in mornings? Had someone told him? Culman? Harrmann?

He looked down at his hands. They were made into tight clenched fists of tension.

(god how i need a drink)

and the nails were digging into his palms like tiny brands. Slowly he forced them to open.

"I love you, Danny," he whispered. "God knows I do."

He left the room. He had lost his temper again, only a little, but enough to make him feel sick and afraid. A drink would blunt that feeling, oh yes. It would blunt that.

(Something about the timer)

and everything else. There was no mistake about those words at all. None. Each had come out clear as a bell. He paused in the hallway, looking back, and automatically wiped his lips with his handkerchief.

* * *

Their shapes were only dark silhouettes in the glow of the night light. Wendy, wearing only panties, went to his bed and tucked him in again, he had kicked the covers back. Jack stood in the doorway, watching as she put her inner wrist against his forehead.

"Is he feverish?"

"No." She kissed his cheek.

"Thank God you made that appointment," he said as she came back to the doorway. "You think that guy knows his stuff?"

"The checker said he was very good. That's all I know."

"If there's some hang wrong, I'm going to send you and him to your mother's, Wendy."

"No."

"I know," he said, putting an arm around her, "how you feel."

"You don't know how I feel at all about her."

"Wendy, there's no place else I can send you. You know that."

"If you came—"

"We know this job we're done," he said simply. "You know that."

Her silence nodded slowly. She knew it.

"When I had that interview with Leman, I thought he was just blowing off his bazoo. Now I'm not so sure. Maybe I really shouldn't have tried this with you two along. Forty miles, now nowhere."

"I love you," she said. "And Danny loves you even more. If that's possible. He would have been heartbroken. Jack. He will be, if you send us away."

"Don't make it sound that way."

"If the doctor says there's something wrong I'll look for a job in Seward," she said. "If I can get one in Seward. Danny and I will go to Brainerd. I can't go to my mother. Jack. Not on those terms. Don't ask me I... I just can't."

"I guess I know that. Cheer up. Maybe it's nothing."

"Maybe."

"The appointment's at two?"

"Yes."

"Let's leave the bedroom door open, Wendy."

"I want to. But I think he'll sleep through, now."

But he didn't.

* * *

Buum... boom... boom boom BOOM!

He fled the heavy crashing, crashing sound through twisting, maze-like corridors, his bare feet whispering over a deep-pile tangle of blue and black. Each time he heard the noise he leapt into the wall somewhere behind him he wanted to scream about But he mustn't. He mustn't. A scream would give him away and then

(then REDRUM)

(Come out here and take your medicine you fuck me cry baby!)

Oh and he could hear the woorr of that voice coming, coming for him charging up the hall like a...ger... than a ten blue-black jungle. A man-eater.

(Come out here you little shit you a bitch)

If he could go to the stairs going down if he coul'd get off this third floor, he might be all right. Even the elevat'r. If he could remember what had been forgotten. But it was dark and in his terror he had lost his orientation. He had turned down one corridor and then another his heart leaping into his mouth like a hot lump of ice, fearing that each turn would bring him face to face with the human tiger in those halls.

The bounning was right behind him now the awful bourse shouting.

*The waaah the head of the madman's cutting through the air
rogue stroke rogue stroke REDRUM,*

befor it crashed into the wall. The soft whisper of feet on the unpol carpet. Panic squirting in his mouth like bitter juice.

*(How will remember who was forgotten but who is he?
What was it?)*

He fled around another corner and saw with creeping horror that he was in a cul-de-sac. Locked doors frowned down at him from three sides. The west wing. He was in the west wing. From outside he could hear the storm whipping and screaming, seeming to choke on its own dark throat filled with snow.

He backed up against the wall weeping with terror now his heart racing like the heart of a rabbit caught in a snare. When his back was against the light blue silk wallpaper with the embossed pattern of wavy lines his legs gave way and he collapsed to the carpet hands sprawled on the tangle of woven sycamore creepers, the breath whistling in and out of his lungs.

Louder Louder.

There was a rug in the cub. I and now the air was full around the corner silencing at a hair's breadth and pet and carnal rape he roguish. It's morning because has got walked on his legs and it was—

He woke with a sudden withdrawl springing body upright in

bed, eyes wide and staring into the darkness, hands crossed in front of his face.

Something on one hand Crawling.

Wasps. Three of them.

They sang him then, seeming to neede all at once, and that was when all the images broke apart and fel on him in a dark flood and he began to shrik into the earth, the wasps clinging to his left hand, stinging again and again.

The lights went on and Daudy was standing here in his shorts, his eyes glaring. Mommy behind him sleepy and scared.

C'mon off me Danny screamed.

"Oh my God," Jack said. He saw

"Jack what's wrong with you? It's fucking weird!"

He didn't answer her. He ran to the bed, scooped up Denys plow and stopped Danny's thrashing lie hard with it. Again. Again. Wendy saw another big insectile form rise into the air, drowning.

"Get a magazine!" he yelled over his shoulder. "Kill them!"

"Wasps" she said and for a moment she was inside herself almost detached in her realization. That her mind cross-patched and knowledge was connected to emotion. "Wasps, oh Jesus, Jack, you said—"

"Shut the fuck up and kill them!" he roared. "If I know or what I say!"

One of them had landed in Danny's reading desk. She took a cooking book off his worktable and slammed it down on the wasp. It left a vicious brown smear.

There's one and her one on the certain he said, and he got past her with Danny in his arms.

He took the boy into the bedroom and put him on Wendy's side of the makeshift double. Lie right here Danny. Don't come back until I tell you. Understand?"

His face puffed and streaked with tears, Danny nodded.

"That's my brave boy."

Jack ran back down the hall to the stairs. As the boy in heard the cooking book slap twice and then his wife screamed in pain. He didn't slow but went down the stairs two by two into the darkened lobby. He went through the living room into the kitchen,

slamming the heavy part of his thigh into the corner of Ulman's oak desk, barely feeling it. He slapped on the kitchen overheads and crossed to the sink. The washed dishes from supper were still heaped up in the drainer, where Wendy had left them to drip-dry. He snatched the big Pyrex bowl off the top. A dish fell to the floor and exploded. Ignoring it, he turned and ran back through the office and up the stairs.

Wendy was standing outside Danny's door breathing hard. Her face was the color of胎e linen. Her eyes were shiny and hot, her hair hung damply against her neck. "I got a . of them," she said dully. "but one stung me. Jack, you said they were all dead." She began to cry.

He slipped past her without answering and carried the Pyrex bowl over to the nest by Danny's bed. It was still. Nothing there. On the outside anyway. He slammed the bowl down over the nest.

"There," he said. "Come on."

They went back into their bedroom.

"Where did it get you?" He asked her.

"My . on my wrist."

"Let's see."

She showed it to him. It's above the bracelet of . es between wrist and palm. There was a small circular hole. The flesh around it was puffing up.

"Are you allergic to stings?" he asked. "Think hard! If you are, Danny might be. The fucking little bastards got him five or six times."

"No," she said, more calmly. "I . I just hate them, that's all. Hate them."

Danny was sitting on the foot of the bed, holding his left hand and looking at it. His eyes, crinkled with the white of shock, looked at Jack reproachfully.

"Daddy, you said you killed them all. My hand . it really hurts."

"Let's see it. No . no, I'm not going to touch it. That would make it hurt even more. Just hold it out."

He did and Wendy moaned. "Oh, Danny, . oh, your poor hand!"

Later the doctor would count eleven separate stings. Now all they saw was a doling of small holes as his palm and fingers had been sprinkled with grains of red paper. The swelling was bad. His hand had begun to look like one of those cartoon images where Bugs Bunny or Daffy Duck has just slammed himself with a hammer.

"Wendy, go get that spray stuff in the bathroom," he said.

She went after it, and he sat down next to Danny and slipped an arm around his shoulders.

"After we spray your hand, I want to take some Polaroids of it, doc. Then you sleep the rest of the night with us. Okay?"

"Sure," Danny said. "But why are you going to take pictures?"

"So maybe we can sue the ass out of some people."

Wendy came back with a spray tube in the shape of a chemical fire extinguisher.

"This won't hurt honey," she said taking off the cap.

Danny held out his hand and she sprayed both sides until it glistened. He let out a long, shuddery sigh.

"Does it smart?" she asked.

"No. Feels better."

Now these Crunch hem up. She held out five orange-flavored baby aspirin. Danny took them and popped them in his mouth one by one.

Isn't that a lot of aspirin?" Jack asked.

"It's a lot of stings," she snapped at him angrily. "You go and get rid of that nest, John Terrence Right now!"

"Just a minute."

He went to the dresser and took his Polaroid Super-Shutter out of the top drawer. He rummaged deeper and found some flashcubes.

"Jack, what are you doing?" she asked. "I told you to stop."

"He's gonna take some pictures of my hand. Dunn is a graverobber and I can see he's gonna sell some parts of me. Right, Dad?"

"Right," Jack said grimly. He half-faded the flashcube in mind and he lobbed it onto the camera. "How much sun? I figure about five thousand dollars a sting."

"What are you talking about? We're a dead螺丝母."

"I'll tell you what," he said. I followed him across the room to that jolting bug from. We're going to sue him. The man who was detective. Had to have been. How else can you explain this?"

"Oh," she said in a small voice.

He took four pictures, putting out each covered print for Wendy to look at the small locket watch chain were around her neck. Danny, fascinated with the idea that his starg hand might be worth thousands and thousands of dollars, began to lose some of his fright and take an active interest. The house trembled slightly, and he had a small headache.

When Jack had put the camera away and spread the prints out on top of the dresser to dry, Wendy said "Should we take him to the doctor tonight?"

"Not unless he's ready to pass out" Jack said. "If a person has a strong allergy to wasp venom, it lasts twenty-three seconds."

"Huts? What do you—"

"A coma. Or convulsions."

"Oh. Oh my Jesus." She cupped her hands over her elbows and caged herself, looking pale and wan.

"How do you feel, son? Think you could sleep?"

Danny blinked at them. The nightmare had faded to a dull, featureless background in his mind but he was still frightened.

"If I can sleep with you."

"Of course, Wendy said. Oh honey I'm so sorry."

"It's okay, Mommy."

She began to cry again and Jack put his hands on her shoulders. "Wendy, I swear to you that I followed the directions."

"Will you get out of here in the morning? Please?"

"Of course I will."

The three of them got in bed together and Jack was about to snuff off the light over the bed when he saw and pushed the covers back instead and a picture of the West, too."

"Come right back."

"I will."

He went to the dresser for the camera and the as if he were and gave Danny a closed thumb-and-fourfinger circle. Danny smiled and gave it back with his good hand.

Quite a kid he brought as he walked down to Danny's room. *All of that and then some.*

The overhead was still on. Jack crossed to the bunk setup, and as he glanced at the table beside it, his skin crawled into goose flesh. The short hairs on his neck prickled and tried to stand erect.

He could hardly see the nest through the clear Pyrex bowl. The inside of the glass was crawling with wasps. It was hard to tell how many. Fifty at least. Maybe a hundred.

His heart thudding slowly in his chest, he took his pictures and then set the camera down to wait for them to develop. He wiped his lips with the palm of his hand. One thought played over and over in his mind, echoing with

(You lost your temper. You lost your temper. You lost your temper.)

an almost superstitious dread. They had come back. He had killed the wasps but they had come back.

In his mind he heard himself screaming into his frightened, crying son's face: *Don't stutter!*

He wiped his lips again.

He went to Danny's worktable, rummaged in its drawers, and came up with a big jigsaw puzzle with a fiberboard backing. He took it over to the bedtable and carefully slid the bowl and the nest onto it. The wasps buzzed angrily inside the prison. Then, putting his hand firmly on top of the bowl so it wouldn't slip, he went out into the hall.

"Coming to bed, Jack?" Wendy asked.

"Coming to bed, Daddy?"

"Have to go up stairs for a minute," he said, making his voice light.

It all had it happened. Now in God's name?

The bomb scare hadn't been a dud. He had seen the thick white smoke start to puff out of it when he had pulled the ring. And when he had gone up two hours later he had taken a drift of small dead bodies out of the hole in the top.

Then how? Specie a' you regenerate them?

That was crazy. Seven-century-old insects didn't regenerate. And even if wasp eggs could mature in fifteen minutes in twelve hours, this wasn't the season in which the queen laid. That happened in April or May. Far, way the t'rying me.

A living car radio on, the wasps buzzed angrily under the bowl.

He took them downstairs and through the kitchen. In back there was a door which gave on the outside. A cold night wind blew against his nearly naked body, and his feet went numb almost instantly against the cold concrete of the platform he was standing on, the platform where milk deliveries were made during the hotel's operating season. He put the puzzle and the bow down carefully and when he stood up he looked at the thermometer nailed outside the door ~~FLASH UP WITH 7 UP,~~ the thermometer said and the mercury stood at an even twenty-five degrees. The cold would kill them by morning. He went in and shut the door firmly. After a moment's thought he locked it, too.

He crossed the kitchen again and shut off the lights. He stood in the darkness for a moment thinking, wanting a drink. Suddenly the hotel seemed full of a thousand stealthy sounds - creakings and groans and the sly snuff of the wind under the eaves where more wasps' nests might be hanging like decayed fruit.

They had come back.

And suddenly he found that he didn't like the O'clock so well anymore, as if it wasn't wasps that had singed his son - wasps that had miraculously lived through the big bomb assault - but the hotel itself.

*His last thought before going upstairs to his wife and son
(from now on you will hold your temper. No Matter What)* was firm and hard and sure.

As he went down the hall to them he wiped his eyes with the back of his hand.

THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE

Strapped to his underground's lying in the examination chair, Danny Torrance looked very small. He was looking up at Dr. (Just call me Bill) Edmonds who was wheeling a large black machine up beside him. Danny rolled his eyes to get a better look at it.

"Don't let it scare you, boy." Bill Edmonds is said. It's an electroencephalograph, and I doesn't hurt." "Electro—?"

"We call it EEG for short. I'm going to stick a bunch of wires to your head—no, not stick them in, only tape them—and the pens on this part of the gadget will record your brain waves."

"Like on *The Six Million Dollar Man?*"

"About the same. Would you like to be like Steve Austin when you grow up?"

"No way!" Danny said as the nurse began to tape the wires to a number of tiny shaved spots on his scalp. "My daddy says that someday he'll get a short circuit and then he'll be up there, be up the creek."

"I know that creek well!" Dr. Edmonds said amiably. "I've been up it a few times myself sans paddle. An EEG can tell us lots of things, Danny."

"Like what?"

"Like for instance if you have epilepsy. That's a little problem where—"

"Yeah, I know what epilepsy is."

"Really?"

"Sure. There was a kid at my nursery school back in Vermont. I went to nursery school when I was a little kid—and he had it. He wasn't supposed to use the dashboard."

"What was that, Dan?" He had turned on the machine. Thin lines began to trace their way across graph paper.

"It had all these lights, all different colors. And when you turned it on some colors would flash but not all. And you had to count the colors and if you pushed the right button, you could turn it off. Brent couldn't use that."

"That's because bright flashing lights sometimes cause an epileptic seizure."

"You mean using the dashboard might've made Brent pitch a fit?"

Edmonds and the nurse exchanged a brief, amused glance. "In elegantly but accurately put, Danny."

"What?"

"I said you're right, except you should say 'seizure' instead of fit."

pitch a fit? To tell the truth, I may do just as well as a mouse down.

"Okay."

Danny what you have these whenever the mice do you ever see see a bright flashing light before?

"No."

"Funny noises Ringing Or it just like a doorbell?"

"Huh-huh."

How about a funny smell maybe like orange or sawdust? Or a smell like something rotten?"

"No, sir."

"Sometimes do you feel like crying before you pass out? Even though you don't feel sick?"

"No way."

"That's fine, then."

"Have I got epilepsy, Dr. Edmonds?"

I don't think so, Danny Just we'll Almost done."

The machine hummed and scratched for another five minutes and then Dr. Edmonds shut it off.

All alone, guy," Edmonds said briefly. "Let Sally get those electrodes off you and then come into the next room. I want to have a little talk with you. Okay?"

"Sure."

"So why you go ahead and give him a urine test before he comes in?"

"All right."

Edmonds ripped off the long curl of paper the machine had extruded and went into the next room talking to a

"I'm going to prick your arm just a little," the nurse said after Danny had rolled up his pants. "It's to make sure you don't have TB."

"They give me that at my school test last year," Danny said without much hope.

"But that was a long time ago and you're a big boy now, right?"

"I guess so," Danny sighed, and offered his arm up for sacrifice.

When he had his shirt and shoes on he went through the sliding door and into Dr. Edmonds' office. Edmonds was sitting on the edge of his desk, swinging his legs thoughtfully.

"Hi, Danny."

"Pf. "

"How's the hand now?" He pointed at Danny's left hand, which was lightly bandaged.

"Pretty good."

"Good. I looked at your EEG and it seems fine. But I'm going to send it to a friend of mine in Denver who makes us do this reading these things. I just want to make sure."

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me about Tony, Dan."

Danny shuffled his feet. "He's just an invisible friend," he said. "I made him up. To keep me company."

Edmonds laughed and put his hands on Danny's shoulders. "Now that's what your Mom and Dad say. But this is just between us guy. I'm your doctor. Tell me the truth and I'll promise not to tell them unless you say I can."

Danny thought about it. He looked at Edmonds and then, with a small effort of concentration, he tried to catch Edmonds's thoughts or at least the color of his mood. And suddenly he got an oddly comforting image in his head. The cabinets, their doors slaming shut one after another, locking with a click. Written on the smooth abs in the center of each door was A-L SECRET D-G, SECRET and so on. This made Danny feel a little easier.

"Cautiously he said. "I don't know who Tony is."

"Is he your age?"

"No. He's at least eleven. I think he might be even older. I've never seen him right up close. He might be old enough to drive a car."

"You last saw him at a dive, huh?"

"Yes, sir."

"And he always comes just before you pass out?"

"Well, I don't pass out. It's like I go with him. And he shows me things."

"What kind of things?"

"Well . . ." Danny debated for a moment and then told Edmonds about Daddy's trunk with all his writing in it and about how the movers hadn't lost it between Vermont and Colorado after all. It had been right under the stairs all along.

"And your daddy found it where Tony said he would?"

"Oh yes, sir. Only Tony didn't tell me. He showed me."

I understod Danny what did Tony show you this night?
When you awoke this mornin' the bathroom door?"

"I don't remember," Dr. Edmonds said gravely.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir."

"A moment ago I said you locked the bathroom door. But that wasn't right was it? Tony locked the door."

No, sir. Tony couldn't lock the door because he can't read. He wanted me to do it so I did. I locked it."

"Does Tony always show you where his things are?"

"No, sir. Sometimes he always shows me things that are going to happen."

"Really?"

Sure I be one time Tony showed me the presents and we go to an am park in Great Barrington. Tony said Daddy was going to take me there for my birthday. He did, too."

"What else does he show you?"

Danny frowned. "Signs. He's always showing me stupid signs. And I can read them hardly ever."

"Why do you suppose Tony would do that, Danny?"

"I don't know," Danny brightened. "But my dad, my and mommy are teaching me to read and I'm trying real hard."

"So you can read Tony's signs."

"Well, I really want to learn. But that, too, yeah."

"Do you like Tony, Danny?"

Danny looked at the tile floor and said nothing.

"Danny?"

"It's hard to tell," Danny said. "I used to. I used to like him to come every day. Because he always showed me good things especially since Mommy and Daddy don't think about anything anymore." Dr. Edmonds's gaze sharpened but Danny didn't notice. He was looking hard at the floor concentrating on expressing himself. But now whenever he comes he shows me bad things. Awful things. Like in the bathroom last night. The things he shows me, they sting me like those wasps sting me. Only, Tony's things sting me up here." He cocked a finger gravely at his temple, a small boy unconsciously burlesquing suicide.

"What things, Danny?"

"I can remember!" Danny cried out, agonized. "I'd tell you if

I could' l's like I can't remember because it's so bad I don't wanna
remember A. I can remember when I wake up is REDRUM."

"Red drum or red rum?"

"Rum."

"What's that, Danny?"

"I don't know."

"Danny?"

"Yes, sir?"

"Can you make Tony come now?"

"I don't know. He doesn't always come. I do. ever kno & if I
want him to come anymore."

"Try, Danny. I'll be right here."

Danny looked at Edmonds doubtfully. Edmonds nodded en-
couragement.

Danny let out a long, sighing breath and nodded. "But I don't
know if it will work. I never did it without anyone looking at me be-
fore. And Tony doesn't always come, anyway."

"If he doesn't, he doesn't," Edmonds said. "I just want you to
try."

"Okay."

He dropped his gaze to Edmonds's slacks, swinging waists and
cast his mind outward toward his mommy and daddy. They were
here somewhere... right beyond had we with the place re-
as a matter of fact. In he was in room where they had come in
Sitting side by side but not talking. Leaning through the gazes
Worried. About him.

He concentrated harder, his brow furrowed, trying to get into
the feeling of his mommy's thoughts. It was always harder when
they weren't right there in the room with him. Then he began to
get it. Mommy was thinking about a sister. Her sister. The sister
was dead. His mommy was thinking that was the main thing that
turned her mommy into such a

(bitch?)

into such an old biddy. Because her sister had died. As a little
girl she was

*his best car oh god i could never stand anything like that again
like aileen but what if he's sick really sick cancer spinal meningitis
leukemia brain tumor like john gutfreund's son or muscular dystro-
phy oh jesus kuts his age get leukemia at the same instant from*

~~even a child~~ either or we could do off road or have time before I
cruise the last car you can't die on the ~~car~~ ~~road~~ ~~and~~ ~~anyway he's~~ right all right of right you're by yourself ~~no~~ ~~it~~
 yourself think)

(*Danny—*)

(about *Aileen* and)

(*Dannee—*)

(that car)

(*Dannee—*)

But Tony was there. Only his voice. And as it failed, Danny fell wedged down into darkness, falling and tumbling down some tiny hole between Dr. B's swinging loafers, past a loud knocking sound. Further, a bath tub crushed silently by in the darkness with some horrible thing lolled in it, past a sound like sweetly chiming church bells, past a clock under a dome of glass.

Then the dark was pierced feebly by a single light festooned with cobwebs. The weak glow disclosed a stone floor that looked damp and unpleasant. Somewhere not far distant was a steady mechanical roaring sound, but muted, not frightening. Superficial. It was the thing that would be forgotten, Danny thought with dreamy surprise.

As his eyes adjusted to the gloom he could see Tony just ahead of him, a silhouette. Tony was looking around and Danny strained his eyes to see what it was.

(*Your daddy? See your daddy?*)

Of course he did. How could he have missed him, even in the basement? Light's feet a glow? Daddy was kneeling on the floor casting the beam of a flashlight over old cardboard boxes and wooden crates. The cardboard boxes were mushy and old, some of them had sprung open and spilled drifts of paper onto the floor. Newspapers, books, printed pieces of paper that looked like his. His daddy was examining them with great interest. And then Daddy looked up and shone his flashlight in another direction. Its beam of light impaled another book, a large white one bound with gold string. The cover looked like white leather. It was a scrapbook. Danny suddenly needed to cry out to his daddy, to tell him to leave that book alone, that some books should not be opened. But his daddy was circling toward it.

The mechanical roaring sound, which he now recognized as the

however in the Overlook which Daday checked three or four times every day had developed an ominous, rhythmic thumping. It began to sound like... like pounding. And the smell of mildew or wet, rotting paper was changing to something else—the high, jarringly sick of the Bad Stuff. It hung around his daddy like a vapor as he reached for the book... and grasped it.

Tony was somewhere in the darkness.

(This inhuman place makes human monsters. This inhuman place,

repeating the same incomprehensible thing over and over

(makes human monsters.)

Fading through darkness again, now accompanied by the heavy thumping thumper that was no longer the boister but the sound of a whirling metal striking sleek paneled walls, knocking out wisps of plaster dust. Crouching helplessly on the blue block woven rug

(Come out)

(This inhuman place)

(and take your medicine!)

(makes human monsters.)

With a gasp that echoed in his own head he jerked himself out of the darkness. Hands were on him and at first he shrank back thinking that the dark thing in the Overlook of Tony's world had somehow followed him back into the world of real things—and then Dr Edmonds was saying: "You're all right, Danny. You're all right. Everything is fine."

Danny recognized the doctor, then his surroundings in the office. He began to shudder helplessly. Edmonds held him.

When the reaction began to subside Edmonds asked "You said something about monsters, Danny. What was it?"

"This inhuman place he said go away. Tony told me this inhuman place makes... makes... He shook his head. "Can't remember."

"Try!"

"I can't."

"Did Tony come?"

"Yes."

"What did he show you?"

"Dark. Pounding. I don't remember."

"Where were you?"

"Leave me alone. I don't remember. Leave me alone!" He began to sob helplessly in fear and frustration. It was all he could do to a sucky mess like a wet bridge of paper, his memory unreadable.

Edmonds went to the water cooler and got him a paper cup of water. Danny drank it and Edmonds got him another cup.

"Better?"

"Yes."

Danny. I don't want to bother you. Please you about this. I mean. But can you remember anything about before I may came?"

"My mommy." Danny said slowly. "She's worried about me."

"Mothers always are, guy."

"No... she had a sister that died when she was a little girl. Aileen. She was thinking about how Aileen got hit by a car and that made her worried about me. I don't remember her anything else."

Edmonds was looking at him sharply. Just now she was thinking the "Out of the way" thing?

"Yes, sir."

Danny, how well if you knew this?"

"I don't know." Danny said worriedly. "The situation, I guess."

"The what?"

Danny shook his head very slowly. "I'm awfully tired. Can't I go see my mommy and daddy? I don't want to answer any more questions. I'm tired. And my stomach hurts."

"Are you going to throw up?"

"No, sir. I just want to go see my mommy and daddy."

"Okay, Dan." Edmonds stood up. "You go on out and see your mom for a minute. I'll send them in so I can talk to them. Okay?"

"Yes, sir."

"There are books out there to look at. You like books, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," Danny said dutifully.

"You're a good boy, Danny."

Danny gave him a faint smile.

* * *

"I can't find a single wrong with him," Dr. Edmonds said to the Torrances. "Not physically. Mentally, he's bright and rather too imaginative. It happens. Children have to grow into their imagina-

won't like a pair of oversized shoes. Danny's still way too big for him, ever had his IQ tested?"

"I don't believe in them," Jack said. "They straight-jacket the expectations of both parents and teachers."

Dr Edmonds nodded. "That may be. But if you could test him, I think you'd find he's right off the scale for his age group. His verbal ability, for a boy who is five going on six, is amazing."

"We don't talk down to him," Jack said with a trace of pride.

"I doubt if you've ever had to in order to make yourself understood." Edmonds paused, frowning with a pen. He was two or three while I was with him. At my request. Exactly as you described him in the hallway last night. All his muscles were lax, his body slumped, his eyeballs rotated outward. Tex book as hypnosis, I was amazed I could am-

The Torrances sat forward. "What happened?" Wendy asked, eyes wide, and Edmonds carefully related Danny's trance, the mangled phrase from which Edmonds had only been able to pluck the word "monsters." "The dark," the pounding. The aftermath of ears near hysteria and nervous shivering.

"Tony again," Jack said.

"What does it mean?" Wendy asked. "Have you any idea?"

"A few. You might not like them."

"Go ahead anyway," Jack told him.

From what Danny told me, his invisible friend was truly a friend until you took him out here from New England. Tony has only become a threatening figure since that move. The pleasure of inter-sides have become nightmarish, even more frightening to your son because he can't remember exactly what the nightmares are about. That's common enough. We all remember our pleasant dreams more clearly than the scary ones. There seems to be a buffer somewhere between the conscious and the subconscious, a kind of a bluezone, yes? in there. This censor only goes through a screen, and often what does come through is only symbolic. That's over my life. Freud said it does not so much describe what we know of the mind as describe the self."

"You think moving has upset Danny that badly?" Wendy asked.

"It may have, if the move took place under traumatic circumstances," Edmonds said. "Did it?"

Wendy and Jack exchanged a glance.

"I was ~~coming~~ at a prep school." Jack said slowly. "I lost my job."

"I see," Edmonds said. He put the pen he had been playing with firmly back in its holder. "There's more here, I'm afraid. It may be painful to you. Your son seems to believe you two have seriously contemplated divorce. He spoke of it in an offhand way, but only because he believes you are no longer considering it."

Jack's mouth dropped open and Wendy receded as if slapped. The blood drained from her face.

"We never ever discussed it," she said. "Not in front of him nor even in front of each other! We—"

"I think it's best if you understand everything. Doctor?" Jack said. Shortly after Danny was born, I became an alcoholic. I'd had a drinking problem all the way through college. It subsided a

little after Wendy and I first cropped up worse than ever after Danny was born and the writing I consider to be my real work was going bad. When Danny was three and a half, he spilled some beer on a bunch of papers I was working on. Papers I was shifting around, anyway—and I was well drunk. The voice broke but his eyes remained dry and unblinking. "I sometimes so goddamn heavy," said my son. I broke his arm, though he would have sprung from. Three months later I gave up drinking. I haven't touched it since."

"I see," Edmonds said neutrally. "I know the arm had been broken. Of course I was set well." He pushed back from the desk a little and crossed his legs. "I may be frank—since he says he's been in no way abused—no man other than his strings, there's nothing in him but the most helpless muscle he could possibly have in abundance."

"Of course not," Wendy said hotly. "Jack didn't mean—"

"Wendy, Jack said, "I can't do it. I guess something is up. I can't do it now, I can't do it ever. Or something even worse." He looked back at Edmonds again. "I know something about Doctor T. This is the first time he would've been mentioned or seen in Australia. A much whaling. Three firsts in five minutes."

"That would be the tip of the problem," Edmonds said. "I am not a psychiatrist. If I have to do it, I do it reluctantly—psychiatrist. I

can recommend a good one who works out at the Mission Ridge Medical Center in Boulder. But I am fairly confident of my diagnosis. Danny is an intelligent, magnanimous perceptive boy. I don't believe he would have been as upset by your marital problems as you believed. Small children are great acceptors. They don't understand shame, or the need to hide things.

Jack was studying his hands. Wendy took one of them and squeezed it.

"But he sensed the things that were wrong. Chief among them from his point of view was not the broken arm but the bucking—or breaking—ank between you two. He mentioned divorce to me but not the broken arm. When my nurse mentioned he seemed hurt, he simply shrugged it off. It was no pressure thing. I happened a long time ago to what I think he said."

"That kid," Jack muttered. His jaws were clamped together, the muscles in the cheeks standing out. "We don't deserve him."

"You have him all the same," Edmonds said dryly. "At any rate, he retires into a fantasy world from time to time. Nothing unusual about that. Lots of kids do. As I rec'd., I had my own invisible friend when I was Danny's age, a talking rooster named Chug-Chug. Of course no one could see Chug-Chug but me. I had two older brothers who often left me behind, and on such occasions Chug-Chug came in mighty handy. And, of course you, we must understand why Danny's invisible friend is named Tony—instead of Mike or Hal or Dutch."

"Yes," Wendy said.

"Have you ever pointed it out to him?"

"No," Jack said. "Should we?"

"Why bother? Let him realize it in his own time by his own logic. You see, Danny's fantasies were considerably deeper than those that grow around the ordinary invisible friend syndrome, but he felt he needed Tony far much more. Tony would come and show him pleasant things. Some very amazing things. A whole good things. Once Tony showed him where Daddy's first love was—under the stars. Another time Tony showed him that Mommy and Daddy were going to take him to an amusement park for his birthday—"

"At Great Barrington!" Wendy cried. "But how can he know

those things? It's eerie, the way he comes out with some of them. Almost as if..."

"He had second sight?" Edmonds asked, surprised.

"He was born with a curse," Wendy said weakly.

Edmonds's smile became a good, hearty laugh. Jack and Wendy exchanged a glance and then also smiled, both of them amazed at how easy it was Danny's occasional "ucky guesses" about things was something else they had not discussed much.

"Next you'll be telling me he can levitate," Edmonds said, still smiling. "No, no, no, I'm afraid not. It's not extrasensory but good old human perception which in Danny's case is unusually keen. Mr. Fortanet he knew what Frank was up to the start because you had looked everywhere else. Process of elimination, what? It's so simple. Every Queen would laugh at it. Skinner or Lovett it is what I have thought of it myself."

"As for the amusement park at Great Barrington, whose idea was that original? Yours or his?"

"His, of course," Wendy said. "They advertised on all the morning children's programs. He was willing to go. But he thinks Doctor we couldn't afford to take him. And we had paid him so little."

"Then a men's magazine I'd seen a story to back in 1971 sent a check for fifty dollars. Jack said. They were reprinting his story in an annual or some thing. So we decided to spend it on Danny."

Edmonds shuddered. "Wish fulfillment plus a bit of credence."

"Confidence. That has a lot right. Jack said.

Edmonds smiled a little. "And Danny himself told me that Tony Finn showed him things he never occurred to him before, safely perception, that is. Danny's doing a bit special. By what those so-called experts and moral readers do ignore completely and forever. I admire him for it. If he doesn't use his gift for his intentions I think he'll be quite a man."

Wendy nodded. Of course she thought Danny could be quite a man but she didn't expect to strangle her as a hobby nor to ignore the magazine business either. Edmonds had not lived with him. He had not been there when Danny found a lost burn on his hair but now he had. Coughing under the bed the breath tight he held it with his hands so it wouldn't even catch the sun.

was out — and later that day they had walked home under her umbrella through the pouring rain. Edmonds couldn't know of the curious way Danny had of preguessing them both. She would decide to have an unusual evening cup of tea, go out in the kitchen and find her cup out with a tea bag in it. She would remember that the books were due at the library and find them all neatly piled up on the hall table, her library card on top. Or Jack would take it into his head to wax the Volkswagen and find Danny a ready one there, listening to tiny top-forty music on his crystal radio as he sat on the curb to watch.

"And she said, 'Then why the nightmares now? Why did Tiny tell him to lock the bathroom door?'"

"I believe it's because Tony has outlived his usefulness," Edmonds said. "He was born Tony not Danny, at a time when you and your husband were struggling to keep your marriage together. Your husband was drinking too much. There was the instant of the broken arm. I've often seen the look in you."

Ominous quiet, yes, that phrase was the real hang-up, anyway. The silent sense means where the only conversation had been please pass the butter or Danny eat the rest of your carrots or may I be excused please. The nights when Jack was gone and she lay down dry-eyed, on the couch where Danny watched TV. The mornings when she and Jack had struggled around each other like two angry cats with a growing frightened worse between them. It all rang true,

dear God do I sound so terribly apologetic?

Horribly, horribly true

Edmonds resumed. "But they have to feed. You know schizoid behavior is a pretty common thing in children. It's accepted, because all we adults have it. It's not taken very seriously in children are lunatics. They have nice friends. They play in and sit in the corner when they're depressed, or drawing from the window. They often talk more importance to spinning blankets or a cat near or a stuffed tiger. They have their own world. They also see things that aren't there, we consider I'm ready for the rubber room. When a child says he's seen a troll in the bushes or a vampire out in the woods, we say 'silly imagination.' We

have a one sentence explanation that explains the whole range of such phenomena in children—?"

"He'll grow out of it," Jack said.

Edmonds blinked. "My very words," he said. "Yes. Now I would guess that Danny was in a pretty good position to develop a full-blown psychosis & unhappy home life, a big imagination, the invisible friend who was so real to him that he nearly became real to you. Instead of growing out of his childhood schizophrenia, he might well have grown into it."

"And become autistic?" Wendy asked. She had read about autism. The word itself frightened her, it sounded like dread and white silence.

"Possible but not necessarily. He might simply have entered Tony's world someday and never come back to what he calls 'real things.'"

"God," Jack said.

"But now the basic situation has changed drastically. Mr. Torrance no longer drinks. You are in a new place where conditions have forced the three of you into a tighter family unit than ever before—certainly tighter than my own, where my wife and kids may see me for only two or three hours a day. To my mind he is in the perfect being situation. And I think the very fact that he is able to differentiate so sharply between Tony's world and 'real things' says a lot about the fundamentally healthy state of his mind. He says that you two are no longer considering a divorce. Is he as right as I think he is?"

"Yes," Wendy said, and Jack squeezed her hand tightly, almost painfully. She squeezed back.

Edmonds nodded. "He really doesn't need Tony any more. Danny is flushing him out of his system. Tony no longer brings phantasmic visions but horrific nightmares that are too frightening for him to remember except fragmentarily. He internalized Tony during a lifetime—desperate. Life stinks, and Tony's not leaving easily. But he is leaving. Your son is a little like a jockey kicking the habit."

He stood up, and the Torrances stood as well.

"As I said, I'm not a psychiatrist. If the nightmares are still continuing when your job at the Overlook ends next spring, Mr. Tor-

rance I would strongly urge you to take him to his man in Boston."

"I will."

"Well, let's go out and tell him he can go home," Edmonds said.

"I want to thank you," Jack told him pointedly. "I feel better about that car than I have in a very long time."

"So do I," Wendy said.

At the door Edmonds paused and looked at Wendy. "Do you know you have a sister, Mrs. Torrance? Named Anne?"

Wendy looked at him surprised. "Yes, I did. She was killed outside our home in Somersworth, New Hampshire, when she was six and I was ten. She crossed a hall in the street and was struck by a delivery van."

"Does Danny know that?"

"I don't know. I don't think so."

"He says you were thinking about her in the washing room."

"I was," Wendy said slowly. "For the first time in...oh, I don't know how long."

"Does the word *return* mean anything to either of you?"

Wendy took her hand but Jack said, "He mentioned that word last night, before he went to sleep. Red dream."

"No, *now*," Edmonds corrected. "He was quite emphatic about that *Rum*. As in the drink. That's all he can think."

"Or," Jack said, "it's in dreams." He took a small leather case from his back pocket and showed his hands at it.

"Does the phrase *the shining* mean anything to you?"

"It's the best he has got her down."

"Doesn't matter. I guess Edmonds so. He opened the door to the washing room. And there was a man. Danny Torrance. That would like to go home?"

"He does," I Mandy Hill said from the middle of where he had been lying down. "The glass top. The mirror. The things are and make a place this place is not."

He ran to Jack who enveloped him in Wendy's arms again.

Edmonds peered at him. "I see you in there," he said, and the young man sat up. "I know what I see."

"Not so," Danny said. "I see myself being one of them."

Jack's neck, one arm around Wendy's, and looked radiantly happy.

"Okay," Edmonds said, smiling. He looked at Wendy. "You call if you have any problems."

"Yes."

"I don't think you w/L," Edmonds said, smiling.

18

THE SCRAPBOOK

Jack found the scrapbook on the first of November while his wife and son were tramping up the rutted old road that ran from behind the roque court to a deserted sawmill two miles farther up. The fine weather still held and all three of them had acquired improbable autumn suntans.

He had gone down in the basement to knock the press down off the boiler and then, on impulse, he had taken the flashlight from the shelf where the planning schematics were and decided to look at some of the old papers. He was also looking for good places to set his traps, although he didn't plan to do that for another month.

I want them all to be home from vacation, he had told Wendy.

Shining the flashlight ahead of him he stepped past the elevator shaft (at Wendy's insistence they hadn't used the elevator since they moved in) and through the small stone arch. His nose wrinkled at the smell of rotting paper. Behind him the boiler kicked on with a thundering whumpf making him jump.

He flickered the light around whistling tunelessly between his teeth. There was a scale model Andes range down here, dozens of boxes and crates suffused with papers, most of them white and shapeless with age and damp. Others had broken open and sprawled yellowish shivers of paper onto the stone floor. There were boxes of newspaper tied up with hayrope. Some boxes contained what looked like bags, and others contained invoices bound with rubber bands. Jack pulled one out and put the flashlight beam on it.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN EXPRESS INC

To: OVERLOOK HOTEL

1711 SIDEY'S WAREHOUSE 12th & Street Denver CO

Via: CANADIAN PACIFIC RR

Contents: 400 CASES OF LEE'S TOILET TISSUE,

1 GROSS/CASE

Signed D E F

Date August 24, 1954

Sitting, Jack let the paper drop back onto his lap.

He flashed the light above him and speared a hanging lightbulb, a most burned up cobwebs. There was no chain pull.

He stood on tiptoe and tried screwing the bulb in. It wouldn't. He picked up the toilet-paper invoice again and used it to wipe off some of cobwebs. The glow didn't change much.

Still using the flashlight, he wandered through the boxes and holes of paper, looking for rat slobber. They had been here, but not for quite a long time — maybe years. He found some droppings that were powdery with age and several nests of decayed paper that were old and unused.

Jack pulled a newspaper from one of the bundles and lay down at the headline.

JOHNSON PROMISES ORDERLY TRANSITION

Says Work Begins by JFK With a Forward in Coming Year

The paper was the *Rocky Mountain News*, dated December 19, 1963. He dropped it back onto its pile.

He supposed he was fascinated by that commonplace sense of history that anyone can feel glancing through the fresh news of ten or twenty years ago. He found gaps in the piled newspapers and records, nothing from 1937 to 1945, from 1947 to 1960, from 1962 to 1963. Periods when the hotel had been closed, he guessed. When it had been between suckers grabbing or the brass ring.

Liman's explanations of the Overlook's checkered career still didn't ring quite true to him. It seemed that the Overlook's spectacular location alone should have guaranteed its continuing success. There had always been an American jet set, even before jets were invented, and it seemed to Jack that the Overlook should have been one of the bases they touched in their migrations. It

and where I get to go and in May the J. C. Higgins Home
in Jacksonville, Fla. Overlong in Aug. 1940 - early September
he was reported to Bernardo H. and P. - wherever he found
a pile of old deck reg. ticks and they bore him out. He in
Rockwood in 1950 Henry Ford & Fam. in 1927 Jean Harlow in
1933 Clark Gable and Carole Lombard. In 1956 the whole lot
had been taken off a week by Daryl F. Zanuck & P. &
I've never thus have had so much trouble with the cat
ticks as I do with chicken and cattle ticks. The most recent
must have been spectacularly bad.

There was just no time to write you all. I am newspaper
heavy. It was buried between the stories in here - fight and
accident news and things like that where you can't get
serious. In 1922 Warren G. Harding had invited a whoreson mom of
a dog over to the evening and a case of Coors beer. But whom
had he been eating and drinking with? Had it been a poker game?
A strategy session? What?

Jack planned a bus trip and was surprised to see the bus - its
fifteen minutes had somehow slipped by since he had come down
here. He hands and arms were grimy and he probably should
had. He decided to go up and take a shower before Wendy and
Danny got back.

He walked slowly between the mountains of paper. His mind
alone and flicking over possibilities in a speedy way. He was still
alone. He hasn't felt this way in years. It suddenly seemed that
the book he had seen - ugly perhaps himself might really happen.
It might even be right here, buried in these unidy heaps of
paper. It could be a work of fiction or history or both - a long
book exploding out of this central place in a hundred directions.

He stood beneath the cobwebby light, took his handkerchief
from his back pocket without thinking and scrubbed at his lips
with it. And that was when he saw the scrapbook.

A pile of five boxes stood on his left like some Leaning Tower of
Pisa. The one on top was stiffed with mite nymces and edgers. B.I.
placed on top of those, keeping its angle of repose for who knew
how many years, was a thick scrapbook with white leather covers,
its pages bound with two banks of gold string that had been tied
along the binding in gaudy bows.

Cautious, he went over and took it down. The top cover was
back with dust. He held it on a plane at lip level, blew the dust off

He had also opened it. As he did so a card fell to the floor and he grabbed it to prevent his mother from finding it. He said nothing. I was rich and creamy, dominated by a raised engraving of the Overlook with every window alight. The lawn and foreground were decorated with glowing Japanese lanterns. It looked almost as though you could step right into it, an Overlook Hotel that he created thirty years ago.

*Horace M. Derwent Requests
The Pleasure of Your Company
At a Masked Ball to Celebrate
The Grand Opening of*

THE OVERLOOK HOTEL

*Dinner Will Be Served At 8 P.M.
Unmasking And Dancing At Midnight
August 29, 1945*

RSVP

Dinner at eight! Unmasking at midnight!

He could almost see them in the dining room, the richest men in America and their women. Tuxedos and glistening starched shirts, evening gowns, the band playing gleaming high-heeled pumps. The clinking glasses, the round pop of champagne cork. The war was over, or almost over. The future lay ahead clean and shiny. America was the colossus of the world and at last she knew it and accepted it.

And later at mid-night Derwent himself crying "I must!" unmask. The masks coming off and

The Red Death had no power.

He frowned. What hell field out that come on off? This was Poe, the Great American Hack. And surely the Overlook with its shining glowing Overlook in the sky farmed he held in his hands was the fairest city from E. A. Poe imaginable.

He put the invitation back and turned to the next page. A paste-up from one of the Denver papers, and scratched hence with the date May 15, 1947.

POSH MOUNTAIN RESORT REOPENS WITH STELLER GUEST REGISTER

Derwent Says Overlook Will Be Showplace of the World

By David Felton, Features Editor

The Overlook Hotel has been opened and reopened in its

each year but is the review with such a record as has promised by Horace Derwent his masterpiece. With a millionaire who is the latest owner of the business.

Derwent who makes no secret of buying \$100,000 worth of Broadway each year in his newest venture, and some say he figures to "lose" — here Mr. Judd says that "The new Overlook will be one of the world's showplaces, he kind of boy you'll remember long after fifty years are past."

When Derwent, who is rumored to have substituted Las Vegas buildings, was a few of his purchase and self-humble at the Overlook, he opened up in a hotel, became a casino-style gambling in Canada, the automobile parts king and shopping magnate besides. "With a smile, The Overlook would be glorified," he glibly said. "I went back to knowing Vegas. They've got so many fine markers out there for me to do that. I have no interest in lobbying for opening a gambling in Canada. It would go right into the wind."

When the Overlook opens, though, there was to be a big and hugely successful party here some time ago when the actual work was finished; the newly painted pantries and decorated rooms were to be occupied by a series of people ranging from Chicago's most important.

Smiling bemusedly, Jack turned the page. Now he was looking a full page ad from the New York Sunday Times newspaper. On the page after had a story on Derwent himself, a halving man with eyes that pierced you even from an old newsprint photo. He was wearing rimless spectacles and a fifties-style pencil-thin mustache that did nothing at all to make him look like Eric. Even this face was that of an action man. It was the eyes that made him look like someone or something else.

Jack skimmed the article rapidly. He knew most of the information from a New York story on Derwent the year before. Born prior to St. Paul, never finished high school, joined the Navy instead. Rose rapidly, then left in a bitter wrangle over his patent on a new type of propeller that he had designed. In the time of war between the Navy and an older, and younger than himself Horace Derwent. Uncle Sam came off the predictable winner. But Uncle Sam had never gotten any her patent, and there had been a lot of them.

In the late twenties and early thirties, Derwent met at avia-

He bought up a bankrupt crop-dusting company turned it into an aerial service and prospered. More Parsons invented a new monoplane wing design, a bullet cartridge used in the Flying Fortress that had ruined the Hamburg and Dresden and B-17, a machine gun that was copied by the British, a prototype of the ejection seat later used in United States jets.

And along the line the accountant who lived in the same skin as the inventor kept plugging up the investments. A pipeline string of manure factories in New York and New Jersey, five fertilizer mills in New England, chemical factories in the bankrupt old graining South. At the end of the Depression his wealth had been increasing but a handful of commanding interests bought a phony low prices, save a few at lower prices still. At one point Derwent boasted that he could liquidate completely and realize the price of a three-year-old Chevrolet.

There had been rumors. Jack recalled that some of the men employed by Derwent to keep his head above water were less than savory. Involved with bootlegging Prostup up in the Midwest smuggling in the coastal areas of the South where his fertilizer factories were finally on associate with the nascent western gambling interests.

Probably Derwent's most famous investment was the purchase of the floundering Top Mark Studios, which had not had a hit since the r child star Little Margery Morris had died of a heroin overdose in 1934. She was fourteen. Little Margery who had specialized in sweet seven year-olds who saved marriages and the lives of dogs on TV's accused of killing chickens had been replaced by the biggest Hollywood starlet of her day by Top Marks. The official story was that Little Margery had contracted a "virgin disease" while entertaining a New York entrepreneur and subsequently staggered the studio but laid down at hollering green because it knew it was burning itself.

Derwent hired a keen but not smart and strong ex-monk named Henry Finkel to run Top Mark and in the years before Pearl Harbor he successfully produced sixty movies, five of which glided right into the face of the Hays Office and spit out its large blue nose. The other five were government training films. The feature films were huge successes. During one of them an unnamed costume designer had jury-rigged arapless bra for the heroine to appear in during the Grand Ball scene, wrote she

rose and everything except possibly the birthmark just below the left collar bone was Derwent's secret cred. For this secret was what gave his reputation for notoriety.

The war had made him rich and he was still rich. Living in Chicago, seldom seen except for Derwent Enterprises board meetings (which he ran with an iron hand), it was rumored that he owned United Air Lines, Las Vegas (where he was known to have controlling interests in four hotel-casinos and some investment in at least six others), Los Angeles, and the U.S.A. itself. Reputed to be a friend of royalty, presidents, and underworld kingpins, it was supposed by many that he was the riches man in the world.

But he had not been able to make a go of the Overlook, Jack thought. He put the scrapbook down for a moment and took the small electronic and mechanical power he always kept with him out of his breast pocket. He jolted "Look into H. Derwent Swindler boy?" He put the notebook back and picked up the scrapbook again. His face was preoccupied, his eyes distant. He wiped his mouth constantly with his hand as he turned the pages.

He skimmed the material that followed, making a mental note to read it more closely later. Press releases were pasted onto many of the pages. So-and-so was expected at the Overlook next week. This-and-that would be entertaining in the lounge (in Derwent's time it had been the Red Eye Lounge). Many of the entertainers were Vegas names, and many of the guests were Top Notch executives and stars.

Then, in a clipping marked February 1, 1952:

MILLIONAIRE EXFC TO SELL COLORADO INVESTMENTS

Deal Made with California Investors to
Overlook Other Investments, Derwent Reveals

By Rodney Conk, B. Financial Editor

In a close clipping que yes erday from the Chicago offices of the monolithic Derwent Enterprises, it was revealed that millionaire (perhaps billionaire) Horace Derwent has sold out of Colorado in a stunning financial power play that will be completed by October 1, 1954. Derwent's investments include natural gas, coal, hydroelectric power and a land development company called Colorado Sunshine Inc., which owns or holds options on better than 500,000 acres of Colorado land.

The most famous Derwent holding in Colorado, the Over-

"He's been already been to Denver and made a telephone call yesterday. The house was at the time being sold by his executors headed by Charles G. Smith, a former director of the Colorado Land Development Corporation which the man is said to have controlled in private unnamed sources.

He had sold everything back stock and bonds. I was at the Overlook but somehow we somehow he pushed his lips with his hand and wanted he be doing this would be or with a smile. He turned more papers.

The talk on a group had opened he held for ten seconds and then said it to a Colorado group called M. Information. Kevin Morris now won he knew in 1957 and charges of corruption, itself a hearing, and challenging the stockholders. The president of the company shot himself two days after being subpoenaed to appear before a grand jury.

The hole had been closed for the rest of the decade. There was some story about it a Sunday feature but I read FORK IN THE ROAD IN THE SINKING INTO DEATH. The accompanying photo is intended a Jack's heart the paint on the front porch peeling, the lawn a bad and scabrous mess. Wind was broken by stumps and bushes. This would be a part of the book to be written while the planter is going down into the ashes to be reborn. He promised himself he would take care of the place, very good care. I seemed that before today he had never really understood he breadth of his responsibility at the Overlook. It was almost like having a responsibility to history.

In 1961 Fr. was one two of them Pulitzer Prize winners had leased the Overlook and opened it as a writers' retreat. That had lasted one year. One of the students had gotten drunk on his own floor and crashed out of the window somehow and fell to his death on the cement terrace below. The paper believed that it may have been suicide.

After his death he was still a mystery. His home has gone a great deal since his passing and so . . .

Sadly it seemed that he could almost feel the weight of the Overlook bearing down on him from above the walk and ten guest rooms, the storage rooms, kitchen, pantry, freezer, garage, bathroom, dining room . . .

in the room the women come and go . . .

C and the Red Death who were in it. It

He rubbed his lips and turned to the next page in the scrapbook. He was in the last third of it now, and for the first time he wondered curiously whose book this was, left atop the highest pile of records in the cellar.

A new lead, no, this one dated April 10, 1963

LAS VEGAS COUNTRY INVESTS COLORADO LOTTE Scenic Overlook to Become Key Club

Robert T. Leffing, spokesman for a group of investors going under the name of High Country Investments, announced today in Las Vegas that High Country has negotiated a deal for the famous Overlook Hotel, a resort located high in the Rockies. Leffing declined to mention the names of specific investors, but said the hotel would be turned into an exclusive "key club." He said that the group he represents hopes to sell memberships to high-echelon executives in American and foreign companies.

High Country also owns hotels in Montana, Wyoming and Utah.

The Overlook became world-known in the years 1946 to 1952 when it was owned by elusive mega-millionaire Horace Derwent, who . . .

The item on the next page was a mere squib dated four months later. The Overlook had opened under its new management. Apparently the paper hadn't been able to find out or wasn't interested in who the key holders were, because no name was mentioned but High Country Investments, the most anonymous-sounding company name Jack had ever heard except for a chain of bike and appliance shops in western New England that went under the name of Business Inc.

He turned the page and blinked down at the cropping passed there.

MILLIONS RE DERWENT BACK IN COLORADO VIA BACK DOOR?

High Country Exec Revealed to be Charles Gruenberg

By Rodney Conklin, Financial Editor

The Overlook Hotel, a scenic pleasure palace in the Colorado high country and once the private playground of millionaire Horace Derwent, is at the center of a financial tangle which is only now beginning to come to light.

On April 10 of last year the hotel was purchased by a Las Vegas firm, High Country Investments, as a key club for wealthy executives of both foreign and domestic breeds. Now informed sources say that High Country is headed by Charles Grodin, 53, who was the head of California Land Development Corp. until 1959, when he resigned to take the position of executive vice president in the Chicago home office of Derwent Enterprises.

This has led to speculation that High Country Investments may be controlled by Derwent, who may have acquired the Overlook for the second time, and under decidedly peculiar circumstances.

Grodin, who was indicted and acquitted on charges of tax evasion in 1960, could not be reached for comment, and Horace Derwent, who guards his own privacy, obviously had no comment when reached by telephone. State Representative Dick Bowes of Golden has called for a complete investigation into . . .

That clipping was dated July 27, 1964. The next was a column from a Sunday paper that September. The byline belonged to Josh Brannigar, a truck-taking investigator of the Jack Anderson breed. Jack vaguely recalled that Brannigar had died in 1968 or '69.

MAFIA FREE ZONE IN COLORADO?

By Josh Brannigar

It now seems possible that the newest hot spot of Organization overloads in the U.S. is located at an out-of-the-way hotel nestled in the center of the Rockies. The Overlook Hotel, a white elephant that has been run out early by a host of dozen different groups and individuals since it first opened its doors in 1940, is now being operated as a seedy, rackets key club assembly for low-down businessmen. The question is, what business are the Overlook's key holders rearin' at?

The members present during the week of August 16-23 may give us an idea. The list below was obtained by a former employee of High Country Investments, a company first believed to be a dummy company owned by Derwent Enterprises. It now seems more likely that Derwent's interest in High Country (if any) is outweighed by those of several Las Vegas gambling barons. And these same gambling barons have been linked in the past to both suspected and convicted underworld kingpins.

Present at the Ober court during that sordid week in August were:

Charles Grimes, President of High Country Investments. When it became known in July of this year that he was running the High Country shop, it was announced considerably after the fact that he had resigned his position in Derwent Enterprises previously. The unsmiling Grimes, who refused to talk to me for this column, has been tried once and was given six tax evasion charges.

Charles "Baby Charlie" Burton, a 26-year-old Nevada entrepreneur introducing new TVs in the Greenback and The Lucky Horse in the area. He is a close personal friend of mine. His arrest went back to 1937 when he was tried and acquitted in the gun-and-strike master of Jack Duthy Morgan. The authorities suspect his involvement in the drug traffic problem and made further but Baby Charlie has not been behind bars since his income tax evasion in 1955-56.

Richard Sciarra, the principal stockholder of The Time Arcade Machines. Big Time makes some machines for the Nevada crew pinball machines and telephones. Meets him for the rest of the country for his time for as he is with a deadly weapon. He is among the most wanted men in the country and is very difficult to track down.

Frank Zess, a Milwaukee expert in new media. For the last five years Zess has been building power as an untouchable person. He has been involved in changing the entire auto industry's standards from 1958 and continues to control it today. Frank Zess is the author of the book *How to Buy a Used Car*. People have been asking him for his advice on cars and he has given it. A Milwaukee native, Zess now resides in California. He is a known business and law enforcement.

John Gandy, also known as "The Bishop," is the man who controls the auto industry in the state of Michigan. He is a close friend of Frank Smith, Gandy's son, who runs the street racing circuit in the state. John Gandy is a shrewd businessman and has been so throughout his life. He has a power in the state which no one can match. He has a lot of influence.

John Gandy is the son of the man who is the man

welds. Prashikin owns large blocks of stock in Derwent Enterprises, High Country Investments, Fun Time Automatic Machines, and three Vegas casinos. Prashikin is clean in America, but was indicted in Mexico on fraud charges that were dropped quickly three weeks after they were brought. It has been suggested that Prashikin may be in charge of an underworld money skimmed from Vegas casino operations and funnelling the big bucks back into the organza jobs legal made western operations. And such operations may now include the Overlook Hotel in Colorado.

Other visitors during the current season include . . .

There was more but Jack only skimmed it, constantly wiping his lips with his hand. A banker with Las Vegas connections. Men from New York who were apparently doing more in the Government District than making clothes. Men reputed to be involved with drugs, vice, robbery, murder.

And what a story. And they had. I been here right above him, in those empty rooms. Screwed up expensive whistles on the third floor, maybe. Drinking magnums of champagne. Making do. Is he would turn over millions of dollars in the very suite of rooms where Presidents had stayed. There was a story all right. One hell of a story. A little frantically, he took out his notebook and jotted a quick after memo to check all of these people out at the library in Denver when the case was over. Every hotel has its ghost! The Overlook had a whole coven of them! Just suicide, hen-te-Maha, what net?

The next clipping was an angry denial by Brannigan's charges by Col. James Gordon. Jack seethed at it.

The cropping on the next page was so large that it had been folded. Jack unfolded it and gazed hard at it. The picture there seemed to leap out at him. The paper had been charged since June of 1966 but he knew that window and the view perfectly well. It was the western exposure of the Presidential Suite. Murret came next. The strong man wall by the door leading into the bathroom was spattered with blood and what could only be white flecks of brain matter. A blank-faced cop was standing over a corpse hidden by a blanket. Jack stared, fascinated, and then his eyes moved up to the headlines.

GANGLAND-STYLE SHOOTING AT COLORADO HOTEL Reputed Crime Overlord Shot at Moon and Key Club Two Others Dead

SILVERTON, Colo. (UPI) — Forty miles from this sleepy Colorado town, a gangland-style execution has occurred in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. The Overlook Hotel, purchased three years ago as an exclusive key club by a Las Vegas firm, was the site of a triple shotgun slaying. Two of the men were either the companions or bodyguards of Mr. Gene Greene, also known as "The Chopper" for his epic involvement in a West Coast slaying twenty years ago.

Police were summoned by Robert Norman, manager of the Overlook, who said he heard shots and that some of the guests reported two men wearing stockings on their faces and carrying guns had fled down the fire escape and driven off in a late-model, tan convertible.

Sgt. Trooper Benjamin Moore discovered two dead men after identified as Victor T. Boorman and Roger Maxam both of Las Vegas, outside the door of the President Suite where two American Presidents have stayed. Inside Moore found the body of Greene sprawled on the floor. Greene was apparently fleeing his attackers when he was cut down. Moore said Greene had been shot with heavy gauge shotguns at close range.

Charles Grindin, the representative of the company which now owns the Overlook, could not be reached for comment.

Below the clipping, in heavy strokes of a ball-point pen, someone had written: *They took his books along with them*. Jack stared at that for a long time, frowning cold. Whose book was this?

He turned the page at last, swallowing a click in his throat. Another column from Ish Brunig, this one dated early 1967. He only read the head line: NOTORIOUS HOTEL SCENE FOLLOWING MURDER OF UNDERWORLD FIGURE.

The sheet's following that clipping were blank.
(*They took his books along with them*)

He flipped back to the beginning, looking for a name or address. Even a room number. Because he felt quite sure that whoever had kept this little book of memories had stayed at the hotel. But there was nothing.

He was getting ready to go through all the clippings, in re-

closely this time, when a voice called down the stairs "Jack? Hon?"

Wendy

He started, almost guiltily, as if he had been drinking secretly and she would smell the fumes on him. Ridiculous. He scrubbed his lips with his hand and called back, "Yeah babe. Look'n for rats."

She was coming down. He heard her on the stairs, then crossing the boiler room. Quickly without thinking why he might be doing it, he stuffed the scrapbook under a pile of bills and invoices. He stood up as she came through the arch.

"What in the world have you been doing down here? It's almost three o'clock!"

He smiled. "Is it that late? I got rootin' around through all this stuff. Trying to find out where the bodies are buried, I guess."

The words rang back viciously in his mind.

She came closer looking at him, and he unconsciously stepped a step, unable to help himself. He knew what she was doing. She was trying to smell liquor on him. Probably she wasn't even aware of it herself, but he was, and it made him feel both guilty and angry.

"Your mouth is bleeding," she said in a curiously flat tone.

"Huh?" He put his hand to his lips and winced at the thin stringing. His index finger came away bloody. His guilt increased.

"You've been rubbing your mouth again," she said.

He looked down and shrugged. "Yeah, I guess I have."

"It's been hell for you, hasn't it?"

"No, not so bad."

"Has it gotten any easier?"

He looked up at her and made his face start moving. Once they were actually in motion it was easier. He crossed to his wife and slipped an arm around her waist. He brushed aside a sheet of wet hair from her face and kissed her neck. "Yes," he said. "Where's Digny?"

"Oh, he's around somewhere. I've started to clean up outta' Hungry?"

He slipped a hand over her just jeans-clad bottom with counterfeit lechery. "I like ze bear madame."

"Watch out, slugger! Don't start somethin' you can't finish!"

"Tig-fig, madame?" he asked, still rubbing. "Dirty pictures?"

Unnatural positions?" As they went through the arch, he drew one glance back at the box where the scrap book (whose?)

was hidden. With the light off it was only a shadow. He was relieved that he had gotten Wendy away. His last became less acid, more natural, as they approached the stairs.

"Ma'am," she said. "After we get you a sandwich, peek!" She twisted away from him, giggling. "That tickles."

"It makes noizing like Jock Torrance would like to teach a you, madame."

"Lay off Jock. How about a ham and cheese for the first course?"

They went up the stairs together and Jack didn't look over his shoulder again. But he thought of Watson's words:

Every big hotel has got a ghost. Why? Hell, people come and go . . .

Then Wendy shut the basement door behind them, closing it into darkness.

J9

OUTSIDE 217

Danny was remembering the words of someone else who had worked at the Overlook during the season:

Her saying she'd seen something in one of the rooms where a bad thing happened. That was in Room 217 and I won't promise she you won't go in there Danny, it's steer right clear . . .

It was a perfectly ordinary door, no different from any other door on the first two floors of the hotel. It was dark gray, bawdy down a corridor that ran at right angles to the main second-floor hallway. The numbers on the door looked no different from the house numbers on the Boulder apartment building they had lived in: A 2, a 4, and a 7. Big deal. Just below them was a tiny glass circle, a peephole. Danny had used several of them. From the in-

~~see you and a wide I believe view of the corner from where
you could screw up your eyes ten ways - Now you don't see
see a thing. A dirty gyp.~~

(Who are you here?)

After the walk hunting the Old Rock Inn and Mommy had come back so she had fixed him his favorite lunch - a cheese and ham sandwich with pink Campbell's Bean Soup. They ate in Dick's kitchen and talked. The radio was on getting the news and crackle from the Estates Park station. The kitchen was half as bright as it had been and he guessed that Mommy and Daddy must feel the same way because after trying their mugs in the dining room for three visits or so they had been coming in the kitchen by now to sit down setting up chairs round Dick's stainless steel bar counter which was almost as high as mom's chair from the back - sitting in anyway. The dining room had been too dark recently even with the lights on and the radio crackling and he thought some system in the little You were - one of those people strong at a time maintained by diversions after all a happy life covered with those transparent plastic curtains. Mommy said it was like having dinner in the middle of a Horace Walpole novel, and Daddy had laughed and agreed. Daddy had a new white blouse Walpole was but he didn't know what Mommy was thinking but began to take better care of his clothes than ever before when he kept discovering little flashes of Dick's different personality and how and less measured him like a woman to touch.

Mommy had eaten half a sandwich and was up. She said Daddy must have gone off to work or something because he was now and he had truck were in the parking lot. She said he was tired and went to town for an hour or two if he wanted he could go home and not go to the trouble. Disney said her mother did a most full of house and bring a car he thought her mother

"Why don't you come over the bridge and see me them? I could show you how good my sandwiches are and trucks and all."

Disney wedged the car out onto the road and kept it wet dry and hard. When I was he said driving harder and adding with it.

"And all those nice bridge animals like seals and bats empty place. Your father going to get out and trap them from a seen

"Yeah," he said.

(*Just nasty things once I had to do with those damn hedges offed us with the animals*)

"If you see your father before I do, tell him I'm coming down."

"Sure, Mom."

She put the dirty clothes in the sink and came back over to him.

"Are you happy here, Danny?"

He looked at her guiltlessly, a thin mustache on his lip. "Uh-huh."

"No more bad dreams?"

"No." Tony had come to him once, one night, while he was lying in bed, calling his name faintly and from far away. Danny had squeezed his eyes tightly shut until Tony had gone.

"You sure?"

"Yes, Mom."

She seemed satisfied. "Hi's your hand?"

He flexed it for her. "All better."

She nodded. Jack had taken the nest under the Pyrex bowl full of frozen wasps out of the incubator in back of the equipment shed and burned it. They had seen no more wasps since. He had written to a lawyer in Boulder, enclosing the snags of Danny's hand, and the lawyer had called back two days ago—if it had put Jack in a foul temper all afternoon. The lawyer advised of the company that had manufactured the big batch and its success, if because there was only Jack to testify that he had followed directions printed on the package. Jack had asked the lawyer if he couldn't purchase some others and test them for the same defect. Yes, the lawyer said, but the results were highly doubtful even if all the test bombs did functioned. He told Jack of a case that involved an extensive ladder company and a man who had broken his back. Wendy had commiserated with Jack, but privately she had just been glad her Danny had gotten off as cheaply as he had. It was best to leave lawsuits to people who understood them and that did not include the Terrances. And they had seen no more wasps since.

"Go and play, doc. Have fun."

But he hadn't had fun. He had wandered aimlessly around the house, poking into the maid's closets and the maid's rooms, looking for something interesting, not finding it, a small boy padding

"Go and play, doc. Have fun."

But he hadn't had fun. He had wandered aimlessly around the house, poking into the maid's closets and the maid's rooms, looking for something interesting, not finding it, a small boy padding

at the dark blue carpet was now hanging Jack's Hat. It had come out from the nail but it was broken and cracked. The packer was hanging down in the hole he was where not Darry had told him to do. "I did. You didn't want to. Did he?"

(Why are you here?)

There was nothing else about it first. He had been drawn to Room 27 by a mother and father story. He remembered a story Daddy had read to him once when he was drunk. That had been a long time ago but he very well as you know as when Daddy had read the story Mommy had scolded Daddy and asked what he was doing reading a three year old boy something so horrible. The name of the story was *Bluebeard*. That was clear in his mind too because he had done it at least Daddy was saying *Bluebeard* and there were no bluebeards in the story or there any kind for that matter. Actually the story was about *Bluebeard's wife*, a pretty lady that had come to visit her like Mommy. After *Bluebeard* married her they lived in a big and ornate castle and was not unlike the Overlook. And every day *Bluebeard* went off to work and every day he would teach his pretty little wife not to walk in a certain room although the key to that room was hanging right on a hook just like the packer was hanging on the office wall downstairs. *Bluebeard's wife* had gotten more and more curious about the locked room. She tried to peek through the keyhole the way Danny had tried to look through Room 27's peephole with similar unavailing results. There was even a picture of her going down on her knees and trying to look under the door but the crack wasn't wide enough. The door swing wide and

The old fairy tale book had depicted her always in grisly loving detail. The image was burned in Danny's mind. The severed heads of *Bluebeard's seven wives* which were in the room, each one on its own individual necks. The eyes were half closed, the mouths unblended and gaping in silent screams. They were somehow balanced on necks ragged from the hands which were clutching wildly and there was blood running down the packer's

Terrified, she had turned to flee from the room and as she did only to discover *Bluebeard* standing in the doorway his terrible eyes blazing. "I told you not to enter this room." *Bluebeard* said unsheathing his sword. "Alas, in your curiosity you die." He

other sever and though I never yet best of it. A friend said it
he as was the as. Prepare to fit wretched woman!

I seemed vaguely to Danny, and the story had had it happen
enough, but had had failed to assign it once beside he saw some
more images. The taunting mad jester locked door with some
great secret behind it and he gets a secret. Is it repeated more
than if a dozen times. The locked door and behind all the heads
the severed heads.

His hand reached out and unlocked the room's doorway. He must
furtively. He had no idea how long he had been here standing
he protized before he banished from a locked door.

*And now he never promises to forget. I guess there's nothing nasty
things + .)*

But Mr. Halligan - Dick - had also said he didn't think those
things could hurt you. They were like scary pictures in a book.
But was a. And maybe he wouldn't see any harm. On his other
hand . . .

He plunged his left hand into his pocket and it came out holding
the passkey. (I had been there a long, of course.)

He held it by the square metal tab up the end where the code was
printed on it in Magic Marker. He twirled the key on its chain
watching it go around and around. After several minutes, F this
he stopped and slipped the passkey into the lock. It slid in
smoothly with no hindrance. It had wanted to be there all along.

*(I've thought, I've seen lots of scary pictures - promised not
you won't go in there.)*

(I promise.)

And a promise was of course very important. So his curiosity
locked at him as mauldering as poison ivy as a place you
aren't supposed to scratch. But it was a dreadful kind of curiosity
the kind that makes you peek through your fingers during the
scariest parts of a scary movie. What was beyond that door would
be no movie.

*(I don't think those things can hurt you. The scary pictures
in a book . . .)*

Suddenly he reached out with his left hand, not sure of what it
was going to do until it had removed the passkey and stuffed it
back into his pocket. He stared at the door a moment longer,

but he did not turn back and walked back down the corridor toward his room. He was to run along the tables at the corridor he was in.

Something made him pause there and he wasn't sure what it was. Then he remembered the doors at around his corner on the way back to the stairs. There was one - those old-fashioned fire extinguishers curved up and st. he said. Could there like a dozing snake,

They were chemical-type extinguishers at all. Dadav said. I thought there were several of those in the kitchen. These were the forerunner of the modern sprinkler systems. The long canvas hoses hooked directly into the Overman's plumbing system, and by turning a nozzle valve you could become a one-man fire department. Dadav said that the chemical extinguishers which sprayed foam onto flames were much better. The chemicals smothered fires. That was the oxygen they needed to burn while a high pressure spray might just spread the flames around. Dadav said that Mr. Uman should replace the old-fashioned hoses right along with the old-fashioned boxes but Mr. Uman would probably do neither because he was a CHAP PRICK. Danny knew that this was one of the worst epithets his father could summon. It was applied to certain doctors, dentists, and appliance repairmen, and also to the head of his English Department at Swington who had unanswered some of Dadav's book orders because he said the books would put them over budget. One bright he - he had found it. Wendy. Danny had been listening from his hospital room where he was supposed to be asleep. His 18-year-old son has five hundred bucks for him if the check cash.

Danny looked around the corner.

The extinguisher was there, a flat hose. He'd stuck a dozen times in one of the red book shelves in the wall. Above it was an ax in a glass case like a museum exhibit with white words phrased on a red background. IN CASE OF EMERGENCY BREAK GLASS. Danny had read he was EMERGENCY which was also the name of one of his favorite TV shows, but was unsure of the rest. But he didn't like the way the word was used in connection with that long flat hose. EMERGENCY was fire extinguishers, car crashes, hospital patients, sometimes death. And he could take the way that hose might

here so suddenly on the wall! When he was alone he always skirted past these extinguishers as fast as he could. No particular reason. It just felt better to go fast. It felt safer.

Now heart thumping loudly in his chest he came around the corner and looked down the hall past the extinguisher to the stairs. Mommy was down there, sleeping. And if Daddy was back from his walk he would probably be sitting in the kitchen eating a sandwich and reading a book. He would just walk right past his old extinguisher and go up the stairs.

He started toward it moving closer to the far wall until this other arm was brushing the expensive silk paper. Twenty steps away. Fifteen. A dozen.

When he was ten steps away the brass nozzle suddenly pulled off the fat loop it had been lying

(sleeping?)

on and fell to the half carpet with a dull thump. It lay there, the dark bore of its muzzle pointing at Danny. He stomped uncertainly, his shoulders twitching forward with the suddenness of his scare. His blood thumped thickly in his ears and temples. His mouth had gone dry and sour his hands curled into fists. Yet the nozzle of the hose only lay there, its brass casting growing mellow, a loop of flat canvas leaning back up to the red painted frame bolted to the wall.

So I had fallen off, so what? It was only a fire extinguisher, nothing else. It was stupid to think that I worked like some poison snake from "Wide World of Animals" that had heard him and woken up. Even if the scathed canvas did look a little bit like scars. He would just step over it and go down the hall to the stairs, walking a little bit fast, maybe to make sure it didn't snap out after him and curl around his foot.

He wiped his lips with his left hand, in unison as so many of his father and took a step forward. No movement from the hose. Another step. Nothing. There see how stupid you are? You got all worked up thinking about that dumb room and that dumb Bluebeard story and that hose was probably ready to fall off for the last five years. That's all.

Danny stared at the hose on the floor and thought of wasps.

Eight steps away the nozzle of the hose glistened peacefully at

him from the rug as if to say *Dont worry. I'm not a horse than a dog.* And even if that isn't all what I do to you more, he much worse than a bee sting. Or a wasp sting. What would I want to do to a nice, nice boy like you? — except hit him and bite him and bite?

Daddy took another step and another. His breath was dry and harsh in his throat. Panic was close now. He began to wish the house would move. Then at last he would know he would be sure. He took another step and now he was within striking distance. It's not going to strike at you, he thought frantically. How can it strike at you, here at home when it's just a house?

Maybe it's full of wasps.

His internal temperature plummeted to ten below zero. He stared at the black hole in the center of the nozzle in a hypnotized. Maybe it was full of wasps, secret wasps. Their brown bodies buzzed with poison so full of autumn juice in their droppings from their wings to clear drops of fluid.

Suddenly he knew that he was nearly frozen with terror. He did not make his feet go now, they would become locked to the carpet and he would stay here staring at the black hole in the center of the brass nozzle like a bird's dung or a snake, he would stay here until his daddy found him and then what would happen?

With a high挑起 he made himself run. As he reached the house, some trick of the light made the nozzle seem to move. A revulsive. I'm going to strike and he leaped high off the air above it in his panicky state. I seemed that his legs pushed him nearly off. He was in the ceiling, that he could see. He left black hairs that formed his cowlick brushing the half way's plaster ceiling. Although later he knew that couldn't have been so.

He came down on the other side of the house and ran and suddenly he heard it behind him coming for him. He left a very wicker of hot brass snakes he dashed back to the floor the carpet after him like a rattlesnake moving slowly through a dry field of grass. It was coming for him, and suddenly he saw it seemed very far away, they seemed to be real a running step into the distance for each running step he took toward them.

Daddy! he tried to scream but his closed throat would not allow a word to pass. He was up his own. Behind him the sound

grew louder. The dry sizzling sound of the snake slapping swiftly over the carpet, dry rattle. At his heels now, perhaps rising up with clear poison dripping from its brass snout.

Danny reached the stairs and had to pinwheel his arms crazily for balance. For one moment he seemed sure that he would cartwheel over and go head-for-heels to the bottom.

He threw a glance back over his shoulder.

The hose had not moved. It lay as it had lain, one loop off the frame, the brass nozzle on the Half Door, the nozzle pointing disinterestedly away from him. You see, stupid? he berated himself. You made it all up, scaredy-cat! I was a—your imagination, scaredy-cat, scaredy-cat.

He clung to the stairway railing, his legs trembling in reaction (*It never chased you*)

his mind told him, and seized on that thought and played it back.

never chased you never chased you never did never did

It was nothing to be afraid of. Why, he could go back and put that hose right into its frame, if he wanted to. He could, but he didn't think he would. Because what if... had chased him and had gone back when it saw that it couldn't... quite... catch him?

The hose lay on the carpet, almost seeming to ask him if he would like to come back and try again.

Panting, Danny ran downstairs.

20

TALKING TO MR. ULLMAN

The Seward Public Library was a small, tawny building one block down from the town's business area. It was a modest, vine-covered building, and the wide concrete walk up to the door was lined with the corpses of last summer's flowers. On the lawn was a large bronze statue of a Civil War general Jack had never heard

of a hough he had been something of a City War buff in his teenage years.

The newspaper files were kept down in his Tax office corner of the Sidewinder Gazette that had gone bust in 1963 the Estes Park daily and the Boulder Camera No Denver papers he had.

Sgt. Jack settled for the *Camera*.

When the files reached 1965 the actual newspapers were replaced by stacks of microfilm. A few days later the Librarian told him brightly "We hope to do 1958 to '64 when the next check comes through but they're so slow aren't they? You will be careful won't you? I just know you will. Call if you need me." The tiny reading machine had a lens that had somehow gotten warped, and by the time Wendy put her hand on his shoulder some forty-five minutes after he had swanned from the actual papers he had a raw bumper of a headache.

Dann's in the park," she said, "but I don't want him out there long. How much longer will it take you, I bet?"

Ten minutes, he said. Actually, he had traced down the last of the Overlook's fascinating history—the years between the gangland shooting and the takeover by Stuart L. Frazee & Co. But he felt the same revulsion about eluding Wendy.

"What are you up to, anyway?" she asked. She rubbed his hair as she said—but her voice was only half-easing.

"Looking up some old Overlook history," he said.

"Any particular reason?"

"No,

"One more," he heard, "are you still interested in me?" "just curiosity."

"Find anything interesting?"

"Not much," he said, having to strive to keep his voice pleasant now. She was prying, just the way she had always pried and poked at him when they had been at Swayingon and Danny was still a child. *Where are you going, Jack? When will you be back? How much money do you have with you? Are you going to take the car? Is Al going to be with you? Will one of you stay sober?* On and on. She had, pardon the expression, driven him to drink. Maybe that hadn't been the only reason, but by Christ let's tell the truth here and admit it was one of them. Nag and nag and nag until you wanted to clout her one just to shut her up and stop the

"Where?" "What?" "How?" "Are you? If so, you?"

endless train of questions. I could give you a real
(headache? hangover?)

headache. The reader. The damned reader with his distorted
print. That was why he had such a cramp, a headache.

"Jack, are you all right? You look pale—"

He snapped his head away from her fingers. *I am fine*."

She recovered from his hot eyes and tried on a smile that was a
size too small. "Well . . . if you are . . . I'll just go and wait in
the park with Danny . . ." She was starting away now, her smile
turning into a bewildered expression of hurt.

He called to her. "Wendy?"

She looked back from the foot of the stairs. "What, Jack?"

He got up and went over to her. "I'm sorry, babe. I guess I'm
really not all right. That machine . . . the lens is distorted. I've
got a real bad headache. Got any aspirin?"

"Sure." She pawed in her purse and came up with a tin of
Anacin. "You keep them."

He took the tin. "No Excedrin?" He saw the small red mark on her
face and understood. It had been a bitter sort of joke between
them at first, before the drinking had gotten too bad for jokes. He
had claimed that Excedrin was the only nonprescription drug ever
invented that could stop a hangover dead in its tracks. Absolutely
the only one. He had begun to think of his morning-after
thumpers as Excedrin Headache Number Nine by

No Excedrin, she said. "Sorry."

"That's okay," he said. "these I do just fine." But of course
they wouldn't, and she should have known it, too. At times she
could be the stupiddest bitch . . .

"Want some water?" she asked brightly.

(No I just want you to GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!)

"I'll get some at the drinking fountain when I go up. Thanks."

"Okay." She started up the stairs, good legs moving gracelessly
under a short tan wool skirt. "We'll be in the park."

"Right." He slipped the tin of Anacin absently in his pocket,
went back to the reader and turned it off. When he was sure she
was gone, he went upstairs himself. God, but I was a lousy head-
ache. If you were going to have a vise-gripper like this one, you
ought to at least be allowed the pleasure of a few drinks to bar-
ance it off.

He tried to put the thought from his mind, more ill-tempered than ever. He went to the main desk, fingering a matchbook cover with a telephone number on it.

"Ma'am, do you have a pay telephone?"

"No, sir, but you can use mine if it's local."

"It's long-distance, sorry."

"Well, then, I guess the drugstore would be your best bet. They have a booth."

"Thanks."

He went out and down the walk, past the anonymous Civil War general. He began to walk toward the business block, hands in his pockets, head huddling like a leavened ball. The sky was also cold; it was November 7 and with the new month the weather had become threatening. There had been a number of snow flurries. There had been snow in October too, but that had melted. The new flurries had stayed, a light frosting over everything. It sparkled in the sun just like fine crystal. But there had been no sunlight today, and even as he reached the drugstore it began to spit snow again.

The phone booth was at the back of the building, and he was halfway down an aisle of patient medicines, ringing his change in his pocket when his eyes fell on the white braces with their green print. He took them off, hummed to the cashier, paid, and went back to the telephone booth. He pulled the door closed, put his change and matchbook cover on the counter, and dialed 0.

"Your call, please?"

"Fort Lauderdale Beach operator." He gave her the number there and the number in the book. When she told him it would be a dollar ninety for the first three minutes, he dropped eight quarters into the slot, twirling each time the bell jingled in his ear.

Then left in ambo with only the faraway clinkings and jingles of connection-making, he took the green hat off. Excess heat of its hot pried up the white cap, and dropped the wad of cotton hanging to the floor of the booth. Cradling the phone receiver between his ear and shoulder, he shook out three of his white mittens and lined them up on the counter beside his remaining change. He recapped the bottle and put it in his pocket.

At the other end, the phone was picked up in the first ring.

"Surf Sand Resort, how may we help you?" the perky female voice asked.

"I'd like to speak with the manager, please."

"Do you mean Mr. Trent or—"

"I mean Mr. Ullman."

"I believe Mr. Ullman is busy, but if you would like me to check—"

I would tell him it's Jack Torrance calling from Colorado."

"One moment, please. We put him on hold."

Jack's desire for that cheap self-importance prickled him and he came flooding back. He took one of the Excedents from the counter, regarded it for a moment, then put it into his mouth and began to chew it, slowly and with relish. The taste flooded back like memory, making his saliva squirt in mingled pleasure and unhappiness. A dry, bitter taste, but a compelling one. He swallowed with a grimace. Chewing aspirin had been a habit with him in his drinking days, he hadn't done it a day since then. But when your headache was bad enough, a hangover headache or one like this one, chewing them seemed to make them get worse. It quelled the bad read somewhere that chewing aspirin could become addictive. Where had he read that, anyway? Frowning, he tried to think. And then Ullman came on the line.

"Torrence? What's the trouble?"

"The trouble," he said. "The horses okay and I haven't even gotten around to marrying my wife yet. I'm saying that will alter the headlines, when things get—"

"Very funny. Why are you calling? I'm a busy—

"Busy man, yes. I understand that I'm calling about some things that you didn't tell me during your history of the Overlook's great and honorable past. Like how Elmer Derwent sold it to a bunch of Las Vegas shysters who didn't care much so many gammy corporations, but not even the IRS knew who really owned it. About how they were on it, the hotel was big and then turned it into a playground for Mafiosi brothers, and about how it had to be shut down in 1966 when one of them got a .45-cal. bullet. Along with his bodyguards, who were standing outside the door to the Presidential Suite. Wilson, Flushing, Roosevelt, Nixon, and Nixon on the Chopper, right?"

There was a moment of surprised silence on the other end of the line, and then Ullman said quietly, "I don't see how that can have any bearing on your job, Mr. Torrance. It—"

"The best part happened after Gionelli was shot, though, don't you think? Two more quick shuffles, now you see it and now you don't, and then the Overlook is suddenly owned by a private citizen, a woman named Sylvia Hunter — who just happened to be Sy via Hunter Derwent from 1942 to 1948."

"Your three minutes are up," the opera or said "Signa when through."

My dear Mr. Torrance, all of this is public knowledge — and ancient history."

"It formed no part of my knowledge," Jack said. "I doubt if many other people know it either. Not all of it. They remember the Great 2 shooting, maybe, but I doubt if anybody has put together all the wondrous and strange shuffles the Overlook has been through since 1945. And it always seems like Derwent or a Derwent associate comes up with the door prize. What was Sy via Hunter running up there in '67 and '68, Mr. Uiman? It was a whorehouse, wasn't it?"

"Torrance." His shock crackled across two thousand miles of telephone cable without losing a twig.

Smiling, Jack popped another Excedrin into his mouth and chewed it.

She died out of a rather well-known C. S. scene or died of a heart attack up there. There were rumors that he was found naked except for black nylon stockings and a garter belt and a pair of high-heeled pumps. Patent-leather pumps as a matter of fact.

"That's a vicious, damnable lie," Uiman cried.

"Is it?" Jack asked. He was beginning to feel better. The headache was draining away. He took the last Excedrin and chewed it up, enjoying the bitter, powdery taste as the tablet shredded in his mouth.

"I was a very unfortunate occurrence," Uiman said. "Now what is the point, Torrance? If you're planning to write some ugly smear article — if this is since I conceived, stupid blackmail idea . . ."

"Nothing of the sort," Jack said. "I called because I didn't think you played square with me. And because—"

"Didn't play square?" Uiman cried. "My God, did you think I was going to share a large pile of dirty laundry with the hotel's caretaker? Who in heaven's name do you think you are? And how could those old stories possibly affect you anyway? Or do you

think there are ghosts parading up and down the halls of the west wing wearing bedsheets and crying 'Woe!'

"No, I don't think there are any ghosts. But you took up a lot of my personal history before you gave me the job. You had me on the carpet quizzing me about my ability to take care of your hotel like a little boy in front of the teacher's desk for peeing in the coatroom. You embarrassed me."

"I just do not believe your check your bloody damned impudence," I Imam said. He sounded as if he might be choking. "I'd like to sack you. And perhaps I will."

"I think Al Shockley might object strenuously."

"And I think you may have finally overestimated Mr. Shockley's commitment to you, Mr. Torrance."

For a moment Jack's headache came back in all its thudding glory, and he closed his eyes against the pain. As if from a distance away he heard himself ask, "Who owns the Overlook now? Is it still Derwent Enterprises? Or are you too smugly to know?"

"I think that will do, Mr. Torrance. You are an employee of the hotel, no different from a busboy or a kitchen pot scrubber. I have no intention of—"

"Okay. I'll write Al," Jack said. "He'll know, after all, he's on the Board of Directors. And I might just add a little P.S. to the effect that—"

"Derwent doesn't own it."

"What? I couldn't quite make that out."

"I said Derwent doesn't own it. The stockholders are all Easterners. Your friend Mr. Shockley owns the largest block of stock himself, better than thirty-five per cent. You would know better than I if he has any ties to Derwent."

"Who else?"

"I have no intention of divulging the names of the other stockholders to you, Mr. Torrance. I intend to bring this whole matter to the attention of—"

"One other question."

"I am under no obligation to you."

"Most of the Overlook's history—savory and unsavory alike—I found in a scrapbook that was in the ceiling. Big thing with white leather covers. Gold thread for binding. Do you have any idea whose scrapbook that might be?"

"None at all."

"Is it possible it could have belonged to Grady? The car asked who killed himself?"

Mr. Torrance," Ulman said in tones of deepest frost. "I am by no means sure that Mr. Grady could read. ie alone dig out the rotten apples you have been wasting my time with."

"I'm thinking of writing a book about the Overlook Hotel. I thought if I actually got through it, the owner of the scrapbook would like to have an acknowledgment at the front."

"I think writing a book about the Overlook would be very unwise," Ulman said. "Especially a book done from your point of view."

"Your opinion doesn't surprise me." His headache was gone now. There had been that one flash again, and that was all. His mind felt sharp and accurate, all the way down to his mittens. It was the way he usually felt only when the writing was going extremely well or when he had a three-junk buzz on. That was another thing he had forgotten about Excedrin; he didn't know it worked for others, but for him crunching three tablets was like an instant high.

Now he said, "What you'd like is some sort of commission. I guess that you could hand out free to the guests when they checked in. Something with a lot of glossy photos of the mountains at sunrise and sunset and a lemon merengue text to go with it. A section on all the cultists people who have stayed here, of course excluding the really colorful ones like Clegg and his friends."

"If I do, I could fire you and be a hundred per cent certain of my own job instead of 99.999999 per cent," Ulman said in clipped, strong-edged tones. "I would fire you right this minute over the telephone. But since I feel thru five per cent of uncertainty, I intend to call Mr. Shockley the moment you're off the line which will be soon, or so I devoutly hope."

Jack said, "There isn't going to be anything in the book. And isn't that true, you know? There's no need to dress it up."

(*Why are you hating him? Do you want to be fired?*)

"I don't care if Chapter Five is about the Pope of Rome screwing the shade of the Virgin Mary," Ulman said, his voice rising. "I want you out of my hotel!"

I s not your home? Jack were mad and crawled the rice cracker into its cradle.

How can they say he has hard? He's scared now, (middle? hell, a lot)

Wondering why not the name of God he had called him in the first place.

It's not you, it's me again, Jack.)

*No, No, Yes brother No sense trying to do my art. And the hell if it was, he had no idea how much influence that cheap little prick ever had on me more than he knew how much bullshit A word like from him in the name of auld lang syne If I'll man was as good as he claimed he said I be eave A a he givin' me I go away though might not At the end to take it He closed his eyes and tried to make something. *Wetay* Guess what baby? I just another you I'm not I'm a right tough love thou and moves a bit To get me cabin in someone to punch out but I man get it*

He opened his eyes and wiped his mouth with his handkerchief He wanted a drink. *He* he needed one. There was a dive not down the street where he häufig me for a quick beer on his way up the park just one to set the dust

He clenched his hands tight her helpless

The question recurred. Why had he called Leman in the first place. The number of the St. Snd n Lausanne had been written on a small notecard by the phone and the CB radio in the telephone numbers in papers papers electricians were back at the pub top the blackbook cover. In a letter going off to him he was of course Leman to town and for a human. By what purpose? Once during the drug phase when you accused him of setting his own destruction to test purposes the necessary moral fiber to support a known deathway so he misinterpreted it as in which of her people he was going to a piece at a time off himself and then the

sober he is. It's he afraid somewhere inside that he Over night he just what he needed to finish his personal agenda. He called it up by name and open it top her! Was he having he who am I? Please God no, don't let it be he was Please,

Jack was nervous and an image immerged arose on the dark screen of his inner eye looking his hand through that hole

in the shingles to pull out the rotted fleshing the sudden needling sting his own agonized started cry in the street and uttering air
Oh you goddam fucking son of a bitch

Replaced with an image two years earlier himself stumbling into the house at three in the morning drunk falling over a table and sprawling full-length on the floor cursing waking Wendy up on the couch Wendy turning on the light seeing his clothes ripped and smeared from some cloudy parking-lot scuffle that had occurred a vague remembrance breaky-work just over the New Hampshire border hours before crusted blood under his nose now looking up at his wife blankly stupidly in the light like a mole in the sunshine and Wendy saying dully *Your son of a bitch you wake Danny up If you don't care about yourself what you care a little bit about us? Oh why do I even bother talking to you?*

The telephone rang making him jump He snatched it off he cradled logically sure it must be either Ullman or A Shockley "What?" he barked.

"Your overtime, sir. Three dollars and five cents."

"I have to break someones," he said "Wait a minute"

He put the phone on the shelf deposited his last six quarters then went out to the cashier to get more He performed the transaction automatically his mind runnng up in a simple circular hole like a squirrel on an exercise wheel.

Why had he called Ullman?

Because Ullman had embarrassed him? He had been embarrassed before and by the master—the Grand Master, of course being himself. Simply to crow at the man expose his hypocrisy? Jack didn't think he was that petty His mind tried to seize on the metaphor as a valid reason but that would be a bad writer's error The chances of Ullman knowing who the owner was were no more than two in a thousand At the interview he had treated the cat as another column a first interview per se at that. He had really wanted to know he would have asked Watson whose writer number was also in the office notebook Even Watson would not have been a sure thing, but surer than Ullman.

And telling him about the book idea. That had been another stupid thing. Incredibly stupid Besides getting along his job he could be closing T wide channels of information once Ullman got

around and I - people to beware of New Englanders bearing quiet visits about the Overlook Hotel. He could have done his research quietly making off private letters, perhaps even arranging some interviews in the spring — and then laughed up his sleeve at C. man's rage when he hopped to the exit and he was safely away — The Masked Author Strikes Again. Instead he had made that damned senseless call, lost his temper, antagonized Ultimo, and brought out all of the hotel manager's Little Caesar tendencies. Why? If it wasn't an effort to get himself thrown out of the good job Al had snagged for him then what was it?

He deposited the rest of the money in the slots and hung up the phone. It really was the senseless kind of thing he might have done if he had been drunk. But he had been sober, dead cold sober.

Walking out of the drugstore he crunched another Excedrin into his mouth, grunting yet respecting the bitter taste.

On the walk outside he met Wendy and Danny.

"Hey, we were just coming after you!" Wendy said. "Snowing don't you know?"

Jack blinked up. "Sir?" It was snowing hard. Stuckwinder's main street was already heavily powdered, the center lane obscured. Danny had his head tilted up to the white sky, his mouth open and his tongue out to catch some of the fat flakes drifting down.

"Do you think this is it?" Wendy asked.

Jack shrugged. "I don't know. I was hoping for another week or two of grace. We'll struggle."

Grace, that was it.

(*I'm sorry. A Grace your mercy for your mess. One more chance. I am heartily sorry—*)

How many times, over how many years, had he as a grown man asked for the mercy of another chance? He was suddenly so sick of himself so revoluted, that he could have groaned aloud.

"How's your headache?" she asked, studying him closely.

He put an arm around her and hugged her tight. "Be at. Come on, you two. It's go home where we sit it can."

They walked back to where the hotel truck was slant-parked against the curb. Jack in the middle, his left arm around Wendy's shoulders his right hand holding Danny's hand. He had called it home for the first time for better or worse.

As he got behind the truck a wheel it occurred to him that while he was fascinated by the Overlook, he didn't much like it. He wasn't sure it was good for either his wife or his son or himself. Maybe that was why he had called Ulman.

To be fired while there was still time

He backed the truck out of its parking space and headed them out of town and up into the mountains.

27

NIGHT THOUGHTS

It was ten o'clock. The quarters were filled with counterfeit sleep.

Jack lay on his side facing the wall, eyes open, listening to Wendy's slow and regular breathing. The taste of dissolved aspirin was still on his tongue, making it feel rough and slightly numb. A Stockley had called at quarter of six, quarter of eight back East. Wendy had been downstairs with Danny, sitting in front of the lobby fireplace and reading.

"Person to person," the operator said. "for Mr. Jack Torrance."

"Speaking." He had switched the phone to his right hand, had dug his handkerchief out of his back pocket with his left, and had wiped his under lips with it. Then he ... a cigarette.

Al's voice then, strong in his ear. "Sawky-boy, what in the name of God are you up to?"

"H-AI." He snuffed the cigarette and groped for the Excedrin bottle.

"What's going on, Jack? I got this weird phone call from Stuart Ulman this afternoon. And when Stu Ulman calls long-distance out of his own pocket, you know the shit has hit the fan."

"Ulman has nothing to worry about, Al. Neither do you."

"What exactly is the nothing we don't have to worry about? Stu made it sound like a cross between blackmail and a *National Enquirer* feature on the Overlook. Talk to me, boy."

"I wanted to poke him a little," Jack said. "When I came up here to be interviewed, he had to wring out all my dirty laundry. Drinking problem. Lost your last job for racking over a student. Wonder if you're the right man for this Committee. The thing that bugged me was that he was bringing it up because he loved the goddam hotel so much. The beautiful Overlook. The frustrations. Overlook. The woody sweater. Overlook. Well, I found a scrapbook in the basement. Somebody had put together all the less savory aspects of the man's career, and it seemed to me like a little black mass had been going on after hours."

"I hope that's metaphorical, Jack." A voice sounded frigidly cold.

"It is. But I did find out..."

"I know the hotel's history."

Jack ran a hand through his hair. "So I called him up and poked him with it. I admit it wasn't very bright, and I sure wouldn't do it again. End of story."

"So why are you planning to do a little dirty laundry among yourself?"

"You're an asshole," he barked into the phone. "I told him I had no idea of writing about the Overlook yet. I do. I think this place forms an index of the whole post World War II American character. That sounds like an inflated claim, stated so baldly. I know it does, but it's all here. All My God, it could be a great book. But it's far in the future. I can promise you that. I've got more on my plate right now than I can eat, any—"

"Jack, that's not good enough."

He found himself gaping at the black receiver of the phone, unable to believe what he had surely heard. "What? Are you saying—?"

"I said what I said. How long is far in the future, Jack? For you it may be two years, maybe five. For me, it's thirty or forty, because I expect to be associated with the Overlook for a long time. The thought of you doing some sort of a scum-job to my hotel and passing it off as a great piece of American writing, that makes me sick."

Jack was speechless.

"I tried to help you, Jacky boy. We went through the war to-

ge her, and I thought I owed you some help. You remember the war?"

"I remember it," he mumbled, but the coils of resentment had begun to grip around his heart. First Lillian, then Wendy now Al. What was this? National Let's Pick Jack Torrance Apart Week? He clamped his lips more tightly together reached for his cigarettes, and knocked them off onto the floor. Had he ever liked this cheap prick talking to him from his mahogany-lined den in Vermont? Had he really?

"Before you hit that Hatfield kid" Al was saying, "I had talked the Board out of letting you go and even had them swing around to considering tenure. You knew that one for yourself. I got you this hotel being a once quiet place for you to get yourself together, finish your play and wait it out until Harry Effinger and I could convince the rest of those guys that they made a big mistake. Now it looks like you want to chew my arm off on your way to a bigger killing. Is that the way you say thanks to your friends, Jack?"

"No," he whispered.

He didn't dare say more. His head was throbbing with the hot, acid-etched words that wanted to get out. He tried desperately to think of Danny and Wendy depending on him. Danny and Wendy sitting peacefully downstairs in front of the fire and working on the first of the second-grade reading primers, thinking everything was A-OK. If he lost his job, what then? Off to California in that tired old VW with the dented engine fuel pump like a family of dustbowl Okies? He told himself he would get down on his knees and beg. And before he let that happen, though, the words struggled to pour out, and the hand holding the hardware of his rage felt greased.

"What?" Al said sharply.

"No," he said. "That is not the way I treat my friends. And you know it."

"How do I know? At the worst you're planning to burn a hotel by digging up bodies that were decently buried years ago. At the best, you can up my temperament but extremely competent hotel manager and work him into a frenzy as part of some . . . some stupid kid's game."

"I was more than a game, Al. It's easier for you. You don't

I've to take some rich friend's charity. You don't need a friend in court because you are he on it. The fact that you were one step from a brown-nag lusso goes pretty much unmentioned, unless I hit?"

"I suppose it does." Al said. His voice had dropped a notch and he sounded tired of the whole thing. "But Jack, Jack . . . I can't help that. I can't change that."

"I know," Jack said cryptically. "Am I free? I guess you be too free me if I am."

"Not if you'll do two things for me."

"All right."

"Hadn't you better hear the conditions before you accept them?"

"No. Give me your deal and I'll take it. There's Wendy and Daray to talk about. If you want my basis, I'll send them email."

"Are you sure self-pity is a luxury you can afford, Jack?"

He had closed his eyes and said an Excedrin between his dry lips. "At this point I feel it's the only one I can afford. Fire away . . . no pun intended."

Al was silent for a moment. Then he said. "First, no more calls to UT man. Not even if the place burns down. If that happens, call the maintenance man, that guy who swears all the time, you know who I mean . . ."

"Watson."

"Yes."

"Okay. Done."

"Second, you promise me Jack Word of Honor. No book about a famous Colorado mountain hotel with a history."

For a moment his rage was so great that he literally could not speak. The blood beat loudly in his ears. It was like getting a call from some twentieth-century Medicis prince . . . no portraits of my family with their warts showing, please, or back to the rabbi you'll go. I subsidize no pictures but pretty pictures. When you paint the daughter of my good friend and business partner, please omit birthmark or back to the rabbi you'll go. Of course we're friends . . . we are both civilized men, aren't we? We've shared bed and board and bottle. We'll always be friends, and the dog collar I have on you will always be ignored by mutual consent.

and I'll take good and benevolent care of you. All I ask in return is your son. Small price. We can even ignore the fact that you've handed it over, the way we ignore the dog collar. Remember, my beloved friend, there are Miche Angelos begging everywhere in the streets of Rome . . .

"Jack? You there?"

He made a strangled noise that was intended to be the word yes.

Al's voice was firm and very sure of itself. "I really don't think I'm asking so much, Jack. And there will be other books. You just can't expect me to subsidize you while you . . ."

"All right, agreed."

"I don't want you to think I'm trying to con you—your realistic life, Jack. You know me better than that. It's just that—"

"All."

"What?"

"Is Derwent still involved with the Overlook? Somehow?"

"I don't see how that can possibly be any concern of yours, Jack."

"No," he said distantly. "I suppose it isn't. Listen. Al. I think I hear Wendy calling me for something. I'll get back to you."

"Sure thing, Jacky-boy. We'll have a good talk. How are things? Dry?"

(YOU'VE GOT YOUR POUND OF FLESH BLOOD AND ALL NOW
CAN'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE?)

"As a bone."

Here too, I'm actually beginning to enjoy sobriety. If

"I'll get back, Al. Wendy—"

"Sure. Okay."

And so he had hung up and that was when the cramps had come, biting him like lightning bolts, making him curl up in front of the telephone like a patient, hands over his belly, head throbbing like a monstrous bladder.

The moving wasp, having stung, moves on . . .

It had passed a little when Wendy came upstairs and asked him who had been on the phone.

"Al," he said. "He called to ask how things were going. I said they were fine."

"Jack, you look terrible. Are you sick?"

The old man's back. I'm going to build it. No sense trying to write.

"Can I get you some warm milk?"

"I should like a cup of it if it would be nice."

As I knew he lay beside her seeing her wrists and keeping his against his own. Thinking of the conversation with Al, how he had grown cold & I made him hot and cold by turns. Someday there would be a reckoning. Someday there would be a book, "at the soft and thoughtful thing he had first considered, but a gem-hard work of research, plot & section and all, and he would pull apart the entire Overlook history, nasty incestuous whiners-in-leather and all. He would spread it all out for the reader like a dissected crayfish. And if Al Shockley had connections with the Derwen empire, then God help him.

String up like piano wire he was starting into the dark knowing it might be hours yet before he could sleep.

* * *

Wendy Tiffance lay on her back, eyes closed, listening to the sound of her husband's snoring. The long intake, the brief hold, the slight gurgural exhale. Where did he go when he slept she wondered. To some amusement park, a Great Barrington of dreams where all the riders were free and there was no wife mother along to tell them they'd run enough bindings or that they'd better be going if they wanted to get home by dark? Or was it some far-homespun bar where the drinking never stopped and the batwings were always propped open and all the old companions were gathered around the electronic hockey game glasses in hand. Al Shockley prominent among them with his tie loosened and the top button of his shirt undone? A place where both she and Danny were excluded and the hoogie went on endlessly?

Wendy was worried about him the old, helpless worry that she had hoped was behind her forever in Vermont, as if worry could somehow not cross state lines. She didn't like what the Overlook seemed to be doing to Jack and Danny.

The most frightening thing, vaporous and unmentioned, perhaps unmentionable, was that all of Jack's drinking symptoms had come back one by one... all but the drink itself. The constant wiping of the lips with hand or handkerchief, as if to rid them of

er as much as he. Long pauses at the typewriter, more fits of power in the white basket. There had been a bottle of beer on the desk. He had a night fit. As he had said before, he never goes to sleep. He had been chewing them again. He goes to work at 6 a.m. He would unconsciously start snapping his fingers or a hand at them when things got a bit too intense. Increased power. She had begun to worry about his temper, too. It would come as a relief if he would lose it. It would seem in much the same way that he went down to the basement first thing in the morning and last thing at night to dump the press in the boiler. It would be good to see him curse and kick a chair across the room or slam a door. But those things, always an integral part of his temperament, had almost wholly ceased. Yet she knew he was angry. Jack was more and more given to anger with her or Danny, but was refusing to let it out. The boxer had a pressure gauge of cracked clothed with grease, but still worked like Jack had none. She had never been able to read him very well. Danny could be. Danny wasn't talking.

And the call from Al. At about the same time it had come, Danny had lost all interest in the story they had been reading. He left her to sit by the fire and crossed to the main desk where Jack had once tracted a runway for his model airplane cars and trucks. The violent violet Volkswagen was there and Danny had begun to push it rapidly back and forth. Pretending to read her own book but actually looking at Danny over the top of it, she had seen an odd amalgam of the ways she and Jack expressed anger. The wringing of the lips. Running both hands nervously through his hair, as she had done while waiting for Jack to come home from his round of the bars. She couldn't believe Al had called just to ask how things were going. "If you wanted to shoot the bull, you called Al. When Al called you, that was business."

Later when she had come back down stairs, she had found Danny curled up by the fire again reading the second-grade-primer adventures of Joe and Rachel at the circus with their daddies in complete, absorbed attention. The fidgety distractiveness had completely disappeared. Watching him she had been struck again by the eerie certainty that Danny knew more and understood more than there was room for in Dr. ("Just call me B.I.") Edmonds's philosophy.

"Hey, time for bed, doc," she'd said

"Yes' okay." He marked a place in the book and stood up.
"Wash up and brush your teeth."

"Okay."

"Don't forget to use the floss."

I won't."

They stood side by side for a moment, watching the wax and wane of the coals of the fire. Most of the lobby was chilly and drafty, but this circle around the fireplace was magically warm and hard to leave.

"It was Uncle A. on the phone," she said casually.

"Oh yeah?" Totally unsurprised.

"I wonder if Uncle A. was mad at Daddy," she said, still casually.

"Yeah, he sure was," Danny said still watching the fire. "He didn't want Daddy to write the book."

"What book, Danny?"

"About the hotel."

The question framed on her lips was one she and Jack had asked Danny a thousand times. *How do you know that?* she hadn't asked him. She didn't want to upset him before bed, or make him aware that they were casually discussing his knowledge of things he had no way of knowing at all. And he *did* know she was convinced of that. Dr. Edmonds's patter about inductive reasoning and subconscious logic was just that: patter. Her sister

— how bad Danny knew she was thinking about Aileen in the waiting room that day? And

(I dreamed Daddy had an accident.)

She shook her head, as if to clear it. "Go wash up, doc."

"Okay." He ran up the stairs toward their quarters. Frowning, she had gone into the kitchen to warm Jack's milk in a saucepan.

And now lying wakeful in her bed and listening to her husband's breathing and the wind outside (miraculously they'd had only another flurry that afternoon, still no heavy snow) she let her mind turn fully to her lovely, troubling son, born with a caul over his face, a simple tissue of membrane that doctors saw perhaps once in every seven hundred births, a tissue that the old wives' tales said betokened the second sight.

She decided that it was time to talk to Danny about the Over-

lock and high time she tried to get Danny to talk to her. Tomorrow for sure. The two of them would be going down to the New Haven Public Library to see if they could get him some second-grade level books on an extended loan through the winter, and she would talk to him. And frankly, Muriel thought she felt a little easier, as she began to drift toward sleep.

* * *

Danny lay awake in his bedroom, eyes open, left arm encircling his aged and slightly worse-for-wear Pooh. Pooh had just one shoe-button eye and was oozing stuffing from half a dozen sprung seams, listening to his parents sleep in the bedroom. He felt as if he were standing guard over them. The nights were the worst of all. He hated the nights and the constant howl of the wind around the west side of the house.

His greater floated overcast from a string. On his bureau, the VW model, brought up from the roadway setup downstairs, glowed a dimly fluorescent purple. His books were in the bookcase, his coloring books on the desk. A place for everything and everything in its place. Muriel said. Then you know where it is when you want it. But now things had been misplaced. Things were missing. Worse still, things had been added. Things you couldn't quite see like in one of those pictures that said CAN YOU SEE THE INDIANS? And I you strained and squinted you'd see some of them. The thing you had taken for a cat was a big dog. He was really a brave with a knife clamped in his teeth and there were others hiding in the rocks, and you could even see one of them's merciless faces peering through the spikes of a broken wagon wheel. But you could never see all of them, and that was what made you uneasy. Because it was the ones you couldn't see that would sneak up behind you, a tomahawk in one hand or a scalping knife in the other.

He shifted again in his bed, his eyes searching at the comforting glow of the night light. There were worse here. He knew that much for sure. A lost they hadn't been so bad, but the bygone... his dad thought about it a lot more. Sometimes he was angry at Muriel and didn't know why. He went on and wiping his eyes with his handkerchief at his eyes were far away and cloudy. Muriel was worried about him and Danny. "He

John have to shine into her to know that it had been in the sun
in way she had questioned him on the day the fire hose had
seemed to turn into a snake. Mr. Hartranft said he thought all
others could share a little bit and she had known on that day
that something had happened. But not what.

He had almost told her but a couple of things had held him
back. He knew that the doctor in Sandwicks had dismissed Tony
but the things that Tony showed him as perfectly

(well) almost)

normal. His mother might not believe him if he told her about
the house. Worse she might believe him in the wrong way, might
think he was LOSING HIS MARBLES. He understood a little about
LOSING YOUR MARBLES, not as much as he did about GETTING A
BABY which his mommy had explained to him the year before at
some length, but enough.

Once at nursery school, Scott had pointed out a boy
named Robin Stengel who was swinging around the swings with a
face a most long enough to keep in. Robin's father taught at three-
to-a-Daddy's school, and Scott's daddy taught history there. Most
of the kids at the nursery schools were assigned either with Scott
or in Preppie with the small IBM plan just outside of town. The
rest kids he named in one group the IBM kids in another. There
were cross-friendships of course but it was natural enough for
the kids whose fathers knew each other to more or less stick together. When there was an adult scandal in the neighborhood
there was often to work the children in somewhat worried from
curiosity but rarely jumped to conclusions.

Today Scotty were sitting in the play room high when Scotty
tapped his thumb at Robin's back. You know that's it?

"Yeah," Danny said.

Scott leaned forward. "He did LOST his marbles last night.
They took him away."

"Not just losing some marbles?"

Scott took off his glasses. He went over to the window. Scott
closed his eyes. Slipped his fingers behind his head. He
sat there in large place, his hands around his ears. To work it up
THE BUGHOUSE."

"What?" Danny said. "When will they let him come back?"

"Never never never," Scotty said.

In the course of that day and the next, Danny heard that a) Mr. Stenger had tried to kill everybody in his family, including Robin, with his World War II souvenir pistol.

b) Mr. Stenger ripped the house to pieces while he was sick.

c) Mr. Stenger had been discovered eating a bowl of dead horse hair grass like they were cereal, and it had him crying when he did it.

d) Mr. Stenger had tried to strangle his wife with a stocking when the Red Sox lost a big ball game.

Fredly too troubled to keep it to himself, he had asked Dr. Jy about Mr. Stenger. His daddy had taken him on his lap and had explained that Mr. Stenger had been under a great deal of strain, some of it about his family and some about his job and some of it about things that nobody but doctors could understand. He had been having cramps, and three nights ago he had gotten cramps and couldn't stop it and had broken a lot of things in the Stenger home. It wasn't LOSING YOUR MARBLES, Daddy said, it was HAVING A BREAKDOWN and Mr. Stenger would be a BIGGEST SICKIE in a SAINTY TARI N. But despite Daddy's careful explanation, Dr. Jy was scared. There didn't seem to be any difference at all between LOSING YOUR MARBLES and HAVING A BREAKDOWN, and whether you called it a BIGGEST SICKIE or a SAINTY TARI N there were still bugs up the windows and they would get you out if you wanted to go. And as father gave innocently his informed answer of Scotty's phrases time and again one that ended Daddy with a vague and unformed dread. In the place where Mr. Stenger now lived, there were THE MEN IN THE WHITE COATS. They came to get you in a truck with no windows, a truck that was gravestone grey. I'm led up to the curb in front of your house and THE MEN IN THE WHITE COATS get out and took you away from your family and made you live in a room with Scotty. And I'd waited so much time I had to do it with Scotty.

When we they left me back I say "good-bye" or "Just as soon as he's better, doc."

"Is when will that be?" Danny asks quickly.

Dad. Jack said NO ONE KNOWS.

And that was the worst of all. I was stronger and I was no never never never. A month after Robin's mother took her life,

of a nursery school and they moved away from Spring to W. about Mr. Stenger.

That had been over a year ago after Daudy stopped taking the Red Stuff but before he had lost his mind. Danny still thought about it often. Some times when he fell down & bumped his head or had a headache he would begin to cry and the memory would flash over him accompanied by the fear that he would not be able to stop crying. Then he would just go on and on weeping and wailing until his daddy went to the phone & called and said "Hello. This is Jack Torrance at 149 Maplewood Way. My son here can't stop crying. Please send THE MEN IN THE WHITE COATS to take him to the SANITY PARLOR. That's right, he's lost his marbles." Thank you. And the gray truck with no windows would come rolling up to his door. They would load him in & ween him hysterically and take him away. When would he see his mom & daddy again? NO ONE KNOWS.

It was this fear that had kept him silent. A year older he was quite sure that his daddy and mommy wouldn't let him be taken away for thinking a fire hose was a snake. His rational mind was sure of that but still when he thought of telling them the old memories rose up like a stone filling his mouth and breaking words. It was so like Tony. Tony had always seemed perfectly normal but he had dreams, of course, and his parents had also seemed to accept Tony as a more or less normal phenomenon. Things like Tony came from being BRIGHT which they believed him to be. (the same way they assumed they were BRIGHT but a fire hose isn't either a snake or saying bologna and brains on the wall of the Pres. not. Sweet when no one else could choose names would not be normal). They had JEWEL over him once a regular doctor. Was it not reasonable to assume that THE MEN IN THE WHITE COATS might come next?

So I have only told you except he was the son of a fire chief they would want to take him away from his home. And he wanted desperately to get away from the Overlook. But he knew that was his last best chance that he was here at the Overlook to make things the care of the place. It was a hard work on his powers. Long however such is life. I like Mommy Wendy. And I don't say recently. I have seemed this way

things were happening. It was only lately that Daddy had begun to have trouble. Since he found those papers.

This inhuman place makes human monsters.)

What did that mean? He had prayed to God, but God hadn't told him. And what would Daddy do if he stopped working here? He had tried to find out from Daddy's mind and had become more and more convinced that Daddy didn't know. The strongest proof was come earlier this evening when Uncle A. had called his daddy up on the phone and said mean things and Daddy didn't dare say anything back because Uncle A. could fire him from his job just the way that Mr. Cromwell, the Stovington headmaster, and the Board of Directors had fired him from his school teaching job. And Daddy was scared to death of that. For him and Mommy as well as himself.

So he didn't dare say anything. He could only watch helplessly and hope that there was a reason why Indians at all or if there were that they would be content in war for a quiet game and let them in the free wagon train pass unopposed.

But he couldn't bear it no matter how hard he tried.

Things were worse at the Overlook now.

The snow was coming and when it did any other option he had would be strangled. And after the snow what? What, then, when they were cut off at the mercy of whoever might have only been toying with them before?

Come on, here and take your mean place.

What then? REDRUM

He shivered in his bed and turned over again. He could wait no longer. Tomorrow maybe it would try to get him. They would try to make Tony do it, an exactly who REDRUM was and if there was any way he could prevent it. He would risk being a murderer. He had to know.

Danny was still awake long after his parents' false sleep had become his reality. He rolled over, trying to shake a persistent sleep with a problem years long. It had broken in the late 80s using a semi-new pocket. And sometime after midnight, he sifted the sand and found that it was a rock, pressing it through his fingers, it seemed enough weight to break his hand.

IN THE TRUCK

I see a bad moon a-rising.
 I see trouble on the way
 I see earthquakes and lightnin'
 I see bad times today.
 Don't go 'round tonight,
 It's bound to take your life,
 There's a bad moon on the rise *

Sweeney had added a very old Buick car radio under the hotel truck's dashboard, and now tinny and choked with static, the distinctive sound of John Fogerty's Creedence Clearwater Revival band came out of the speaker. Wendy and Danny were on their way down to Sidewinder. The day was clear and bright. Danny was carrying Jack's orange library card over and over in his hands and seemed cheerful enough but Wendy thought he looked drawn and tired, as if he hadn't been sleeping enough and was giving off nervous energy alone.

The song ended and the disc jockey came on. "Ktab, this is Creedence. And speakin' of bad moon, it looks like it may be rain over the KMTX listening area before long, hard as it's gonna be with the beautiful spring-like weather we've enjoyed for the last couple three days. The KMTX Weather Forecaster says high pressure will give way by one o'clock this afternoon to a widespread low-pressure area which is just gonna gronk to a stop in our KMTX area, up where the air is rare. Temperatures will rapidly drop, and precip'll be on should start around dusk. Elevations under seven thousand feet, including the mid-to-Denver area, can expect a store of sleet and snow, perhaps freezing on some roads, and nothing is to win here yet. We're talkin' at one to three inches

* Bad Moon Rising by J. C. Fogerty 1969 Tompkins-McCarter Berkeley, California. Used by permission. All rights reserved. Without written copyright secured.

below seven thousand and possible accumulations of six to ten inches in Central Colorado and on the Slope. The Highway Advisory Board says that if you're planning to tour the mountains in your car this afternoon or tonight, you should remember that the chain law will be in effect. And don't go nowhere unless you have to. Remember," the announcer added lugubrially, "that's how the Donners got into trouble. They just weren't as close to the nearest Seven-Eleven as they thought."

A Clairol commercial came on, and Wendy reached down and snapped the radio off. "You mind?"

"Huh-huh. That's okay." He glanced out at the sky, which was bright blue. "Guess Daddy picked just the right day to trim those hedge animals, didn't he?"

"I guess he did," Wendy said.

Snow doesn't look much like snow, though," Danny added hopefully.

"Getting cold feet?" Wendy asked. She was still thinking about that crack the disc jockey had made about the Donner Party.

"Nah, I guess not."

We'll, she thought, this is the time. If you're going to bring it up, do it now or forever hold your peace.

"Danny," she said, making her voice as casual as possible, "would you be happier if we were away from the Overlook? If we didn't stay the winter?"

Danny looked down at his hands. "I guess so," he said. "Yeah. But it's Daddy's job."

"Some mes," she said carefully. I got the idea that Dudley might be happier away from the factory, or?" They passed a sign which read SWIFTER WINDS AND then she took the truck cautiously around a hairpin and shifted up a second. She took no chances on these downgrades, they could hurt you.

"Do you really think so?" Danny asked. He looked up the window in crest of a moment and blushed a bit. "No, I don't think so."

"Why not?"

"Because he's worried about us," Danny said, taking just his words carefully. It was hard to explain to a girl and so far out of himself. He found himself barking back to a comment he'd made to Mr. Horning about the big kid lock my old department store

TV sets and wanting to steal one. That had been distressing, but at least it had been clear what was going on, even to Danny, then little more than an infant. But grownups were always in a dilemma every possible action muddled over by thoughts of the consequences, by self-doubt, by self-pity, by feelings of love and responsibility. Every possible choice seemed to have drawbacks, and sometimes he didn't understand why the drawbacks were drawbacks. It was very hard.

"He thinks . . ." Danny began again, and then looked at his mother quickly. She was watching the road, not looking at him, and he felt he could go on.

"He thinks maybe we'll be lonely. And then he thinks that he uses it here and it's a good place for us. He loves us and doesn't want us to be lonely . . . or sad . . . but he thinks even if we are, it might be okay in the longrun. Do you know longrun?"

She nodded. "Yes, dear. I do."

"He's worried that if we left he couldn't get another job. That we'd have to beg, or something."

"Is that all?"

"No, but the rest is all mixed up. Because he's different now."

"Yes," she said, almost sighing. The grade eased a little and she shifted cautiously back to third gear.

"I'm not making his up. Mommy Hones to God."

I know that, she said, and stopped. "Did Tony tell you?"

"No," he said. I just know that doctor didn't believe in Tony, did he?"

"Never mind that doctor," she said. I believe in Tony. I don't know what he is or who he is, if he's a part of you that's special or if he comes from somewhere outside, but I do believe in him, Danny. And if you . . . he . . . think we should go, we will. The two of us will go and he take her with Daddy again in the spring."

He looked at her with sharp hope. "Where? A month?"

"How we can't afford a month. I would have to be at my mother's."

The hope in Danny's voice died out. I know, he said and stopped.

"What?"

"Nothing," he muttered.

"She's been back to see me as the pride returned again. No, I'd please don't say that. This talk is something we should have two weeks ago, I think. So please. What's it you know? I won't lie now. I can't be mad because this is too important. It's a struggle to me."

"I know how you feel about her," Danny said, and sighed.

"How do I feel?"

"Bad." Danny said, and then rhyming, singsong, frightening her. "Bad Sad Mad I am 'cause she wasn't your mommy at all. Like she wanted to eat you." He looked at her, frightened. "And I don't like it there. She's always thinking about how she would be better for me than you. And how she could get me away from you. Mommy I don't want to go there. I'd rather be in the Overlook than there."

Wendy was shaken. Was it that bad between her and her man her? God, what hell for the boy it is and he could really read them throughs for each other. She suddenly felt more naked than naked, as if she had been caught in an obscene act.

"All right," she said. "All right, Danny."

"You're mad at me," he said in a small near-in-ears voice.

"No, I'm not. Really I'm not. I'm just sort of shook up." They were passing a SIDEWINDER 15 MI. sign and Wendy relaxed a little. From here on in the road was better.

"I want to ask you one more question, Danny. I want you to answer it as truthful as you can. Will you do that?"

"Yes, Mommy," he said, almost whispering.

"Has your daddy been drinking again?"

No," he said, and smothered the two words that rose behind his lips after that simple question. *Not yet.*

Wendy relaxed a little more. She put a hand on Danny's jeans-clad leg and squeezed it. "Your daddy has tried very hard," she said softly. "Because he loves us. And we love him didn't we?"

He nodded gravely.

Speaking almost to herself she went on. "He's not a perfect man but he has tried. Danny, he's tried so hard! When he stopped... he went through a kind of hell. He's still going through it. I think if it hadn't been for us, he would have just let go. I want to do what's right. And I don't know. Should we go? Stay? It's like a choice between the fat and the fire."

"I know."

"Would you do something for me, doc?"

"What?"

"Try to make Terry come. Right now. Ask him if we're safe at the Overlook."

"I already tried," Danny said slowly. "This morning."

"What happened?" Wendy asked. "What did he say?"

"He didn't come," Danny said. "Terry didn't come." And he suddenly burst into tears.

"Danny, she said, a mused. Honey, don't do that. Please..." The truck swerved across the double yellow line and she pulled it back, scared.

"Don't take me to Gramma's," Danny said through his tears. "Please Mommy, I don't want to go there, I want to stay with Daddy—"

"All right," she said softly. "All right, that's what we'll do." She took a Kleenex out of the pocket of her Western-style skirt and handed it to him. "We'll stay. And everything will be fine. Just fine."

23

IN THE PLAYGROUND

Jack came out onto the porch, tugging the tab of his zipper up under his chin, blinking into the bright air. In his left hand he was holding a battery-powered hedge-clipper. He tugged a fresh handkerchief out of his back pocket with his right hand, swiped his lips with it, and tucked it away. Snow, they had said on the radio. It was hard to believe, even though he could see the clouds building up on the far horizon.

He started down the path to the topiary switching the hedge-clipper over to the other hand. It wouldn't be a long job he thought, a little touch-up would do it. The cold nights had surely stunted their growth. The rabbit's ears looked a little fuzzy, and two of the dog's legs had grown fuzzy green bonespurs, but the

He left the bushes for his fox. It was a cold day, though, so he took a short cut through the snow.

The concrete path ended as abruptly as a diving board. It's time, it said, and walked past the drained pool, across the gravelly wash, and through the hedge scuppers, out into the playground. He walked over to the rabbit, and pushed the hedge clippers along the buncle of the clippers. It hummed into quiet.

"Hi Brer Rabbit," Jack said. "How are you today? Are you all right? Come up and get some of the extra off your ears? Fine. Sure, did you hear he come about? He's running so certain and the sun looks like a pet poodle?"

It's very sound unnatural and stupid in his ears, and he stopped. It occurred to him that he didn't care much for these little animals. It had always seemed slightly perverted to him to clip and torture a plain old hedge or something that it wasn't. Along one of the highways in Vermont there had been a huge billboard on a high slope overlooking the road, advertising some kind of ice cream. Making no one peddle ice cream, this was all wrong. It was grotesque.

(*On a recent furlough in private practice, Torrance*)

Ah, that was true. So true. He clipped along the rabbit's ears, bringing a small cluster of sticks and twigs off or on the grass. The hedge-clipper hummed in that low and rather dismally mechanical way that all battery-powered appliances seem to have. The sun was brilliant but it had no warmth on snow. It wasn't so hard to believe that snow was coming.

Working quickly, knowing the need to stop and think when you were at this kind of a task usually meant making a mistake. Jack touched up the rabbit's "face" up this close I didn't look like a face at all, but he knew that at a distance of twenty paces or so light and shadow would seem to suggest one that, and the viewer's imagination) and then zipped the clippers along its belly.

That done, he shut the clippers off, walked away toward the playground, and then turned back abruptly to get it all off once the entire rabbit. Yes, it looked all right. Well, he would do the dog next.

"But if it was my hotel," he said. "I'd cut the whole damn bunch of you down." He would, too. Just cut them down and resod the lawn where they'd been and put in half a dozen small

you. It's the same old story. People will think it's up to the Overlook's down in the summer sun. Sure you fizzes and margaritas and pink robes and all those sweet things like it. A rum and Coke, maybe. Jack took his handkerchief out of his back pocket and slowly rubbed his lips with it.

Come on come on, he said softly. That was nothing but him thinking about.

He was going to start back and then some impulse made him change his mind and he went down to the play yard instead. It was funny how you never knew this, he thought. He and Wendy had expected Danny would love the playground. It had everything a kid could want. But Jack didn't think the boy had been down there even once, if that. He supposed if there had been a children's party with it would have been different.

The gate squeaked slightly as he let himself in and the cold was cracked gravel crunching under his feet. He went first to the playhouse, the perfect square made of the Overlook's best. It came up to his lower thigh, just above Danny's height when he was sitting up. Jack bent red down and looked in the shattered windows.

The glass has come to eat you all up in your beds, he said blearily. Kiss your Topic A rating goodbye. But that wasn't funny, either. You could open the house simply by pulling it apart.

It opened on a hidden hinge. The inside was a complete mess. The walls were painted but the place was mostly hollow. Of course it would have to be held himself or how else could the kids get inside? What play furniture might go with the place in the summer was gone, probably picked away in the equipment shed. He closed it up and heard the small click as the latch closed.

He walked over to the side set the huge copper down and cast a glance back at the driveway to make sure Wendy and Danny hadn't come back. He climbed to the top and sat down. This was the boy's slide but the fit was still too mismatched tight for his grownup size. He'd long hair now since he had been on a slide twenty years? I don't remember how old he would be that long. He didn't feel that long but it had to be that or more. He could remember his dad man talk going to the park in Berlin when he had been Danny's age and he had done the whole big slide swings teeter totters everything. He and the man would have

a holding watch and boy points from the man with the cart of forward. It is a wood station bench, and here and there a few pigeons would flock around her feet.

"Good am I, venger birds," his dame will say, "don't you find them, Jacky?" But they would both end up eating them, laughing at the way they ran after the nuns, the precious way. They ran after the nuns. Jack didn't think he old man had ever taken his brothers to the park. Jack had been his favorite, and even so Jack had taken his lumps when the old man was drunk. He was a lot of the time. But Jack had loved him fast as long as he was alive, long after the rest of the family could only hate and fear him.

He pushed off with his hands and went to the horizon, the trip was unsatisfying. The side unused had too much retard and no real pleasant speed could be built up. And this bus was just too big. His adult feet thumped onto the slight dip where thousands of children's feet had landed before him. He stood up, brushed at the seat of his pants, and looked at the hedge-climber. But instead of going back to it he went to the swings, which were all laid appointment. The chains had built up rust since the close of the season and they squeaked like things in pain. Jack preferred himself the world over them in the spring.

You better stop it, he advised himself. You're not a kid anymore. You don't need his place to prove it.

But he went on to the cement rings. They were smooth for him and he passed them up—and then to the security fence which marked the edge of the ground. He curled his fingers through the links and looked through the sun crosshatching shadow-holes his face like a man behind bars. He recognized the same pretty blouse and he shook the chain link, put a harried expression on his face and whispered. "Lemme outta here. Lemme outta here!" But for the third time, not funny. It was time to go back to work.

That was when he heard the sound behind him.

He turned around quickly frowning embarrassed, wondering if someone had seen him fooling around down here in this country. His eyes ticked off the slides, the opposing angles of the seesaws, the swings in which only the wind sat. Beyond all that to the gate and the low fence that divided the playground from the lawn and the topiary—the birds gathered protectively around the

path the rabbit bent over as if to crop grass, the buffalo ready to charge, the crouching dog. Beyond them, he putting green and the hotel itself. From here he could even see the raised up of the mosque court on the Overlook's western side.

Everything was just as it had been. So why had the flesh of his face and hands begun to creep, and why had the hair along the back of his neck begun to stand up, as if the flesh back there had suddenly tightened?

He squinted up at the hotel again, but that was no answer. It simply stood there, its windows dark, a tiny thread of smoke curling from the chimney, coming from the banked fire in the lobby.

(Buster you better get going or they're going to come back and wonder if you were doing anything all the while.)

Sure, get going. Because the snow was coming and he had to get the damn hedges trimmed. It was part of the agreement. Besides, they wouldn't dare—

(Who wouldn't? What wouldn't? Dare do what?)

He began to walk back toward the hedge-clipper at the foot of the big kids' slide, and the sound of his feet crunching on the crushed stone seemed abnormal, loud. Now the flesh on his testicles had begun to creep too, and his buttocks felt hard and heavy, like stone.

(Jesus, what is this?)

He stopped by the hedge-clipper but made no move to pick it up. Yes, there was something different. In the top ary. And it was so simple, so easy to see that he just wasn't picking it up. Come on, he scolded himself you just trimmed the fucking rabbit, so what's the

(that's it)

His breath stopped in his throat.

The rabbit was down on all fours, cropping grass. Its belly was against the ground. But not ten minutes ago it had been up on its hind legs, of course it had been, he had trimmed its ears . . . and its belly.

His eyes darted to the dog. When he had come down the path it had been sitting up, as if begging for a sweet. Now it was crouched, head nled, the capped wedge of mouth seeming to snarl silently. And the lions—

(oh no, baby, oh no, ah-uh, no way)

The sons were closer to the path. The two on his right had subtly changed positions, had drawn closer together. The one of the one on the left now almost jutted out over the path. When he had come past them and through the gate, that son had been on the right and he was quite sure it had been curved around it.

They were no longer protecting the path; they were blocking it.

Jack put his hand suddenly over his eyes and then took it away. The picture did not change. A soft sigh, too quiet for a groan, escaped him. In his drinking days he had always been afraid of something like this happening. But when you were a heavy drinker you called it the DTs—good old Ray M. and the *Dr. Weekend* seeing the bugs coming out of the windows.

What did you call it when you were cold sober?

The question was meant to be rhetorical, but he still answered it.

(you call it insanity)

nevertheless.

Staring at the hedge a male he realized something he had changed while he had his hand over his eyes. The dog had moved closer. No longer crouching, it seemed to be in a running posture, haunches flexed, one front leg forward, the other back. The hedge mouth yawned wider, the pruned sucks looked sharp and vicious. And now he fancied he could see faint eye indentations in the greenery as well. Looking again,

Why do they have to be trimmings? he thought hysterically. *They're perfect.*

Another soft sound. He involuntarily backed up a step when he looked at the lions. One of the two on the right seemed to have drawn slightly ahead of the other. Its head was lowered. One paw had stolen almost all the way to the low fence. Dear God, what next?

(next it leaps over and gobblies you up like something in an evil nursery fable)

It was like that game they had played when they were kids, red light. One person was "it," and while he turned his back and counted to ten, the other players crept forward. When "it" got to ten, he whirled around and if he caught anyone moving, they were out of the game. The others remained frozen in static postures.

and turned his back and crawled again. Then got closer and closer and at last, somewhere between five and ten yards away he felt a hand on your back . . .

Gravel rattled on the path

He jerked his head around to look at the dog and it was halfway down the pathway just behind. He was now as much wide and yawning. Before it had only been a hedge clipp'd in the general shape of a dog something that lost all definition when you go up close to it. But now Jack could see that it had been clipp'd to look like a German shepherd and shepherds could be mean. You could train shepherds to kill.

A low rustling sound.

The on on the left had advanced all the way to the fence now, its muzzle was touching the hedges. It seemed to be gnawing at them. Jack backed up another two steps. His head was thudding crazy and he could feel the dry rasp of his breath in his throat. Now the buffalo had moved, crouching to the right, behind and around the rabbit. The head was lowered, the green hedge horns pointing at him. The tail was, you couldn't watch all of them. Not all at once.

He began to make a whining sound, unaware in his locked concentration that he was making any sound at all. His eyes darted from one hedge creature to the next, trying to see them move. The wind gusted, making a hungry rattling sound in the close-matted branches. What kind of sound would there be if they got him? But of course he knew. A snapping, rending breaking sound. It would be—

(no no NO NO I WILL NOT BELIEVE THIS NOT AT ALL!)

He clapped his hands over his eyes, clutching at his hair, his forehead, his throbbing temples. And he stood like that for a long time, dread building until he could stand it no longer and he pulled his hands away with a cry.

By the putting green the dog was sitting up as if begging for a scrap. The buffalo was gazing with disinterest back toward the roque court, as it had been when Jack had come down with the clippers. The rabbit stood on its hind legs, ears up to catch the faintest sound, freshly clipp'd body exposed. The hounds, rooted to place, stood beside the path.

He stood frozen for a long time, the harsh breath in his throat finally slowing. He reached for his cigarettes and shook four of them out onto the gravel. He stooped down and picked them up, groped for them, never taking his eyes from the topiary for fear the animals would begin to move again. He picked them up, stuffed three carelessly back into the pack, and lit the fourth. After two deep drags he dropped it and crushed it out. He went to the hedge-trimmer and picked it up.

"I'm very tired," he said, and now it seemed okay to talk out loud. I didn't seem crazy at all. I've been under a strain. The wasps...the play...A calling me like that. But it's all right."

He began to rudge back up to the house. Part of his mind tugged fretfully at him, tried to make him detour around the hedge animals, but he went directly up the gravel path, through them. A faint breeze railed through them, that was all. He had imagined the whole thing. He had had a bad scare but it was over now.

In the Overlock's kitchen he paused to take two Excedrin and then went down stairs and looked at papers until he heard the car sound of the house truck racing into the driveway. He went up to greet them. He felt all right. He saw no need to mention his hallucination. He'd had a bad scare but it was over now.

24

SNOW

It was dusk.

They stood on the porch in the failing light, Jack in the middle, his left arm around Danny's shoulders and his right arm around Wendy's waist. Together they watched as the decimated W's skinned out of the r hands.

The sky had been completely clouded over by two thirty and it had begun to snow an hour later, and this time you didn't need a weatherman to tell you it was serious snow, no flurries but was going to stick or blow away when the evening wind started to whoop. At first it had fallen in perfectly straight lines, outlining up

a snowcover that coated everything evenly. but now, an hour after I had started, the wind had begun to blow from the northwest and the snow had begun to drift against the porch and the sides of the Overlook's driveway. Beyond the grounds the highway had disappeared under an even blanket of white. The hedge animals were also gone, but when Wendy and Danny had gotten home, she had commended him on the good job he had done. Do you think so? he had asked, and said no more. Now the hedges were buried under amorphous white cloaks.

Curiously all of them were thinking different thoughts but feeling the same emotion relief. The bridge had been crossed.

"What ever be spring?" Wendy murmured.

Jack squeezed her tighter. Before you know it. What do you say we go in and have some supper? It's cold out here."

She smiled. At afternoon Jack had seemed distant and weird. Now he sounded more like his normal self. Fuck by me. How about you, Danny?"

"Sure."

So they went in together leaving the wind to bellow to the low-pitched scream that would go on all night a sound they would get to know well. Flakes of snow swirled and danced across the porch. The Overlook raced on as it had for nearly three quarters of a century. Its darkened windows now obscured with snow, indifferent to the fact that it was now cut off from the world. Or possibly it was pleased with the prospect. Inside its shell the three of them were about, here early evening now, like microbes trapped in the pickle of a mosquito.

A week and a half later, two feet of snow lay white and crisp and even on the grounds of the Overlook Hotel. The hedge menagerie was buried up to its branches in soft, frozen on shanty eggs seemed to be missing from a white pool. Some of the drifts were

over five feet deep. The wind was constantly changing direction sculpting them into sinuous, dune-like shapes. Twice Jack had to withdraw clumsily around to the equipment shed for his shovel. To clear the porch, the third time he shrugged, simply cleared a path through the towering drift lying against the door, and let Danny amuse himself by shoveling to the right and left of the path. The truck became drifts again, the Overlook's west side, some of them towered to a height of twenty feet, and beyond them the ground was scoured bare to the grass by the constant wind. The first floor windows were covered and the view from the dining room which Jack had so admiringly created one evening day was now no more exciting than a view of a blank movie screen. Their phone had been out for the last eight days, and the CB radio in the man's office was now their only communications link with the outside world.

I am wed every day now, sometimes only by Butters. I powdered the glittering snow crust, sometimes I read the low whistle of the wind crackling up to a whinny, a shriek that made the cold bone rock and groan aching even in its deep crust of snow. Night temperatures had not gotten above 1°, and although the thermometer by the kitchen service entrance sometimes got as high as 25° in the early afternoons, the steady knife edge of the wind made it uncomfortable to go out without a ski mask. But they all did go out on the days when the sun shone brightly wearing two sets of clothing and mittens on over their gloves. Getting out was a most a cumbersome thing; the hole was circled with the double track of Danny's Flexible Flyer. The permutations were nearly endless. Danny running while his parents pulled. David running and laughing while Wendy and Danny tried to pull. It was impossible for them to pull him on the icy crust, and it was impossible when powder covered it. Danny and Mommie trying. Wendy riding by herself while her momma pedaled and pedaled white vapor like strawberries, pretending she was heavier than the world. Theyoughed a great deal, but seemed exuberant and full of life because the whining and impersonal voice of the wind's shrill bark and the howls sincere, made the laughter seem tiny and forced.

They had seen carbird tracks in the snow and once the children themselves, a group of five, standing motionless below the snowy fence. They had all taken turns with Jack's Zeppelin and had

lure to see how better and looking at them had given Wendy a weird, unreal feeling they were so ankle-deep in the snow that covered the highway and it came to her that between now and the spring thaw the road belonged more to the caribou than it did to her. Now the things that ever had made up her life were neutralized. The caribou understood that she believed. She had put the binoculars down and had said something about starting back and in the kitchen she had cried a mile, trying to rid herself of the awful pen-ups feeling that sometimes fell on her like a large preening fawn over her heart. She brought off the caribou. She thought of the wasps Jack had put out on the service entrance platform, under the Pyrex bowl, to freeze.

There were plenty of snowshoes hung from nails in the equipment shed and Jack found a pair to fit each of them, although Danny's pair was quite a bit too sized. Jack did well with them. Although he had no snowshoes since his boyhood in Berlin, New Hampshire, he retaught himself quickly. Wendy didn't care much for it—even fifteen minutes of tramping around on the crushed mud puddles made her legs and ankles ache outrageously—but Danny was intrigued and working hard to pick up the knack. He suffered often but Jack was pleased with his progress. He said that by February Danny would be skipping circles around both of them.

* * *

This day was overcast and by noon the sky had already begun to spit snow. The radio was promising another eight to twelve inches and changing busineses to precipitation that great god of Colorado skies. Wendy, sitting in the bedroom and knitting a scarf thought to herself that she knew exactly what the skiers could do with all the snow. She knew exactly where they could put it.

Jack was in the cel at 11 and gone down to check the furnace and the fire. Such checks had become a ritual with him since he knew he could depend on it—and after so sifting himself that everything was prime well he had wandered through the arch, screwed the light bulb on, and had seated himself in an old and obviously camp chair he had found. He was leafing through the old records and papers, a stamp swiping his mouth with his napkin as

he did so. Confinement had leached his skin of its autumn tan and as he sat hunched over the yellowed, crackling sheets, his reddish-brown hair tumbling untidily over his forehead, he looked slightly lunatic. He had found some odd papers tucked in among the documents, bills of lading, receipts. Disquieting things. A bloody strip of sheeting. A dismembered teddy bear that seemed to have been slashed to pieces. A crumpled sheet of violet jades stationery, a glass of perfume still clinging to it beneath the mask of age. A note begun and left unfinished. It said blue ink. "Dear Sir Tomor. I can't think you need up here as I'd hoped, about us. I mean, of course, who else?" Ita. Ita. Things keep getting in the way. I've had a strange dream about things going bump in the night. Can you believe that and That was all. The note was dated June 27, 1934. He found a hand puppet that seemed to be either a witch or a warlock something with long teeth and a pointy hat at any rate. It had been improbably tucked between a bundle of natural gas receipts and a bundle of receipts for Vichy water. And something that seemed to be a poem, scrawled on the back of a menu in dark pencil. "Medoc are you here? I've been sleep-walking again, my dear. The plants are moving under the rug. No date on the menu, and no name on the poem. If it was a poem. Elusive but fascinating. It seemed to him that these things were like pieces in a jigsaw that would eventually fit together to be a grand firm the right linking pieces. And so he kept looking, jumping and ringing his keys every time the fur-trace roared into view behind him.

* * *

Darby was standing outside room 27 again.

The passkey was in his pocket. He was staring at the door with a kind of dazed avuncular and his upper body seamed in wrinkles and creases beneath his flannel shirt. He was burbling softly and tunelessly.

He had wanted to come here again after the firehouse. He was scared to come here. He was scared that he had taken the passkey again, disobeying his father.

He had wanted to come here. Completely.

He lied he came sometimes he brought him back.

was like a constant Earthquake in his brain, a kind of niggle in

song. "It was I not be appeased. And he at Mr. H. Harrap said,
"I don't think there's anything here that can hurt you."

(You promised.)

(Promises were made to be broken.)

He jumped at that. It was as if that thought had got me from outside insectile buzzing softly caressing.

(Promises were made to be broken my dear redrum, to be broken splintered shattered hammered apart FORE.)

His nervous humming broke into a song when I sang "Lou, Lou, skip to m' Lou, skip to m' Lou my Lazarus."

Hadn't Mr. Harrap been right? Hadn't he been in the end, to be sure why he had kept silent and allowed the snow to close them in?

Just come never ever other after he gone

What he had seen in the President. Sweet had gone away and the snake had only been a fire hose. But had taken me the way. Yes, even the blood in the President. Sweet had been harmless, strike being old, something that had happened long before he was born or even thought of, something that was a no with like a movie that only he could see. There was nothing really nothing in this hole that could hurt him and if he had to prove that to himself by going into this room, shouldn't he do so?

"Lou, Lou, skip to m' Lou . . . ?"

(Came quickly the country deer redrum redrum redrum and so, more it brought him back safe and sound from his as to prevent from head to ground he was set on fire am He knew these things)

Care like scared picture the old chair you had of my and

what the teeth you had of grinning man's that a wolf in a (BLEEBARD Statute a BLEEBARD in a wolf skin and men)

I had not asked him cause our stay kind of late and i was the (Husk of satisfaction that brought him)

up the hair, treading softly over the blue and twining single carpet. He had stopped by the fire's extinguisher but I put the brass trivet back in the frame, and then had picked it repeatedly with his finger, heart thumping, whispering. Come on and hurt me. Come on and hurt me you cheap prick. Can't do it can we? Huh? You're nothing but a cheap fire hose if it doesn't hit me before I come on. Come on. He had sat impaling with cravado,

And nothing had happened. It was only a hose after all, only canvas and brass you could hack it to pieces and it would never complain, never twist and jerk and bleed green all over the blue carpet, because it was only a hose, not a rose and not a rose, not glass buttons or satin bows, not a snake in a sleepy daze . . . and he had burned on, had burned on because he was

("late, I'm late," said the white rabbit.)

the white rabbit Yes. Now there was a white rabbit out by the playground, once it had been green but now it was white, as if something had shocked it repeatedly on the snowy windy nights and turned it old . . .

Danny took the passkey from his pocket and slid it into the lock.

"Lou, Lou . . ."

(*the white rabbit had been on its way to a croquet party to the Red Queen's croquet party storks for maids hedgehogs for balls*)

He touched the key let his fingers wander over it. His head felt dry and sick. He turned the key and the cumbrous clumped back smoothly.

(*OFF WITH HIS HEAD! OFF WITH HIS HEAD! OFF WITH HIS HEAD!*)

this game isn't croquet though the mallets are too short this game is)

(*HACK BOOM! Straight through the wicket!*)

OFF WITH HIS HEEEEEAAAAAAAD—,

Danny pushed the door open. It swung smoothly, without a creak. He was standing just outside a large combination bed-sitting room, and although he knew he'd not reached up this far the highest of his were still a foot below the second-floor windows—the room was dark because Daddy had closed all the shutters on the western exposure two weeks ago.

He stood in the doorway, fumbled to his right, and found the switch plate. Two knobs on an overhead cut-glass fixture came on. Danny stepped further in and kicked a rug. The rug was cool and soft, a quiet rose color. Soothing. A sofa bed with a white coverlet. A writing desk.

(*Please tell me Why you run like a writing desk?*)

by the large sheltered window. During the season the Constant Writer

(Having a wonderful time, although you were fear)

With I have a pretty view of the mountains to look back to the folks back home.

He stepped farther in. Nothing here nothing at all. Only an empty room or a bureau. Daddy was heating the east wing today. A bureau. A closet. Its silent, yet to reveal a clutch of hotel hangers, the kind you can't steal. A Cide in Bible on an end-table. To his left was the bathroom door, a full-length mirror on it reflecting his own white-faced image. That door was shut and.

He watched his white hand move.

Yes, this where I was, who ever I was. In there. In the bathroom. His hand. He walked forward, as if to escape the glass. I put my hand out, pressed it against his own. Then I let it away at an angle as the bathroom door was ajar open. He backed up.

A long form on fish-like like a Pullman car. They white hexagonal tiles on the floor. At the far end a bathtub with the lid up. At the right a washbasin and another on top above it. The kind that holds a medicine cabinet. To the left a huge white claw foot tub set in a tall marble pedestal. Danny stepped into the bathroom and walked toward the tub dreamily as I prodded him from outside him, as if this whole thing were one of the dreams Tony had brought him that he would perhaps see something nice when he pulled the wet, soapy back, something Dicky had forgotten. Mommy, how is something happening here, it make them both happy—

So he pulled up the wet, soapy back.

The woman in the tub had been dead for a long time. She was blue and purple, her profile being now a fine crystal, submerged water like some fishy land. Her eyes were fixed on Danny's glassy and huge like marbles. She was gripping her pink lips pulled back in a grimace. Her breasts leaked. Her purple hair floated. Her hands were frozen on the knobs protrusions of the tub like crab claws.

Danny shrieked. But he could never expand his lips enough to call and inward, fell down on his knees like a stone, a well. He took a single, unfeeling step backward, closing his hands on the white hexagonal tiles, and at the same moment his arms burst spilling off in every which way.

The woman was sitting up.

She grinning, her huge blue eyes fixed on him, and was strong again. Her dense palms drove away the falling leaves at the porch door. Her breasts swayed like ancient cracked ricketing bags. There was the minute sound of breaking webbed ribs. She was no longer young. She was a corpse, and dead long years.

Dinny turned and ran. Boring through the bathroom door his eyes staring from their socket - as flat on end like the back of a hedgehog about to be torned in a saw blade.

(croquet? or roque?)

but his hand by open and sounded. He ran full into the outside winter of 24°, which was now closed. He began hammering on the barbed wire, thinking that it was knocked and he had only to turn the knob to let horses out. His murchie pealed north down among streams he were beyond human authority range. He could only hammer at the knot and hear a dead woman crying for him to board her dry hair unstretched banner something that had wings in that abhor perhaps years embossed there a maggot

[The user would not open, would not would not - would not]

And then the voice of Dick Hiller came to him, so sudden and unexpected, so clear, that his locked eyes opened and he began to cry weakly—not with fear but with blessed relief.

I don't think they can hurt you — they're like problems in a park — it's all over and he's all gone.)

His eye was snapped down. His hands were clasped. His head was bowed. His shoulders hunched with the effort of his concentration.

Nothing there nothing there not here at all **NOTHING**
THERE THERE IS NOTHING

Time passed. And he was just beginning to relax, just beginning to realize that the door must be unlocked and he could go when the years-damp, hina co, fish-smelling bonus closed slowly around his throat and he was turned rapidly around to face in the dead and purple face.

PART FOUR

Snowbound

DREAMLAND

In the middle of sleepy Tuesday even Barbara would have made her sleepy and wasn't Barbara at the office phoning off? It was Bach. His bath's grow slower and slower and at the other end was Dax. By the acquaintance of Room 2, a long term resident. Wendy was asleep with her head propped up. The young woman needed no more in the show time of her bedding. Her sleep was deep and she did not dream.

* * *

Jack Torrance had fallen asleep on his jeep which was grey and because, populated by dreams that seemed to him to be mere dreams—they were certainly more vivid than any dreams he had ever had before.

His eyes had begun to feel heavy as he leafed through packets of files he'd gathered to a patchy scattering of tens of thousands all together. Yet he gave each one a cursory glance as if by not being thorough he'd miss exactly the piece of Overlook that he needed to make the most contact with that was sure to be here somewhere. He felt like a man with a power cord in one hand groping around a dark and unfamiliar room for a socket. If he could find it he would be rewarded with a view of wonders.

He had come to grips with A. Shockley's phone call and his request, his strange experience in the playground had beened him to do that. That had been too damned close to some kind of breakdown, and he was convinced that it was his mind in revolt against A's high-god-like demand request that he chuck his onok project. It had maybe been a sign that his own sense of self-respect could only be pushed so far before losing entirely. He would write the book. If it meant the end of his association with A. Shockley, that would have to be. He would write the hotel's biography, write it straight from the shoulder, and the introduction would be his declaration that the topiary animals had

much the title would be not good but workable. Sonja
 10-17. Sonja the Overlook Hotel Strach from her husband
 was to be written up but not by written words or any effort to
 get back at Al or Sonja. Uncle George Huddles or his father
 a terrible living duck that he had been of anyone else for
 the master. He would write it because he Over look how en-
 couraged him and any other explanation he so simple or so
 true. He would write it for the reason he ~~wrote~~ that all great litera-
 ture ~~is~~ in and nothing was written truth comes out in the
 end. I always come out. He would write it because he felt he had
 to.

~~Five hundred quarts white milk. One hundred quarts orange juice. Pd
 It's a fact! One hundred pds orange juice. Pd~~

He stopped down at her in his chair still holding account of the
 receipts but his eyes never looking at what was printed there.
 They had come unfixed. His eyes were slow and heavy. He
 never had slipped from the Over look to his father who had been a
 male nurse at the Berlin Community Hospital. Big man. A big
 man who had towered to six feet two inches, he had been taller
 than Jack even when Jack got his full growth of six feet even though
 the old man had still been around then. Runt of the lot "he
 would say and then cuff Jack top up and laugh. There had
 been two other brothers, both taller than their father and Becks
 who at five ten had only been two inches shorter than Jack and
 taller than he was most of their childhood.

His relationship with his father had been like the unfolding of
 some flower of beautiful potential which, when wholly opened
 turned out to be blighted inside. Until he had been seven he had
 seen the tall big bearded man unceasingly and strongly despite of
 his shortcomings, the black and blues, the occasional black eye.

He could remember very summer nights the house quietest brother Brett out with his girl middle brother Mike watch-
 ing something Becks and their mother in the living room
 watching something on the balky old TV and he would sit in the
 tall dressed in a pajama singlet and nothing else on end always play-
 ing with his trucks actually waiting for the moment when the sil-
 ence would be broken by the door swinging open with a large
 bang, the hollow of his father's voice me when he saw Jacky was
 waiting his own happy squeal in answer as this big man came
 down the hall his pink scalp glowing beneath his crewcut in the

gown with the black bow. It looked like some soft and shiny oversized gauze. The horizontal stripes he short and thick, the same rich navy, the pinstripes going down over the black shoes.

His father would sweep him into his arms and Jacky would be
so + determinedly opinionate that I seemed he could feel an
pressure settling against his neck like a compacted out of lead up
against both of them crying "Excuse! Excuse!" and there would
be nights when his father in his drunkenness had run + gripped
the sword at him + bunched him tight enough and Jacky
had gone numb over his fathers life-sapped heart like a human pi-
cture + crashed down he had been held by his dad. But in other
nights his father would may sweep him into a giggling ecstasy
through the zone of air where heat hung around his fathers face
like a nest of roundness. He twisted and turned and shaken in
a lunging rig and ready to be set down on his feet his cupping
with reaction.

The recipient's slope from his relative bend and seesawed down through the air to land in a crouch on the floor like kids which he scolded shut with his father's image balanced on their backs like stereotypical images. opened a little bit and then slipped back down again. He twaddled a while (incontinence like the fecal pits, like a gun aspero cases, seesawed up by downward

That had been the first phase of his relationship with his father, and as it was drawing to its end he had become aware that Becky and his brothers and sisters among them did not like the father and that their mother, a nondescript woman who rarely spoke above a murmur and suffered him because her Catholic upbringing said that she must. In those days it had not seemed strange to Jack that the father won all his arguments with his children by use of his fists, and it had not seemed strange that his own love should go hand-in-hand with his fear, fear of the elevator game which might end in a spin and crash or any given night fear that his father's bearish roar, but not on his day off might suddenly change to barks like a wing and the smack of his good right hand, and some times, he remembered, he had even been afraid that his father's shadow might fall over him while he was at play. It was near the end of this phase that he began to notice that Brett never brought his dates home, or make and Becky their chums.

Love began to curdle at nine, when his father put his mother

on the keep a witness case. He has been sent to carry the cane a score of times and as he had left it in his hands. After that he was never without a cane and knock and knock and pull harder. Now during Dick's quiet talk there came a remembered clang at the sound. I thought at the air a maddening switch and by he sat stark and he was a crag of flesh. He had beaten their mother for no good reason at all suddenly and without warning. They had been at the supper-table. The cane had been striking by his chair. I was surprised at the end of a three-day weekend for Duddy a week-end which he had buried away in his usual manner. He was a Rust-chicken-Pass Master. I pitied him. Duddy sat there at the table holding the cane high snarling like a dog. He was mother's favorite pet. And suddenly Duddy had been wide awake his eyes set steadily on her bare eyelids. He was with a kind of stupid evil pleasure. They flickered. In one moment of he aimed at the nest and the seat in the center of his hand was standing a prominent a wasp a hoodoo. One of his large tree-club-hands had dropped to the polished table his cane careering it. He said something about coffee that was Jack was sure it had been coffee that his father and Mamma had forced her mouth to answer and then the cane was whacking through the air, smashing across her face Blood spurted from her nose. Becky screamed. Mamma's spectacles dropped into her gravy. The cane had been driven back had come down again. It's time on top of her head, cutting the scalp. Mamma had dropped to the floor. He had been at the chair and around now he was lay dazed on the carpet brandishing the cane driving it with a fiend's grotesque speed and rage. He eyes flitting now quivering as he spoke to her just as he had always spoken to his children using such out-hands. Now now by Christ I guess you'll take your medicine now food-am puppy. Whoop! Come on and take your medicine. The cane had gone up and down once seven more times before Brett and Mike got hold of him, dragged him away, wrenched the cane out of his hand. Jack

(Little Jacky now he was little Jacky now dazing and momming on a cushiony camp chair while the furnace roared into him ast behind him)

Knew exactly how many blows I had been because each soft thump against his mother's body had been engraved on his mem-

ery like the irrational sweep of a chisel in stone. Seven whimpers
 No more, no less. He and Becky crying,不相信着 looking at
 their mother's spectacles lying in her mashed potatoes one
 cracked lens smeared with gravy. Brett shouting at Daudy from
 the back hall, telling him he would hit him if he moved. And Daudy
 saying over and over, "Damn little puppy. Damn little whoop.
 Give me my cane, you damn little pup. Give it to me. Be brandish-
 ing his bony fist, saying yes, yes, I give it to you. Just you
 move a little bit and I'll give you all you want and two extra. I
 give you plenty. Mamma getting slowly to her feet, dated her face
 already puffed and swelling up on the forehead so much it
 became in four or five different places, and she had such a terrible
 ring perhaps the only thing Mamma had ever said which I
 could recall word for word. "Who's got the newspaper? Your
 daddy wants the paper as fast as you can get it." And then she sank to
 her knees upon her bony knuckles, her puffed and bleeding face
 Mme. calling the doctor back again to the phone. Could he come
 right now? It was her mother. No, he couldn't say what the
 trouble was, not even the name, not even a part of the name.
 Just now. The doctor came and took Mme. away to the hospital
 where Daudy had worked a lot of hours. So Daudy gathered
 up some old potatoes only with the skins on, chewing on them
 for a long while. Told the doctor she had been a waitress. There
 was blood in the tablecloth because he had used a wine cruet
 that was full of her glasses down all the way through the long
 napkin and it was being mopped up with other mashed potatoes
 and gravy. The doctor looked with a kind of horrific gazing ex-
 claim. Is that what happened? Mark? I have heard of folks who
 can get a cataract in their good eyes and I have seen a man
 get it in between the eyes and the left eyeball but that's a new
 one on me. Daudy had mere blank looks and said he
 knew they must have taken off her fine white blouse after
 the dinner was over. That was all. But he had
 to service by the day, understand, so there's food to last
 Brett his job at least a week, and then the Army Jack will
 always be there is no reason for an army to be here on the
 other hand he insisted at the dinner table that the fact that he
 hospital their mother had cost him a hundred dollars so why
 nothing was said for the hospital. Right down the street

them to whatever might come. He had been killed in Dong Ho province in 1965, the year when Jack Torrance, undergraduate, had joined the active college agitation to end the war. He had waved his brother's bloody shirt at rallies that were increasingly we I attended, but it was not Brett's face that hung before his eyes when he spoke—it was the face of his mother's, dazed, uncomprehending face, his mother saying "Who's got the newspaper?"

Mike escaped three years later when Jack was twelve—he went to UNH on a hefty Merit Scholarship. A year after that their father died of a sudden, massive stroke which occurred while he was prepping a patient for surgery. He had collapsed in his flapping and unlucked hospital whites, dead possibly even before he hit the industrial black and red hospital tiles, and three days later the man who had dominated Jacky's life, the irrational white ghost-god, was under ground.

The stone read *Mark Anthony Torrance, Loving Father To that Jack would have added one line. He Knew How to Play Elevator*

There had been a great lot of insurance money. There are people who collect insurance as compulsively as others collect coins and stamps, and Mark Torrance had been that type. The insurance money came in at the same time the monthly policy payments and liquor bills stopped. For five years they had been rich. Nearly rich . . .

In his shallow uneasy sleep his face rose before him as if in a gloss, his face but not his face, the wide eyes and innocent bowed mouth of a boy sitting in the hall with his trucks, waiting for his daddy, waiting for the white ghost-god, waiting for the elevator to rise up with dizzying, exhilarating speed through the salt-and-sawdust mist of exhausted taverns, waiting perhaps for it to go crashing down, splitting cold cokessprings out of his ears while his daddy roared with laughter, and it

transformed into Danny's face, so much like his own had been, his eyes had been tight blue while Danny's were cloudy gray, but the iris still made a bow and the complexion was fair, Danny in his study weaning training pants, all his papers soggy and the fine misty smell of beer aging—a dreadful bather all in ferment, rising on the wings of yeast, the breath of taverns . . .

snap of bone his own voice, mewling drunkenly. *Danny, you okay doc?* *Oh God oh God your poor sweet arm* and that face transformed into)

(momma's dazed face rising up from below the table, punched and bleeding, and momma was saying)

I from your father I repeat, an enormously important announcement from your father. Please stay tuned it came immediately to the Happy Jack frequency. Repeat, come immediately to the Happy Hour frequency. Present . . .

A slow dissolve. Disembodied voices echoing up to him as if coming on an endless cloudy hot way.

Things keep getting in the way, dear Tommie . . .

Meant are you here? I've been sleepwalking again, my dear. Is he inhuman monsters that I fear . . .

I Excuse me Mr. Ullman but isn't this the . . .

office where's file cabinets Ullman's big desk a book reservations book for next year already to place never misses a tick that Ullman all the keys hanging near you four hooks except for one which one which key—passkey—passkey who's got the passkey? if we were him its perhaps we'd see and the big two-way radio on its shelf

He stopped listening CB transmissions coming in short crackly bursts He switched the band and dialed across bursts of music news a preacher haranguing a sultry moaning congregation a weeping report And another voice which recurred back to him his father's voice.

Tell him You'll live it RT in Jack and her no Bro, a real artist must suffer Because each man kill the thing he loves. Because they always be conspiring against you trying to hold you back and drag you down Right his minute that boy of yours is nowhere he shouldn't be Trespassing That's what he's doing He's a goddamn little pup Care for her Jacky come home who's an inch of his life Have a drink Jacky my boy, and we'll play the elevator game Then I'll go with you while you get him some medicine I know you can do it Of course you can You must tell him You have to kill him Jacky, and her son Because a real artist must suffer Because each man . . .

His father's voice, going up higher and higher becoming something maddening, not human at all, something squeaky and peevish

lent and maddening, the voice of the Ghost-God, the Pig-God, coming dead at him out of the radio and

'No!' he screamed back. 'You're dead, you're in your grave, you're not in me at all!' Because he had cut all the father out of him and it was not right that he should come back, creeping through this hole, two thousand miles from the New England town where his father had lived and died.

He raised the radio up and brought it down, and it smashed on the floor spilling old clocksprings and tubes like the result of some crazy elevator game gone awry, making his father's voice gone, leaving only his voice, Jack's voice, Jacky's voice, channelling in the cold reality of the office

'—dead, you're dead, you're dead!'

And the startled sound of Wendy's feet hitting the floor over his head, and Wendy's startled, frightened voice 'Jack? Jack?'

He sat, blinking down at the shattered radio. Now there was only the snowmobile in the equipment shed to link them to the outside world.

He put his hands over his eyes and clutched at his temples. He was getting a headache.

CATASTONIC

Wendy ran down the hall in her stocking feet and ran down the main stairs to the lobby two at a time. She didn't look up at the carpeted flight that led to the second floor, but if she had, she would have seen Danny standing at the top of them, still and silent, his unfocused eyes directed out into and beyond space, his thumb in his mouth, the collar and shoulders of his shirt damp. There were puffy bruises on his neck and just below his chin.

Danny's cries had ceased or she did nothing to ease her fear. Ripped out of her sleep by his voice raised in that odd lecturing pitch she remembered so well she started but she was dreaming but another part knew she was awake, and that forbade her

more. She had expected to burst into the office and find him slumped over Danny's sprawling desk drunk and confused.

She pushed through the clutter and Jack was standing there rubbing at his temples with his fingers. His face was ghost white. The low-key CB ran a bay at his feet in a sputtering fit of broken glass.

"Weney?" He asked uncertainly. "Weney?"

The howl of torment seemed to grow and for a moment she saw the face he had once been able to hide, and it was a face of desperate unhappiness, the face of an animal caught in a snare beyond its ability to decipher and render harmless. Then the muscles began to work, began to writhe under the skin, the mouth drew back to reveal snarl, the Adam's apple began to rise and fall.

Her own howl of alarm and surprise were overlaid by shock. He was going to cry. She had seen him cry before but never since he stopped drinking—and never in those days unless he was very drunk and pathetically remorseful. He was a tough man, determined and his eyes contritely stared her all over again.

He came toward her, the tears streaming over his lower lids now, his head shaking uncontrollably as if in a fruitless effort to ward off this emotional storm, and his eyes drew in a conversative gaze as he was enveloped in a huge rocking seat. His feet dug in to the floor, his hands were at the back of the chair and he a mass of shivering pain, making her stagger back with his weight. He reached toward her face and she was lost in a swirl of anguish, of course no harm was in the trap here.

"What's wrong? What's wrong?" she asked. "What's wrong?"

He was silent, holding a fist hand to his forehead, clutching the wings from his hair's head with the other, then the fist held still, shaking uncontrollably. A gesture of despair, of helplessness. He was shuddering and yet sweat was coming beneath his plaid shirt and jeans.

"Jack? What is it? Tell me what is it?"

As if the silence had been too much, too much of them, too silent a room, he began to move and tears began to spend themselves.

"I'm fine," he said, "I'm fine, I'm fine." But his mother sensing that Danny was going to be in trouble and I knew why—he was clinging to me. I just know it.

was ~~young~~ at me . . . and so I broke the radio to shut him up. To shut him up. He's dead. I don't even want to dream about him. He's dead. My God. Wendy my God. I never had a nightmare like that. I never want to have another one. Christ. It was awful."

"You just fell asleep in the office?"

"No . . . not here. Downstairs." He was straightening a little now, his weight coming off her, and the steady back-and-forth motion of his head first slowed and then stopped.

"I was looking through those old papers sitting on a chair I set up down there. Milk receipts. Dut stuff. And I guess I just dozed off. That's when I started to dream. I must have sleep-walked up here." He essayed a shaky little laugh again, her neck. "And her first."

"Where is Danny, Jack?"

"I don't know. Isn't he with you?"

"He wasn't down stairs with you?"

He looked over his shoulder and his face tightened at what he saw on her face.

"Never going to let me forget that, are you, Wendy?"

"Jack—"

"When I'm on my deathbed you'll lean over and say, 'It serves you right. remember the time you broke Danny's arm?'"

"Jack!"

"Jack what?" he asked hoarsely, and jumped to his feet. "Are you denying that's what you're thinking? That I hurt him? That I hurt him once before and I could hurt him again?"

"I want to know where he is. that's all."

"Go ahead, yank your fucking head off, what it make everything okay, won't it?"

She turned and walked out the door.

He watched her go, frozen for a moment at a bonfire covered with fragments of broken glass in one hand. Then he dropped it into the wastebasket, went after her and caught her by the lobby desk. He put his hands on her shoulders and turned her around. Her face was carefully set.

"Wendy, I'm sorry. It was the dream. I'm upset. Forgive?"

"Of course," she said, her face now emerging expression. Her

wooden shoulders slipped out of his hands. She walked to the middle of the lobby and called "Hey doc! Where are you?"

Suence came back. She walked toward the double lobby doors, opened one of them, and stepped out onto the path Jack had shoveled. It was more like a trench the packed and drifted snow through which the path was cut came to her shoulders. She called him again her breath coming out in a white plume. When she came back, she had begun to look scared.

Controlling his irritation with her he said reasonably "Are you sure he's not sleeping in his room?"

I told you, he was playing somewhere when I was knitting. I could hear him downstairs."

"Did you fall asleep?"

"What's that got to do with it? Yes, *Danny*?"

"Did you look in his room when you came downstairs just now?"

"I—" She stopped.

He nodded. "I didn't really think so."

He started up the stairs without waiting for her. She followed him half running, but he was taking the risers two at a time. She almost crashed into his back when he came to a dead stop on the first floor landing. He was rooted there, looking up, his eyes wide.

What?" she began, and followed his gaze.

Danny still stood there, his eyes black, sucking his thumb. The marks on his throat were cruelly visible in the light of the boy's electric flambéaux.

"*Danny!*" she shrieked.

It broke Jack's paralysis and they rushed up the stairs to get her to where he stood. Wendy fell on her knees beside him and swept the boy into her arms. Danny came plaintively enough, but he did not hug her back. It was like hugging a padded stick, and the sweet taste of horror flooded her mouth. He only sucked his thumb and stared with muffled eyes out into the starry beyond both of them.

Danny what happened?" Jack asked. He took her arms and to touch the puffy side of Danny's neck. "Who did this to you?"

"Don't you touch him!" Wendy hissed. She clutched Danny in her arms, lifted him, and had retreated halfway down the stairs before Jack could no more than stand up, confused.

"What? Wendy, what the hell are you t—"

"Don't y— touch him! And if you say your hands on him again!"

"Wendy—"

"You bastard!"

She cried and ran down the rest of the stairs to the first floor. Danny's head jounced mildly up and down as she ran. His thumb was wedged securely in his mouth. His eyes were sealed windows. She turned right at the foot of the stairs and Jack heard her feet retreat to the end of the hall where bedroom door slammed. The bolt was run home. The lock turned. A quiet silence. Then the soft, muffled sounds of comforting.

He stood for an unknown length of time, literally paralyzed by a shock that had happened in such a short space of time. His dream was still without pain, every being a slightly surreal shade. It was as if he had taken a very mild mescaline hit. Had he maybe hurt Danny to Wendy thought? That a strong kick on his dead father's casket? No. He would never hurt Danny.

(*He fell down the stairs, Doctor*)

He would never hurt Danny now.

(*He is alone I know the big bomb was active?*)

Never in his life had he been so fully aware as when he was sober.

(*Except when you almost killed George Hatfield*)

"No" he cried into the darkness. He brought both fists crashing down on his legs, again and again and again.

* * *

Wendy sat in the overstuffed chair by the window with Danny on her lap, holding him crooning the same meaningless words, the ones you never remember afterward in the other waking hours. It turns out she had stood on a chair with neither protest nor gladness, like a dog per se out of house & yard his eyes didn't even see it toward the other when Jack cried out "No!" somewhere in the hallway.

The confusion had receded a little bit in her mind but she now discovered something even worse behind the panic.

Jack had done this, she thought. I'd better tell him. His death's meant

nothing to her. She thought it was perfectly possible that Jack had lied to her. Lenny in his sleep too, as he had crooked the CB radio in his sleep. He was having a breakdown of some kind. But what was she going to do about it? She could stay outside or here forever. They would have to.

There was really only one question, and it was asked in a silent voice—whether to trust and programmed the voice. Either it was duty, a cold and passionless voice, which was directed away from the closed circle of mother and child and out toward Jack. It was a voice that spoke of self-preservation only after soul preservation and its question was:

(Exactly how dangerous is he?)

He had denied doing it. He had been horrified at the bruises at Danny's side, and in placable disconnection. If he had done it, a separate section of himself had been responsible. The fact that he had done it when he was asleep was—in a terrible twisted way—encouraging. Wasn't it possible that he could be trusted to get him out of there? To get him down and away. And after that...

But she could see no further than she and Danny arriving safe at Dr. Edmunds's office in Snowwinder. She had no particular need to see further. The present crisis was more than enough to keep her occupied.

She crooned to Danny, rocking him on her breasts. Her fingers on his shoulder, had noticed that his T shirt was damp. But she had not bothered reporting the information to her brain in more than a cursory way. If it had been reported, she might have remembered that Jack's hands, as he had hugged her in the office and rubbed against her neck, had been dry. It might have given her pause. But her mind was still on other things. The decision had to be made—to approach Jack or not?

Actually it was not much of a decision. There was nothing she could do alone, not even carry Danny down to the office and call for help on the CB radio. He had suffered a great shock. He ought to be taken out quickly before any permanent damage could be done. She refused to let herself believe that permanent damage might already have been done.

And still she agonized over it, looking for another alternative

Sue knew to p. Danny back & Jack's life. She was aware of the fact she had to give the husband stop when he did. She didn't know what to do and Danny & Ella followed. Ella was to come with her for Jack. Sue knew nothing about it. She was suddenly overcome. Now she was trying to do what she could to stop him by taking off his jacket. She asked Ella to help her. Ella said "no" and refused to do so. Sue was torn up in the place where there were two people who might be frightened. But she did not do it. Jack was between her and them.

She was trying to make things better, to find a compromise. She tried to stop him from going out. She thought it would be better if he had been a little more considerate. Things were all right and she would be even better. Now she was conducting the possibility of using a hammer in her husband if he tried to interfere with her and her son.

As she was standing up with Danny at her arms, she began thinking. That was the first way. She would have to see the truth. Jack aware was Jack's son and that he would help her get Danny away. She turned to Dr. Edmunds. And if Jack refused to do anything but help, God help him.

She went to the stairs and she picked it. Shaking Danny up a few steps, she then went down the stairs.

"Jack? she said. You never reply and I got no answer.

With growing impatience, she walked down to the stairs where Jack was. She was. And as she stood there on the landing, wondering what to do next. He said he came up from below, rich, angry, evidently satisfied.

*"Roll me over
In the clo-ho-ver,
Roll me over to me down and do it again."*

She was frightened even more by the sound of him than she had been by his voice but there was still no alternative. She started down the stairs.

"IT WAS HER!"

Jack had stood on the stairs, listening to the crooning, comforting sounds coming muffled through the locked door, and slowly his confusion had given way to anger. Things had never really changed. Not to Wendy. He could be off the juice for twenty years and still when he came home at night and she embraced him at the door he would see, sense that little flare of her nostrils as she tried to drink Scotch or gin. James riding the outbound train of his ex-wife. She was always going to assume the worst if he and Danny got in a car accident with a drunken policeman who had had a stroke just before the collision. She would turn a blame Danny's injuries on him and turn away.

Her face as she had snatched Danny away. He rose up before her and she suddenly wanted to wipe the anger that had been on it out with his fist.

She had no goddam right!

Yes, maybe at first. He had been a lush. He had done terrible things. Breaking Danny's arm had been a terrible thing. But if a man reforms, doesn't he deserve to have his reformation credited sooner or later? And if he doesn't get it, doesn't he deserve the game to go with the name? Is a father constantly accuses his virgin daughter of screwing every boy in junior high. Must she not at least grow weary (enough) of it to earn her scoldings? And if a wife secretly—and not so secretly—continues to believe that her teetotaling husband is a drunk . . .

He got up, walked slowly down to the first floor landing, and stood there for a moment. He took his handkerchief from his back pocket wiped his lips with it and considered going down and pounding on the bedroom door demanding to be let in so he could see his son. She had no right to be so goddam highhanded.

Well, sooner or later she'd have to come out, unless she planned

(Dinner will Be Served At 8 P.M.)

I am a member of the *U.S. House of Representatives*.

JACKIE LIVING WITH HER HUSBAND AND CHILDREN
ALSO HER DAUGHTER AND HER SON-IN-LAW,
TOMMY LEE, AND THEIR CHILDREN. THEY ARE
LIVING IN A SMALL HOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS
OF THE CITY OF KNOXVILLE. JACKIE IS
A FARMER AND HER HUSBAND IS A
FARMER AS WELL. THEY HAVE A
LITTLE GIRL AND A BOY. THEY ARE
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LITTLE GIRL AND A BOY. THEY ARE

(And the Red Death held sway . . .)

He sat in his favorite chair in the room where he had been born, and he looked out at the window. He could see the house across the street, and the trees in front of it. The sun was setting behind the trees, casting long shadows across the lawn. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, feeling the cool air on his face. He opened his eyes again and looked out at the window, watching the birds fly by. He thought of all the good times he had had there, and how much he loved that place.

he's pushed tops. Yes, he could even push beer, the damp and formless and yeasty stuff that fell off from the smell, he had hung finely raised at who has forgotten it every night when he came home from work.

Evans widened his mouth. He was speechless now, now infinite but lightning came on across a heavy wet bath suspended on the tops of the three wagon wheels and dangled overhead.

The shelves were all empty. They had been so hotly gathered a good coat of dust. The beer taps were dry, as were the earthen drains beneath them. To his left and right the seven upturned booths stood like men with high backs, each one designed to give a maximum of privacy to the couple inside. Straight ahead across the red-carpeted floor, forty barstools stood around a horseshoe-shaped bar. Each stool was upholstered in leather and embossed with cattle brands (the H, the B, the O, the D, the W, the Biting), Rocking W, Lazy B.

He approached it giving his head a little shake of bewilderment at the dust. It was like that day on the prairie and winter by the way there was no sense in thinking about that. So I he could have sworn he had seen those bottles vaguely. I was at the window and see the darkened shapes of furniture in a room where the curtains have been drawn. Mild grunts on glass. The only thing that remained was that snell of beer, and Jack knew that was a soul that faded into the roundness of every bar in the world after a certain period of time, not to be eradicated by any cleaner invented. Yet the smell here seemed sharp — a mustyish.

He sat down on one of the stools and propped his heavy arms on the bar's leather-cushioned edge. At his left hand was a bowl of peanuts — now empty, of course. The bar had been off for nineteen months and the sunburning was still on it heavily. At the same a horribly powdery wave of dust, a sweep over the bar and the place, dragging for a drink seemed to walk along the bar to his nostril in his mouth and nose shriveling and wrinkling the tissues as it went making them cry out for something wet and long and cold.

He glanced at the shelves again in wild, irrational panic but the shelves were just as empty as before. He gritted his pain in his iron train. His fists, clenching slowly made marks scorchings on the bar's leather-padded edge.

"Lie down," he said. "A little sit-up tonight?"

"I'm not dead yet. I know who I would be."

"Now I'm really glad you asked me that," Jack said, "it's a good idea. Because I happen to have two swimmers and two sets of my own. And I was about to say, I'm going to go there and I should make it fast. And there isn't a second. Even around here you can't be late. And I thought they had Silver-Ex vicodin. I'll take it right now."

Lloyd sympathized

"So does what Jack said. You've been up an even twenty minutes. An even twenty just like him, Kazang. One for every month I've been on the wagon and one to grow on. You can do that, can't you? You aren't too busy?"

Lloyd said he wasn't busy at all.

"You mean You like those mustangs up the M-104? The bar and the big 'nake come down one by one. What man's burden. Lloyd my man."

"I did not ask to do the job." Jack reached in his pocket for his money clip and came out with an Excedrin bottle instead. His money clip was on the bedroom bureau and of course he didn't think where he had locked him out of the bedroom. Nice going, Wendy. You bleeding bitch.

"I seem to be momma only right," Jack said. "How's my credit in this joint, anyhow?"

Lloyd said his credit was fine.

"That's super. I like you, Lloyd. You were always the best of them. Best damn you barkeep between Barre and Portland, Maine. Portland, Oregon, for that matter."

Lloyd thanked him for saying so.

Jack thumped the cap for his Excedrin bottle. She took two tablets out and popped them into his mouth. The amber-colored, compelling taste flooded him.

He had a sudden sensation that people were watching him, curiously and with some contempt. The booths behind him were full. There were graying, disengaged men and beautiful young girls, all of them in costume, watching his sad exercise in the dramatic arts with cold amusement.

Jack whined on his stool.

The booths were all empty, stretching away from the lounge

door to the left and right. He lay in his left cornering to flank the bars horses he curve down the short length of the room. Padded leather seats and backs. Gleaming dark Formica tables, an ash tray on each one, a book of matches in each as may be worn. *Cougar's Lounge* stamped on each. A green leaf above the glowing door logo.

He turned back, swallowing the rest of the dessert of Excedrin with a grimace.

"Lloyd, you're a wonder," he said. "Set up a ready. Your speed is only exceeded by the soulful beauty of your Neapolitan eyes. Salut."

Jack contemplated the twenty imaginary drinks, the martini glasses blushing droplets of condensation, each with a swizzle poking through a plump green olive. He could almost smell gin on the air.

"The wag n. he said. "Have you ever been acquainted with a gen' man who has hopped up to the wagon?"

Lloyd answered as how he had met such men from time to time.

"Have you ever renewed acquaintances with such a man after he hopped back off?"

Lloyd could not, in all honesty, recall.

You never do, then, Jack said. He carried his hand around the first drink carried his fist to his mouth which was open and turned his fist up. He swallowed and then tossed the imaginary glass over his shoulder. The people were back again, fresh from their costume ball studying him laughing behind their hands. He could see them. If the barbar had featured a mirror instead of those damn stupid empty shelves he could have seen them. Let them stare. Fuck them. Let anybody stare who wanted to stare.

"No, you never did," he told Lloyd. "Few men ever return from the fabled Wagon, but those who do come with a fearful tale to tell. When you jump on, it seems like the brightest cleanest Wagon you ever saw, with infant wheels to keep the bed of it high out of the gutter where all the drunks are laying around with their brown bags and their Thunderbird and their Crumpled Flash's Popskull Bourbon. You're away from all the people who throw you nasty looks and tell you to clean up your act or go put it on in another town. From the gutter that's the finest-lookin' Wagon you ever saw, Lloyd my boy. All hung with bunting and a

birds bound in front of me, more to be each side, as I
would be going back to my old nest. More birds got
on the way and way off the bank I went singing
and the birds were coming down from the sky.
"I am the bird of the world, I am the bird of the
water."

He had two or three hundred men who were the police
back over there where I came from but he was a good
honest man. And go down to the station and get him. It was
the Exchequer.

S. you climb up the right hand side and start walking to the
there. At God's Hill station the Teo Wagon is the largest
and best. But in the white part of town everybody is driving the
streets and laughing and cheering away working all over town. Except
if he who passes on a horse or bicycle can't be your
friend. So the next morning you know

He turned his empty truck around and started down another
row, shouting "Mark my word, people! He's got
a real education! Let em stand by it!" and drove off.
Take a look here, Jones, at the jumper.

"Then you start to see things, like you may know. The Wagon is made from the gutter & like how the floor of the Wagon is made of rough pine boards, so fresh yet rotted down the sides, and if you took your shoes off you'd be sure to get a splinter. Like how the only furniture in the Wagon is these long benches with high backs and no cushions to sit upon and in fact they are nothing but pews with a songbook every five feet or so & like how all the people sitting in the pews on the Wagon are these bucktoothed old biddies in long dresses with a white lace around the collar and their hair pulled back in buns until it's so tight you can't see them. Screaming. And every face is pale and pale and scaly, like they're all singing Shazam we gather at the grave the heart full the belly full the heavier and up front there sits a redskin bitch with a black bear playing the organ and he's got a song book sing louder. And somebody slams a songbook into your hands and says Sing, my brother If you expect to stay on this Wagon you've got to sing morning noon and night Especially at night And has when you realize what the Wagon really is. Listen. It's a coach.

with bars on the windows, a church for women and a prison for you."

He stopped. Lloyd was gone. Worse still, he had never been there. The drunks had never been there. Only the people in the booths, the people from the costume party, and he could almost hear their muffled laughter as they held their hands to their mouths and pointed. Their eyes sparkling with cruel points of light.

He whirled around again. "Leave me."
(alone?)

All the booths were empty. The sound of laughter had died like a stir of autumn leaves. Jack stared at the empty lounge for a tick of time, his eyes wide and dark. A pulse beat noticeably in the center of his forehead. In the very center of him a cold certainty was forming and the certain *y* was that he was losing his mind. He felt an urge to pick up the bar stool next to him, reverse it, and go through the place like an avenging whirlwind. Instead he whirled back around to the bar and began to bel. w

*"Roll me over
In the clo-ho-ver,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again."*

Danny's face rose before him: not Danny's normal face, lively and alert, the eyes sparkling and open, but the equatorial, zombielike face of a stranger: the eyes dull and opaque, the mouth pursed babyishly around his bumb. What was he doing, sitting here and talking to himself like a sulky teen-ager when his son was upstairs someplace, acting like some hung that belonged in a padded room acting the way Wally Hol is said Vic Stenger had been before the men in the wire coats had to come and take him away?

"But I never put a hand on him. Goddammit, I didn't!"

"Jack?" The voice was thin, hesitant.

He was so startled he almost fell off the stool winding it around. Wendy was standing just inside the bowing doors. Danny cradled in her arms had some waxy horror show dummy. The three of them made a tableau that Jack felt very strongly: I was just before the curtain of Act II in some old-time Temperance play one so

poorly mounted that the prop man had forgotten to stock the shelves of the Den of Inquiry.

"I never touched him," Jack said thickly. "I never have since the... & I broke his arm. Not even to spank him."

"Jack, that doesn't matter now. What matters is—"

"*This matters!*" he shouted. He brought one fist crashing down on the bar hard enough to make the empty peanut dishes jump. "*It matters, goddammit, it matters!*

"Jack, we have to go home off the mountain. Now."

Danny began to stir in her arms. The slack, empty expression on his face had begun to break up like a Jack made of ice over some buried surface. His lips twisted, as if at some weird taste. His eyes widened. His hands came up as if to cover them and then dropped back.

Abruptly he stiffened in her arms. His back arched with a blow, taking weakly staggered. And he suddenly began a shrill, mad screech that escaped his ravaging throat in box after box, echoing box. The sound seemed to fly the empty downstairs and come back at last like banshees. There might have been a hundred Daniels, all screaming at once.

"Jack!" she cried at last. "Oh God! Jack what's wrong with Danny?"

He came off his stiff numb from the worst blow more gutted than he had ever been in his life. What hole had been poked through and in? What dark nest. And who was here to sting him?

"Danny!" he roared. "Danny!"

Danny saw him. He broke his maimed grip with a sudden fierce surge. He gave his no chance to haul him back stumbled back against the wall, his head nearly hitting it.

"Daddy!" he screamed, pulling Jack his coat loose and at the end. "Oh Dad! Dad! Is this her? Her? Our... *Dad*—"

He lunged at Jack's ribs like a blow, a smashing jack-trap at his feet. Didn't he know he was a wise son? To shout again, to fight, here calling him by name and give him such a blow. Jack could feel a sharp pain hot and white against his body.

Daddy, it was her.

Jack looked slowly up into Wendy's face. His eyes were like small silver coins.

"Wendy?" Voice soft, nearly purring. "Wendy, who did you do to him?"

Wendy stared back at him in stunned disbelief, her face pale. She shook her head.

"Oh Jack, you must know—"

Outside it had begun to snow again.

29

KITCHEN TALK

Jack carried Danny into the kitchen. The boy was still sobbing wildly, refusing to look up from Jack's chest. In the kitchen he gave Danny back to Wendy, who still seemed stunned and disbelieving.

"Jack, I don't know what he's talking about. Please, you must believe that!"

"I do believe it," he said, although he had to admit to himself that he gave him a certain amount of pleasure to see the shoe switched to the other foot with such dazzling, unexpected speed. But his anger at Wendy had been only a passing gut twitch. In his heart he knew Wendy would pour a can of gasoline over herself and strike a match before harming Danny.

The large tea kettle was on the back burner, bubbling along on low heat. Jack dropped a teabag into his own large ceramic cup and poured hot water halfway.

"Go cooking sherry don't you?" he asked Wendy.

"What? Oh sure. Two or three bottles of?"

"Which cupboard?"

She pointed, and Jack took one of the bottles down. He poured a hefty drop into the teacup, put the sherry back and filled the last quarter of the cup with milk. Then he added three tablespoons of sugar and stirred. He brought it to Danny, whose subs-

had tapered off to stings and hiccoughs. But he was trembling all over, and his eyes were wide and starey.

"Want you to drink this, doe," Jack said. "I s going to taste fegging awful, but it'll make you feel better. Can you drink it for your daddy?"

Danny nodded that he could and took the cup. He drank a little, grimaced, and looked questioningly at Jack. Jack nodded, and Danny drank again. Wendy felt the faint stirrings of jealousy somewhere in her mind, knowing the boy would not have drunk it for her.

On the heels of that came an uncomfortable, even startling thought. Had she wanted to think Jack was to blame? Was she the jealous? It was the way he moaned when she had thought she was the really horrible thing. She could remember a Sunday when her Dad had taken her to the park and she hadopped from the second floor of the jungle gym, cutting both knees. When her Father brought her home her mother had shrieked at him: *"that did you do!"* "Aren't you watching her? What kind of a father are you?"

(She bounded back to his grave, by the time he divorced her it was too late.)

She had never ever given Jack the benefit of the doubt. No, the smugness. Wendy's own face burnt yet knew with a kind of helpless timidity too if the whole thing were to be played over again, she would do and look the same way. She carried part of her trouble with her always, for good or bad.

"Jack," he began, "we if all meant to apologize or nothing like it. She knew, we all did so easily."

"Not now," he said.

"Jack, I can't move and drink all of the big cup's contents and by that time we had continued visibility the shakes were so bad.

"I know he has his side of it," said a soft voice. "Dad's done a lot for us and I just want what he did too. You're very important."

Danny looked first at Jack, who lay there back against the stiff plastic bottle, then at Wendy, made his secret known. The whole of the world on its bony, aging flesh, lay down from the burnt eyes, revealing the grounding of the much as it seemed.

into another storm. The fact of her disconnect came to Wendy with a unexpected force as it sometimes did, like a blow under the heart.

"I want to tell you everything," Danny said. "I wish I had before." He picked up the cup and held it as if comforted by the warmth.

"Why didn't you say?" Jack brushed Danny's sweaty, tambed hair back gently from his brow.

"Because Uncle A. got you before. And I didn't figure out how I was good for you here and bad for you there at the same time it was . . ." He looked at them for help. He did not have the necessary word.

"A dilemma?" Wendy asked gently. "Whether neither choice seems any good?"

"Yes, that." He nodded, relieved.

We lay side by side the way they crammed the boughs. Danny and I had a talk in the truck the day after tea when we came Remember?

Jack nodded. The day he had planned he always was very clear in his mind.

Wendy sighed. I guess we didn't talk enough. Didn't we, and?

Danny he pulled out his shank from beneath

I know what you're talking about," Jack said. "I'm not sure how much I like my wife and son."

"Or about how much they love you?"

Whatever it was, I don't understand. I feel we came off a movie just after the intermission.

We were discussing you. Wendy said suddenly. And maybe we didn't say it all because he we both knew. Me because I'm your wife and Dally because I'm just a good-looking guy."

Jack was silent.

"Dally said just now. The place seemed good for you. You were away from all the pressures, and now we're back," Dally a Stoveling. You were your own boss working with your friends so you could save the extra money to train the young eyes waiting there. "I do know just where the place began to burn down to the Soundings, her house, was a house of old things, house old papers, old that's history. That's in your sleep—"

"In my sleep?" Jack asked. His face wore a cautious, startled expression. "I talk in my sleep?"

"Most of it is worry. Once I got up to use the bathroom and you were saying, 'To hell with a bring in the slots at least, no one will know, no one will ever know.' Another time you woke me big I up, practically yelling. Unmask, unmask, unmask."

"Jesus Christ," he said, and rubbed a hand over his face. He looked ill.

"All your old drinking habits, too. Chewing Excedrin. Wiping your mouth all the time. Cranky in the morning. And you haven't been able to finish the play yet, have you?"

"No. Not yet, but it's only a matter of time. I've been thinking about something else—a new project—"

"This note. The project. Al Shockley called you about The one he wanted you to drop."

"How do you know about that?" Jack barked. "Were you listening in? You—"

No," she said. "I could have noticed if I'd wanted to, and you'd know that. If you were thinking straight. Danny and I were downstairs that night. The switch board is shut down. Our phone upstairs was the only one in the hotel that was working, because it's punched directly into the outside line. You told me so yourself."

Then how could you know what Al told me?"

"Danny told me. Danny knew. The same way he sometimes knows when things are misplaced or when people are thinking about divorce."

"The doctor said—"

She shook her head impatiently. "The doctor was full of shit and we both know. We've known it all the time. Remember when Danny said he wanted to see the firetrucks? I said, 'was no fun.' He was, as a baby. He *knows* things. And now I'm afraid

She touched at the bruises on Danny's neck.

"Did you really know Uncle Al had called me Danny?"

Danny nodded. He was really my Daday. Because you called Mr. Leman and Mr. Jman called him Uncle Al didn't want you to write anything about the hotel."

"Jesus," Jack said again. "The bruises, Danny. Who tried to strangle you?"

Danny's face went dark "Her" he said. The woman in that room. In fact. The dead lady. His lips began to tremble again, and he seized the teacup and drank.

Jack and Wendy exchanged a scared look over his bowed head.

"Do you know anything about her?" he asked her.

She shook her head. Not about this, no.

"Danny?" He raised the boy's frightened face. "My son. We're right here."

"I know it was bad here," Danny said in a low voice. "Ever since we were in Boulder. Because Tony gave me dreams about it."

"What dreams?"

"I can't remember everything. He showed me the Overlook at night with a skull and crossbones on the front. And there was something... something I don't remember with it... chasing after me. A minister. Tony showed me about ten times."

"What's that, doc?" Wendy asked.

He shook his head. "I don't know."

"Run! Run! Tony is a killer if run!" Jack asked.

Danny shook his head again. "I don't know. The things are, and Mr. H. he just talked to me in his car. Because he has been here."

"Shut up!"

"No..." Danny had a sweeping gesture that made it go with his hands. "I'm being able to understand things. I know things. Some times you see things like me knowing Uncle Al called Aunt M. of us and knowing you and me and Mr. H."

"But he was just the best in the Army when he knew his brother?" Known in a secret past. And was it true? he knew it was true."

"How can?" Jack whispered. You're not making this up, are you, Dan?"

Danny scowled. "I'm not. No, I swear. Go. Then we'll talk." Please go and... Mr. H. he doesn't care. The best man in the world. He'll be gone. Like Jack said, that's what he means. That's what he means."

His parents' faces at each other didn't look very nice.

Mr. H. had a gun. He didn't have a gun. But... But... Wendy. He said this was a bad idea. But this was a bad idea.

saw he'd seen things. I saw something, too. Right after I talked to him. When Mr. Ulman was taking us around."

"What was it?" Jack asked.

"In the Presidential Suite. On the wall by the door going into the bedroom. A whole lot of blood and some other stuff. Gushy stuff. I think . . . that the gushy stuff must have been brains."

"Oh my God," Jack said.

Wendy was now very pale, her lips nearly gray.

"This place," Jack said. "Some pretty bad types owned it awhile back. Organization people from Las Vegas."

"Crooks?" Danny asked.

"Yeah, crooks." He looked at Wendy. "In 1966 a big-time hood named Vito Giordano got killed up there, along with his two bodyguards. There was a picture in the newspaper. Danny just described the picture."

"Mr. Harrigan said he saw some other stuff." Danny told them. "Once about the playground. And once it was something bad in that room 27. A maid saw it and lost her job because she talked about it. So Mr. Harrigan went up and he saw it, too. But he didn't talk about it because he didn't want to lose his job. Except, he told me never to go in there. But I did. Because I believed him when he said the things you saw here couldn't hurt you." This last was nearly whispered in a low, husky voice, and Danny touched the puffed circle of bruises on his neck.

"What about the playground?" Jack asked in a strange, casual voice.

"I don't know. The playground, he said. And the hedge animals."

Jack jumped a little and Wendy cooed a bit curiously.

"Have you seen anything down here, Jack?"

"No," he said. "Nothing."

Danny was looking at him.

"Nothing," he said again, tone calm. And that was true. He had seen the victim of an hallucination. And that was all.

"Danny, we have to bear about the woman," Wendy said gently.

So Danny told them, but his words came in erratic bursts, sometimes almost verging on incomprehensible garble in his hurry to

spit out the firecracker. He pushed her face straight against his mother's breasts as he talked.

"Well, I'm sorry you're here now and I wish you was at home to help me out. I had no place. And she—"

"She? Who? Club Six? What a bore! We can't stop. She was a bore—she didn't have nice clothes. I looked in the window at her. And she started to get angry. She was going to do it to me because I knowed she was. She was even going to hit me. You and Daddy took I was sick. I was about to die—she was going to hit me round. Only wanting to hurt. Like the wasps."

He swallowed and there was silence for a moment. A quiet while like a rage of the worms within him.

"She...?" Danny said. I ran but the door was closed. I left. I opened it. It was closed. I did it back about ten openings again and running out I was scared. Sure, I did. I closed again. The door and closed my eyes and thought of Mr. H. I mean the things here were just like that. So I awoke and I slept. Sure, I did. You were real nice to me, I wrote them all up she was and go away. Better than that."

His voice began to rise hysterically.

"She grabbed me—tossed me around—I could see her eyes—how her eyes were—now she said to choke me—choked me—she—I could see how dead she was."

"Stop now shhh. Wendy's to blame. Stop. Danny's all right. It—"

She was going ready to grab her brother's arm. The Wendy I craved. A purposeful Cordon Bleu Penning.

"Let him finish," Jack said curtly.

"There isn't any more?" Danny said. "I passed out. Either because she was choking me or just because I was scared. When I came to, I was dreaming you and Mommy were fighting over me and you wanted to do the Bad Thing again. Danny. Then I knew it wasn't a dream at all—and I was awake again. I was in my pants. I wet my pants like a baby." His head fell back onto Wendy's sweater and he began to cry with terrible weakness, his hands lying limp and spent in his lap.

Jack got up. Take care of him."

"What are you going to do?" Her face was full of dread.
"I'm going to tell him, who do you think I was going to do? Have coffee?"

"Not Don't, Jack, please don't!"

"Wendy, I believe I ought to tell him, we have to know."

"Don't you dare do it, I won't," she shrieked at him. She flew from the room with the force of her cry.

Jack said: "Wendy, that's a remarkable imitation of your mom."

She burst into tears then unable to cover her face because Danny was on her lap.

"I'm sorry," Jack said. "But I have to, you know I'll be god-dam caretaker. It's what I'm paid for."

She only cried harder and so left her this way going to the kitchen rubbing his shoulder with his handkerchief as the door swung shut behind him.

"Don't worry about me," Danny said. "It'll be all right. I've got a shiny New England here can help him."

Through her tears she said: "No, I don't believe that."

217 REVISITED

He took the elevator up and it was strange, because none of them had used the elevator since they moved in. He shrew the brass handle over and it wheezed vibroriously up the shaft, the brass grate rattling madly. Wendy had a true catastrophe before the elevator, he knew. She envisioned the three of them trapped in between floors waiting. The winter storms raged outside she could see them growing thinner and weaker, starving to death. Or perhaps dining on each other like way those Rugby players had. He remembered a bumper sticker he had seen in Boulder, RUGBY PLAYERS EAT THEIR OWN DEAD. He could think of others. YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT. Or menu items. Welcome to the Overlook Dining Room, Pride of the Rockies Eat in Splendor at the Roof of the World Human Munch Broiled Over Matches La Specie de

A few days ago I had the pleasure of meeting with the
newly elected Mayor of Seattle, Mike McGinn. We discussed
the challenges ahead and the opportunities for our city to lead
on climate change. He is committed to making Seattle a leader
in the fight against global warming. He has already taken
bold steps to reduce greenhouse gas emissions and to
protect our environment. I am confident that under his leadership,
Seattle will continue to be a model for other cities around the world.

I'm drowned out by a Wave of sorrow and even the anger which had come at the boy, has been subsiding. We had been so surrounded by a certain atmosphere of gloom, were afraid of the approaching storm, the basement and a huge, dark, hollow space. Didn't think he was as good as he was, but I still have a kind of respect for him now. There were many difficulties we would have done more than we did, but I am glad to be getting along, and getting away from the boy. I don't know if the boy has got a soul or not, but that at least has just deserts?

He was given a big warm welcome by his old friends and he spoke and sang until late at night. He got drunk at the hotel bar, was unseated and lay naked on the floor in the buff from desire. A curious company had gathered about Arthur Watson and mentioned no names or faces but I know now that it was he that she was with who was her escort. I knew last night that she was with him where she had been for so long full but was not certain. Lounge boozie.

The pushball is a back-to-the-wall, open-air game. The first fact that I would like to have you observe is the one that as far as I know, has not yet been mentioned. It is that the ball is not a common one. The catch here is that the ball is not the third fact. Those were the people who used to play the pushball. Movie stars and celebs who have played the game over the years.

The shower curtain is a pink and white striped fabric with a floral pattern around the claw-footed tub.

(nevertheless they did move)

And for the first time he felt a new sense of sureness. Almost coldness, but had come over him when Danny ran to him holding it was her friend, deserting him. A cold finger pressed gently against the base of his spine, cooling him fifteen degrees. It was joined by other, and they suddenly slipped from his arms up his back, his boulders of flesh pressing his spine at a jagged instrument.

His anger at Danny evaporated, and as he stepped forward and pushed the shower curtain back his mouth was dry and he felt only sympathy for his son and terror for himself.

The tub was dry and empty.

Relief and irritation vented in a sudden "Pah" sound that escaped his compressed lips like a very small explosive. The tub had been scrubbed clean at the end of the season, except for the rust stain under the two faucets. It sparkled. There was a faint but distinctive smell of cleanser, he knew that can remain on a surface with the sweet of its own rightfulness for weeks, even months after it has been used.

He bent down and ran his fingers along the bottom of the tub. Dry as a bone. Not even a trace of moisture. The boy had been either barefooting or outright lying. He felt angry again. That was when the bathmat on the floor caught his attention. He frowned down at it. What was a bathmat doing in here? It should be down in the linen cupboard at the end of the wing with the rest of the sheets and towels and pillow slips. All the linen was supposed to be there. Not even the beds were really made up in these guest rooms, the mattresses had been zipped in clear plastic and then covered with bed sheets. He supposed Danny might have gone down and gotten it. The plunkers would open the linen cupboard. Why? He brushed the tops of his fingers back and forth across it. The bathmat was blameless.

He went back to the bathroom door and stood in it. Everything was all right. The boy had been swimming. There was not a thing out of place. It was a little puzzling about the bathmat, though, but no logical explanation was that some bumblebee, buzzing like mad in the last day of the season, had just forgotten to pick it up. Other than that everything was.

His nose siffling a little disinfectant, that self-righteous smile, cleaner-than-thou. And—

Snow.

So it's not Bu since the time he'd been in the field it was
Coy's summer soap. And most of these was a very bad
one. I decided to wash it down with a bottle of water. The
water was light and her voice was... she'll take you home.
Sir. Canay o' Lower, Chirard has worked two winters used
in Stovington.

(It's nothing. It's your imagination.)

(S. Sir, he is... so... another, less... in the...)

(They did not move!)

He crossed chairs in the room which were in the room. Feeling
the irregular thump of a headache beginning a bit temples too
much too happened early too much. By far He wouldn't spank
the boy or shake him as talk to him but the God he wasn't
going to add Room 2. 7 o'clock probably. And so he bussed a dry
banana and an smelt like a soap. He

The it was a sudden surging of a cold sensation of limp. I
caught his as his hand closed around the curtain and in the
server might have though he brushed skin to skin in arms an
electric charge. He jerked curves over eyes watching. His features
drawing in, grimacing.

Then he had control of himself. He anyway am he ergo
of he doesn't h and turned carefully away it. His fingers cracked.
He began to walk back to the bathroom door step by cadden step.

The shower curtain which he had pushed back to look into the
tub was now drawn. The one he is not a what it. I snatched on
him like a set of bones in a trap. Had been the strain hangs on
the overhead bar. Jack stared at the curtain. His face so as if it
had been heavily waxed. All dead skin on the outside. He hot
redness a tear of the nose. The way he hung on the play-
ground.

There was something he said. He took past a shower curtain.
There was something in the tub.

He could see it. I defined and obscure through the plastic a
near, amorphous shape. It could have been anything. A track of
the light. The shadow of the shower attachment. A woman lying
dead and rotting in her bath, a bat of Lower in one sufficing
hard as she waited patiently for whatever lower might come.

Jack told himself to step forward boldly and take the shower.

curled back. To expose whatever might be there. Instead he turned with fury, and took a strides, his heart whirling frantically in his chest, and went back into the bed, sitting round.

The door to the hall was shut.

He stared at it for a long, immobile second. He could taste its terror now. It was in the back of his head like a taste of gore-over cherries.

He walked to the door with that same jerky stride and tried his fingers at it, around the knob.

(*I won't open.*)

But it did.

He turned off the light with a fumbling gesture, stepped out into the hall, and pulled the door shut without looking back. From inside, he seemed to hear an odd wet thumping sound, far off, dim, as if some wing had just scrambled belatedly out of the tub, as if to greet a caller as if it had realized the caller was leaving before the six Warrenies had been completed and so it was now rushing to the door at purple and groping to shove the caller back inside. Perhaps forever.

Footsteps approaching the door or only the heartbeat in his ears?

He fumbled at the passkey. I see now a sudgy growling & turn in the lock. He cracked the passkey. The tumblers suddenly fell and he stepped back against the corridor's fat wall, a little grateful to reach escaping him. He closed his eyes and all the old phrases began to parade through his mind, it seemed there must be hundreds of them,

(cracking up not playing with a full deck losing marbles guy just went loony lines he went up and over the hig side went bananas lost his football crackers now's half a seabag)

& meaning the spine song - *she went mad!*

N " he whispered, hardly aware that he had been reduced to this, with opening with his eyes shut like a child. Oh no, God. Please, God, no."

But below the tumult of his frantic thoughts, below the triple hammer beat of his heart, he could hear the soft and far-off sound of the doorknob being turned to and fro as something cracked in tried helplessly to get out, something that wanted to meet him, something that would like to be introduced to his family.

He sat down in his chair, his hands clasped in front of him.
It was stillness.

He sat watching just the same.
He knew now he was the one who had to make a choice.

He sat watching just the same.
He knew now he was the one who had to make a choice.
Would he be eyeball to eyeball with?

His feet were moving.

(feet don't last me now)

He sat watching just the same, moving away from the dinner and
the table, moving back towards the sofa where he could sit back
and think. He thought about the sofa and the table
and the dinner. He thought the sofa and the table were
a good enough place to sit. Now, was it all sure? It
wasn't sure. It had been the sofa, the table, the dinner, the
dinner, the sofa, the table, the dinner, and quite clearly this
wasn't the sofa, the table, the dinner.

He sat watching just the same, back down. It was a sudden move
at first, but then he sat back again.

37

THE VERDICT

He slipped into his chair and looked down, bounces the
poker across his lap up off his left hand making the chair or the
whole room (he was the only one in the room) sing. Daily was pale
as when our Wendy had been crying. Her eyes were red
and a tiny bit red. He had a sudden burst of goodness at this. He
wasn't suffering alone, that was sure.

They were listening, speaking.

"Nothing there," he said, assuaged by the harshness of his voice. "Not a thing."

He bowed the passkey up and down, up and down, smirking reassuringly at the two, watching the rose spread over their faces and though he had never in his life wanted a drink so badly as he did right now.

32

THE BEDROOM

Late that afternoon Jack got a call from the first floor storage room and put it in the corner of their bedroom. Wendy had expected that the boy would be home the night get no sleep but Danny was reading before The Waltons' was half over and fifteen minutes after they had tucked him in he was fast down to sleep, moveless, one hand tucked under his cheek. Wendy sat watching him holding her place in a fat paperback copy of *Casablanca* with one finger. Jack sat at his desk, looking at his play.

"Oh shit," Jack said.

Wendy looked up from her contemplation of Danny. "What?"

"Nothing."

He looked down at the play with smirking disbelief. How could he have thought it was good? It was terrible. It had been done a thousand times. Worse he had no desire to finish it. Once it had seemed simple enough. Denker in a fit of rage, seizes the poker from beside the fireplace and beats secretly Gary to death. Then, standing spread-legged over the body, the body poker in one hand, he screams at the audience "It's here somewhere and I will find it." Then, as the lights dim and the curtain slowly draws, the audience sees Gary's body face down on the forestage as Denker strides to the upstage bookcase and feverishly begins pulling books from the shelves, looking at them, throwing them aside. He had thought it was something old enough to be

new ally whose novelty alone might be enough to see it through to success. It was a way out—a tragic alternative.

But in addition to his soldier diversions he could see the other side's horizon: something else had happened. He had developed strong feelings about his characters. This was something quite new. Ordinarily he liked all of his characters, the good and the bad. He was glad he did. I advised him to try to see them from both sides and understand better and more clearly his lame story told to a small southern Marine magazine editor. Contraband for copies, he'd been a piece called "The Monkey Is Here Park Decoying." It had been about a cloud one winter afternoon he came outside in his furnished room. The editor interviewer's name had been Paul DeLeng. Monkey was his friend. Jack had liked Monkey very much. He sympathized with Monkey's burgeoning knowing that Monkey was not being the brunt of the three rape-murders in his power. There had been two parents shot, her a healer as his own father had been, he'd keep them her a limp and silent shrive as his mother had been. A humurous experience in grammar school. Public him. Then Worse experiences in high school and college. He had been arrested and sent to an institution after exposing himself to a pair of teenagers getting off a school bus. Worse of all he had been dismissed from the railroad, let back outside the screen, because the man in charge had decided he was all right. This man's name had been Gremmer. Gremmer had known that Monkey DeLeng was exhibiting deviant thoughts, but he had written the good, hopeful report and had let him go anyway. Jack liked and sympathized with Gremmer. Gremmer had been an lone-stated and unacknowledged inspiration and try to keep the whole thing off her web, yet bring wife and nickname and some appropriate from a voice of state who had to go back and face the voters. Gremmer knew that Monkey would react with anger perhaps that he was not with this party, trying to stab him now, naked with the scissors. He did not care he was Napoleon Bonaparte. I say this is in charge of Monkey's sole thought there was a bit, then even chance, that Monkey would react to the effect and they both knew that he was like a map in a river, when the more he comes toward that causeless movement he is stuck with his smack. And meanwhile people were kicking down the doors. Paranoid schizoids, psychos, several others men who claimed

o have gone to heaven & flying saucers. Women who had had her children set aside as all were to be libertines, autothomies, pervertimales, slept nimbly, manic-depressive. Some days, Tough - word bank. If you are not bonded together firmly you are prone to shake rather than to burn you will be. Jack said something with Grimmers problem. He could sympathize with the parents of the murderer's crime. Who he murdered children themselves, of course. And with Monkey Octopus. Like the reader as I am. These days he hasn't wanted to judge. The streak of self-sabotage sat badly on his shoulders.

He had started The Latin School in the same optimistic vein. But later he began to change his views and worse still he had come to realize his hero from history originally conceived as a bringer of peace when well more than dressed with a helmet was worse than anything else, simple, a good leader who he could give a good answer to because so he earned a name and not because his father had given it to him. He had one such illusion of something Gatsby. This has a posterior before he was of an average teacher, an average in the up-to-date region. But Gatsby was a man who had been born concerned by only with his own money and all along the path he had only addressed to Donker - as if he had been born right from the start with an address that he could not lose in the world or He taught his classes just as were the students and Gatsby himself as originally came addressed to him as he had begun to do. He had done more or none straight down the line was to the world as far as our were straight faced with the class. His class was this thing and nothing else. Donker teacher was never had any thing to do with Gatsby and Donker will not have to work for Gatsby because of a single reason. He was now like a man over his business taking everything that he wanted to take and to think Gatsby on and had been working at it for weeks such to have Donker as a teacher. And then after he went to South America to become a sort of business king and abusing the roads up against the will of the business by another hand to earn a super extra income very much like a man now and every day in becoming a tycoon. In his home he had two sons. This his plan is to be successful as a tycoon.

thing about the abuse of power. Now he tended more and more to see Denker as a Mr. Chaps figure, and the tragedy was not the intellectual hacking of Gary Benson but rather the destruction of a kindly old teacher and headmaster unable to see through the cynicism of this monster masquerading as a boy.

He hadn't been able to fix up the play.

Now he sat looking down at it, scowling, wondering if there was any way he could salvage the situation. He didn't really think there was. He had begun with one play and it had somehow turned into another, presto-chango. Well, what the hell. Either way it had been done before & either way it was a load of shit. And why was he driving himself crazy about it longer anyway? After the day just gone by, it was no wonder he couldn't think straight.

"—get him down?"

He looked up, trying to blink the cobwebs away. "Huh."

"I said, how are we going to get him down? We've got to get him out of here, Jack."

For a moment his words were so scattered that he wasn't even sure what she was asking about. Then he realized and uttered a short, barking laugh.

"You say that as if it were so easy."

"I didn't mean—"

"No problem, Wendy. I just changed clothes in the telephone booth down in the lobby and I'm on to Denver on my back. So far as Jack Torrance they called me in my salad days."

Her face registered now hurt.

"I understand the problem, Jack. The radio is broken. The snow... but you have to understand Danny's problem. My God, god, you? He was nearly catatonic, Jack! What? I bet he hasn't come out of that?"

"But he did," Jack said, a trifle shakily. He had been frightened at Danny's blank-eyed, slack-faced stare too, of course he had. At first but then he thought about it the more he wondered if it hadn't been a piece of play acting put on to escape the administration. He had, after all, been trespassing.

"All the same," she said. She came over and sat on the end of the bed by his desk. Her face was both surprised & worried.

"Jack, the brasses on his neck. Shouldn't go at him! And I want him away from it!"

"Don't shout," he said. "My head aches, Wendy. I'm as worried about this as you are so please don't shout."

"All right," she said, sweetening her voice. "I won't shout. But I can understand you, Jack. Someone is in here with us. And not a very nice someone either. We have to get down to Sidewinder now - it'll be all us Quicks. And you - you're still there reading your play?"

"We have to get away - we have to get away, you keep saying that. You must think I know I am Superman!"

"I think you're my husband," she said softly and looked down at her hands.

His temper flared. He slammed the playset pt down, knocking the edges of the pic out of the agent and crumpling the sheets on the bottom.

"This time you got some of the home truths into you. Wendy. You don't seem to have them - see them - as the songs say. They're all packing around up in your head like a bunch of loose coathats. You need to shoot them into the pockets. You need to understand that we are snowed in."

Quinn had suddenly become active in his bed. Still sleeping, he had begun to twist and turn. The way he always did when we fought. Wendy thought him sick. And we're going to again.

"Don't wake him up, Jack. Please."

He gazed over at Darby and some of the flush went out of his cheeks. "Okay. I'm sorry. I'm sorry I scolded you. We - I'm not really for you. But I broke it too. If it's anything's fault - it's mine. That was a big risk on the outside. Only after - please excuse me. Meyer Ranger. We can't stay out here."

"Or I -" she said, also putting a hand on his shoulder. He leaned in and she could see his breath in his hair with her finger. "I guess you've got a right after what I accused you of. Sometimes I do see the mother I can be a bitch. But you have to answer and then the things you are forced to go over. You can't understand that."

"Do you mean his mom? His lips had thinned.

"Yes. Wendy, you don't like me either. I bet I'm not the sort of person you worry about - play. I worry about him, though. A lot. I worry about the secret you're keeping with him. I worry about the secret he's got about us. I'm worried about this thing we're gonna do.

his shine I worry. Because he's little and he seems very fragile and because . . . because something in his heart seems to want him. And it will go through us to get him if it has to. That's why we must get him out, Jack. I know that's what you want. We *must* get him out!"

Her hand had tightened painfully on his shoulder in her agitation but he didn't move away. One hand found the firm weight of her left breast and he began to stroke it through her shirt.

"Wendy," he said, and stopped. She waited for him to continue whatever he had to say. His strong hand on her breast felt good and soothed. "I could maybe snowshoe him down. He could walk part of the way himself, but I would mostly have to carry him. It would mean camping out one, two, maybe three nights. That would mean breaking a ravel to carry supplies and bedrolls on. We have the AM/FM radio, so we could pick a day when the weather forecast called for a three-day spell of good weather. But if the forecast was wrong?" he finished, his voice soft and measured. "I think we might die."

Her face now paled. It looked sickly and listless. He continued to stroke her breast, running the back of his thumb gently over the nipple.

She made a small sound from his words or in reaction to his gentle pressure on her breast. He continued. He raised his hand slightly and undid the top button of her shirt. Wendy shivered slightly. At once her jeans seemed too tight, snugly hugging in a pleasant sort of way.

"I would mean leaving you alone because you can't snowshoe with him. It would be maybe three days or not knowing. Would you want that?" His hand dropped to the second button, undid it, and the beginning of her cleavage was exposed.

No," she said in a voice that was slightly thick. She glanced over at Derry who had stopped twisting and turning. His thumb had crept back to his nipple. So that was all right. But Jack was leaving something out of the picture, wasn't he? Like there was something else . . . what?

"we stay put." Jack took a button off each hand and stuck buttons with the same determined air as before. "I ranger from the park or a game warden is going to pick up here just to find out what we're doing. At that point we simply tell him we went down

He, see to it." He slipped her naked breasts into the wide V of the open shirt, held, and molded his lips around the stem of a nipple. It was hard and erect. He slipped his tongue slowly back and forth across it in a way he knew she liked. Wendy moaned a little and arched her back.

(*?Something I've forgotten?*)

"It may have been asked. On their own her hands sought the back of his head so that when he answered his voice was muffled against her flesh.

"How would the ranger like us now?"

He raised his head slightly to answer and then settled his mouth against the other nipple.

"If the heli-ski trip was spoken for I guess I would have to be by snowmobile."

(*??*)

"But we have time of these," Brian said softly.

He stopped, froze again over her breast for a moment and then sat up. Her own face was slightly flushed, her eyes overbright. Jack's, or the other hand, was calm, as if he had been reading a menu all the time instead of engaging in foreplay with his wife.

"If there's a bus, which there's no problem," he said evenly. "We can all three go down together."

"Wendy, I've never driven a snowmobile in my life!"

"It can be that hard to learn. Buck in Vermont will see to that. As driving them in the fields although what her parents can be thinking of I don't know. And you had a motorcycle when we met." He had, a Honda 350cc. He had traded it in a short while after he and Wendy took up residence together.

"I suppose I could," he said slowly. "But I wonder how we'll get home if we're stranded. Brian and Watson... they run this place from May to October. They have summertime menus. I know it won't have gas in it. There may not be plugs or a battery either. I don't know... get you a heli-ski lift or bobsled up over your head. Wood."

She was slightly excited now, leaning over him, her breasts tumbling out of her shirt. He had a sudden impulse to seize one and squeeze it, she shrieked. Maybe that would catch her to him again.

"The bus is a good option," she said. "The VW and the motor truck are reliable. There's gas for the emergency generator down-

stars, too. And there must be a gascan or in that shed so you could carry extra."

"Yes," he said. "There is." Actually there were three of them, two five-gallons and a two-gallon.

"I I bet the sparkplugs and the battery are out there on. Nobody would store their snowmobile in one place and the plugs and battery someplace else, would they?"

"Doesn't seem likely. Does it?" He got up and walked over to where Danny was sleeping. A spid of hair had fallen across his forehead and Jack brushed it away gently. Danny didn't stir.

"And if you can get it running you'll take us out?" she asked from behind him. "On the first day the radio says good weather?"

For a moment he didn't answer. He stood looking down at his son, and his mixed feelings dissolved in a wave of love. He was the way she had said, vulnerable, fragile. The marks on his neck were very prominent.

"Yes," he said. "I I get it running and we'll get out as quick as we can."

"Thank God!"

He turned around. She had taken off her shirt and lay on the bed, her heavy hair, her breasts aimed persistently at the ceiling. She was playing with them, as you flicking at the nipples. Harry upon, come on, she sang. I've got the."

* * *

After, with no light burning in the room but the firelight that Danny had brought with him from his room, she lay in the crook of his arm, feeling deliciously at peace. She found it hard to believe they could be soaring the Overlook in the murderous snow-way.

"Jack?"

"Humph?"

"What got at him?"

He didn't answer her directly. He does have something. Something that he's not quite telling. The most of us, our parents. And today is the day one has something like that."

"Cthulhu?"

"I don't know. Not in a Agernon Blackwood sort of book, but s—"

sure. More like the residues of the feelings of the people who have stayed here. Good things and bad things. In that sense I suppose that every big hole has got its ghosts. Especially the old ones."

"But a dead woman in the tub? Jack, he's not losing his mind, is he?"

He gave her a brief squeeze. "We know he goes into... well, trances if he wants of a better word... from time to time. We know that when he's in them he sometimes... sees?... things he doesn't understand. If preconscious trances are possible, they're probably functions of the subconscious mind. Freud said that the subconscious never speaks to us in literal language. Only in symbols. If you dreamt about being in a bakery where no one speaks English, you may be worried about your ability to support your family. Or maybe just that no one understands you. I've read that the fat man dreamt is ainand outlet for feelings of anxiety. Games, like games. Conscious on one side of the net, subconscious on the other, serving some cuckoo-like image back and forth. Same with men at mess, with banchas, all of that. Why should pregnancy be any different? Maybe Dan is really did see blood all over the walls of the Presidential Suite. To a kid his age, the image of blood and the concept of death are nearly inerchangeable. To him, the image is a whole more accessible than the concept anyway. William Cullen Williams knew that he was a paediatrician. When we grow up or sleep gradually get easier and we leave the images to the past... and I'm just rambling on."

"I like to hear you ramble."

"I know it's sick." She said. "You heard it."

"The marks on his neck, Jack. Those are real."

"Yes."

There was nothing else for a long time. She began to think he must have gone to sleep and he was trying now a dream of himself when he said:

"I can think of two explanations, Elizabeth. And one of them is a fourth party in the room."

"What?" She came up on one elbow.

"Stigmata, maybe," he said.

"Stigmata? Isn't that when people bleed on Good Friday or something?"

"Yes. Sometimes people who believe deeply in Christ do."

get bit bleeding marks on their hands and feet during the Holy Week. It was more common in the Middle Ages than now. In those days such people were considered blessed by God. I don't think the Catholic Church proclaimed any of us as cut-and-cut martyrs. Who was pretty smart of them. Sigmund isn't much different from some of us. Hangs the yogis can do. It's better to understand him now, that's all. The people who understand the interaction between the mind and the body—study it, I mean, no one understands it. Believe we have a lot more control over our involuntary functions than they used to think. You can slow your heartbeat if you think about it enough. Speed up your own metabolism. Make yourself sweat more. Or make yourself bleed."

"You think Danny *thought* those bruises onto his neck? Jack, I just can't believe that."

I can believe it's possible, although it seems unlikely to me. What's more likely is that he did it to himself.

To himself?

"He's gone into these 'trances' and hurt himself in the past. Do you remember the time at the supper table? About two years ago, I think. We were super-passed at each other. Nobody talking very much. Then, all at once, his eyes rolled up in his head and he went face-first into his dinner. Then onto the floor. Remember?"

"Yes," she said. "I sure do. I thought he was having a convolution."

"Another time we were in the park," he said. "Just Danny and I Saturday afternoon. He was sitting on a swing, coasting back and forth. He collapsed onto the ground. It was like he'd been shot. I ran over and picked him up and all of a sudden he just came around. He sort of blinked at me and said, 'I hurt my tummy. Tell Mommy to close the bedroom windows if it rains. And last night it rained like hell.'"

"Yes, but—"

"And it's always coming in with cuts and scraped elbows. His skin looks like a battlefield in distress. And when you ask him how he got this one or that one, he just says 'Oh, I was playing. And that's the end of it.'

"Jack, all kids get bumped and bruised up. With little boys it's almost constant from the time they learn to walk until they're twelve or thirteen."

"And I'm sure Danny gets his share," Jack responded. "He's an

"Nothing's changed," he said. "I think you've got the right of it. I think you're right. And I'm afraid you're right about the house. I don't know what to do. Dr. Foster is said they would take care of it."

"Are they the ones he was talking to? He didn't get them facing down?"

"He likes them all right. I think he does. I'm surprised at the way he acts around them. He seems to like them. I mean, I can see him watching a movie, he might get some of the same things that I do. I mean, I like them too. I like them because they're happy. I like them because they're good people. I like them because they're kind, thoughtful, considerate, gentle, nice people. You can pick your term."

"You're giving me goosebumps," she said thickly.

"I'm giving myself a few. I'm not scared. You seem a bit scared. The way he does now, more than ever. But I don't understand why he would give up his job away. I mean, she's a substantial help. She's doing her bit. The finance bit. The cooking bit. The cleaning bit. The housework bit. The shopping bit. She sleeps. She sleeps. She sleeps. She has her hands around her own neck and—"

"Stop it," said I. I get the picture. I think he has more to go on than being a stranger seeing round the house. Jack. You cut me away from a stranger. You want me away from you. You want me away from who you are."

"Of a very tragic type," he said but a trifle uneasily. "And of a very special nature. Because he does seem able to read thoughts. Some years ago seem to have premonitive flashes from time to time. I can't think of him as melancholy, no matter how hard I try. We all have schizoid moments like us. I was I think as Danny got older he'll get his schizoid moments."

"If you're right, then it's imperative that we get him out. Whatever he has, this hotel is making it worse."

"I wouldn't say that," he checked. "It needn't do as he was told, he never would have given up so that room in the first place. It never would have happened."

"My God. Jack. Are you saying that being hung up was a fitting punishment for being off limits?"

"No... no. Of course not. But—"

"No boss," she said, shaking her head violently. "The truth is,

We're guessin'. We don't have any idea when he might turn a corner and run. In one of those art posse one-reel horror things, whatever they are. We have to get him away. She signed a circle in the darkness. "Next thing we'll be seeing things."

Darkness and silence, he said, and in the darkness of the room he saw the huge toes hunching around the path, no longer black and hot & burning, hungry & voracious. Cold sweat sprang out on his brow.

"You didn't really see any king, did you?" she was asking. "I mean when you went up to that room. You didn't see anything?"

The lions were gone. Now he saw a pink pastel shower curtain with a dark shape lounging behind it. The closed door that moaned, turned hump, and sounded after it that might have been running footsteps. The terrible, marching beat of his own heart as he struggled with the passkey.

"Nothing," he said, and that was true. He had been strung up, not sure of what was happening. He hadn't had a chance to sift through his thoughts for a reasonable explanation concerning the bruises on his son's neck. He had been pretty damn suggestible those last few days, could someones be catching?

"And you haven't cra'ed your mind? About the snowmobile, I mean?"

His hands clutched the sudden tight fists
(Stop hugging me!)

by his sides. "I said I would, didn't I? I will. Now go to sleep. It's been a long hard day."

"And how," she said. There was a rustle of bedclothes as she turned toward him and kissed his shoulder. "I love you, Jack."

"I love you too," he said, but he was only mouthing the words. His hands were still clenched into fist's. They felt like rocks in the crux of his arms. The pulse beat prominently on his forehead. She hadn't said a word about what was going to happen to them after they got down, when the party was over. Not one word. It had been Danny this and Danny that and Jack I'm so scared. Oh yes, she was scared of a lot of closet boneyards and jumping shadows, plenty scared. But there was no lack of real ones either. When they got down to Silverwood they would arrive with six dollars and the clothes they stood up in. Not even a car. Even if

Then he began to trickle down from his palms like water. "Yes, yes. He was racking his brain with pain. His wife was asking him why not? were we some problems? I had

agreed to take it as a Duty now. I told him that he had to do
a little work for me and he picked his coat up. Then he
brought out the gun and the gun barrel was so hot he
had to cool it down by breathing on it. He then took the gun and
put a bullet up his spine. Then he drew up his legs and lay
flat on his back with his eyes closed. He then took a gun and
was going to jump smashing crashing hitting and the baby
would come and roll. He would make her take her milk and
Every drop. Every last bitter drop.

He was sitting outside in a matted rose shrubbery and outside
but and receive other word. He looked down the road and
Dunay was heading up. Walking to his head and ramming the
Dunay's. The boy was bleeding deep in his chest a small eye
was a What you are? A strange thing long and nothing
but a hole in a long hole friend. Dunay walked over think
of him to get some. Dunay to his friends. Starting worse
the bottom of his arm lens was broken. He got out of his
chair and outside the boy acting sick and ash meo himself I
was Dunay he had to think of me. Wendy not himself. Only
Dunn. And no matter what shape he wrestled the acts not. He
knew it has hurt the Dunay must be taken out. He stopped
the boy's hands and would be quiet from the too of the boy.
Dunay had you been again new jack touched his spring all seven
(what more escape me just behind that huge a noise?)

also had it warm but did were so. And he was a big
peacefully again. Queer.

He got back on bed and tried to sleep. I told him
I was so afraid that things should turn out his way but Jack
seemed to stalk them. They hadn't been able to shake I by coming
up here after all. By the time they arrived it stuck out on
tomorrow afternoon the golden opportunity went away exhausted
gone the way of the blue suede shoe as an unfortunate if it's
too been won to say. Consider the difference if he's still go
down if they could somehow stick it out. The play would get
brushed. One way or the other he would take an ending on it.

His own uncertainty about his characters might add an appealing touch of ambiguity to his original ending. Perhaps it would even make him seem a teacher. It wasn't impossible. Even lacking him, Al might well convince the Singing in Board to rehire him. He would be at peace of course, maybe for as long as three years, but if he could stay sober and keep writing, he might not have to stay at Springfield for three years. Of course he hadn't lived there for Springfield before, he had to staffed, buried a wife, but that had been an immature reaction. Furthermore, how much could a man enjoy teaching when he went through his first three classes with a sick, busing hangover every second or third day? It wouldn't be that way again. He would be able to handle his responsibilities much better. He was sure of it.

Somewhere in the mists of that thought things began to break up and he drifted down into sleep. His last thought followed him down like a sounding bell.

I seemed that he ought to where to find peace here. At last. If they would only let him.

* * *

When he woke up he was standing in the bathroom of 27.

"I've been walking in my sleep again—why?" —no radios to break up here!

The bathroom light was on. The room beyond him in darkness. The shower curtain was drawn around the long claw foot tub fully. The bathmat beside it was wrinkled and wet.

He began to feel afraid, but the very dreamlike quality of his fear told him this was no real. Yet that could not contain the fear. So many things at the Overlook seemed like dreams.

He moved across the floor to the tub, not wanting to but helpless to turn his feet back.

He flung the curtain open.

Lying in the tub, naked, looking almost weightless in the water, was George Hatfield, a knife stuck in his chest. The water around him was stained a bright pink. George's eyes were closed. His penis floated limply, like kelp.

"George," he heard himself say.

At the word, George's eyes snapped open. They were silver in human eyes at all. George's hands, fish-white, found the sides of

the arch and he pulled himself up to a sitting pose. In The knife stuck a jagged jagged hole in the shoulder between nipples. The wound was apless.

"You set the timer a long, a very long George to his face

"No, George, I didn't, I—"

"I don't stutter."

George was standing again, trying him with his arms. Very fat, buck's mouth had grown back in a dead, thin grimacing smile. He drew one leg over the other, a red stain of the arch. One white and wrinkled foot placed a foot on the headboard.

"First you tried to run me over on my bike and then you set the timer ahead—and then you tried to stab me to death but I still didn't die." George was casting for him his hands out, the fingers slightly curled. He smelled moldy and wet like leaves that had been rained on.

"It was for your own good," Jack said, bucking up. "I set it ahead for your own good. Furthermore I happen to know you chewed on your Fan Compis."

"I don't cheat . . . and I don't stutter."

George's hands touched his neck.

Jack turned and ran, ran with the dooming, weightless slowness that is so common to dreams.

"You did. You did cheat!" he screamed in fear and anger as he crossed the darkened bed, lunging forward. "I'll prove it."

George's hands were on his neck again. Jack's heart swelled with fear until he was sure it would burst. And then—as his hand curled around the doorknob and he turned under his hand and he yanked the door open. He plunged out not into the second-floor hallway but into the basement room beyond the arch. The cobwebby light was in the cupboard dark and geometrical, stood beneath it. And all around it was a miniature moon than range of boxes and crates and banded bundles of rags and marriges and God knew what. Relief surged through him.

"I'll find it!" he heard himself screaming. He seized a damp and moldering cardboard box, split it apart in his hands, spilling out a waterfall of yellow flimsies. "It's here somewhere! I will find it!" He plunged his hands deep into the pile of papers and came up with a dry, papery wasps' nest in one hand and a timer in the other. The timer was ticking. A ached on its back was a length of

electrical cord and attached to the other end of the cord was a bundle of dynamite. Here he screamed. Here it is!"

His relief became over the moment. He had done more than escape George he had conquered. With these arms in his hands, George would never touch him again. George would flee in terror.

He began to run. He could comfort George and this was when George's hands seized a round his neck squeezing so tight his breath coming up his respiratory system after one final dragging gasp.

"I don't care," whispered George from behind him.

He dropped the wasps' nest and wasps boiled out of it in a furious brown and yellow wave. His lungs were on fire. His wavering sight fell on the mat and the sense of triumph returned, along with a rising wave of righteous wrath. Instead of connecting the liner to dynamite, the cord ran to the gold knob of a stair block cane, like the one his father had carried after he avenged with the milk truck.

He grasped it and the cord pasted. The cane felt heavy and right in his hands. He swung it back over his shoulder. On the way up it glanced against the wire from which the light bulb depended and the light began to swing back and forth making the room's hooded shadows rock merrily against the floor and walls. On the way down the cane struck something just harder. George screamed. The grip on Jack's throat loosened.

He tore free of George's grip and walked. George was on his knees, his head drooping, his hands held together on top of it. Blood welled through his fingers.

"Please," George whispered humbly. "Give me a break. Mr. Torrance."

"Now you'll take your medicine." Jack grunted. "Now by God, won't you. Young pup. Young worthless cur. Now by God, right now. Every drop. Every single damn drop!"

As the light swayed above him and the shadows danced and flapped, he began to swing the cane, bringing it down again and again, his arm rising and falling like a machine. George's bloody protecting fingers fell away from his head and Jack brought the cane down again and again, and on his neck and shoulders and back and arms. Except that the cane was no longer precious a cane, it seemed to be a mace wrapped some kind of brightly striped

baudie A mallet with a hard side and soft side. The business end was clothed with blood and hair. And the flat, whacking sound of the mallet against flesh had been replaced with a hollow boomerang sound, echoing and reverberating. His own voice had taken on this same quavering bellowing, disembodied. And yet, paradoxically, it sounded weaker, slurred, petulant. . . as if he were drunk.

The figure on its knees slowly raised its head, as if in supplication. There was not a face precisely, but only a mask of blood through which eyes peered. He brought the mallet back for a final whirling downstroke and it was fully launched before he saw that the supplicating face below him was not George's but Danny's. It was the face of his son.

"Daddy—"

And then the mallet crashed home, striking Danny right between the eyes, closing them forever. And something somewhere seemed to be laughing—

(*I No!*)

* * *

He came out of it standing naked over Danny's bed, his hands empty his body sheened with sweat. His final scream had only been in his mind. He voiced it again, this time in a whisper:

"No. No, Danny. Never."

He went back to bed on legs that had turned to rubber. Wendy was sleeping deeply, the clock on the nightstand said it was quarter to five. He lay sleepless until seven, when Danny began to stir awake. Then he put his legs over the edge of the bed and began to dress. It was time to go downstairs and check the boiler.

THE SNOWMOBILE

Snow me after midnight while they all slept soundly, the snow had stopped after dumping a fresh eight inches on the old crust. The clouds had broken, a fresh wind had swept them away, and

A week stand in a system of some 10 which started his
to the window of the house a slice of the equipment bed

The great W is about as long as a freight car, and about as big. It is made of pine and cedar, and goes one end flat on top, the other end being curved downwards. The two ends were taken at different times in winter, so the wood was very hard. Then the ends were hit together with hammers. To the left were pine logs, cut up to make a bridge. To the right a large surgery chair was put, a great deal of sawdust was thrown over the floor, and a long, thin pole with a red flag at the top. Lastly, fresh hay had to be put on the floor and the chairs to give them a better seat. This was

Against the corner wall where the man wanted to stay three people gathered around him, the other was a drunkard and a fool. Their legs had been removed and the open doorway to the west where the corner was a stack of wood a mile wide, a ring of smoke. The workers banished to penitentiary were not likely to put up here, on the crest of a hill, in the middle of the woods. The Woodsman and his wife as the old driver of the horse and his son the boy who had been born in the woods.

Howard J. was seen stepping over an old car body which had once sat down in the mud of the base track around 1910 as a horse-drawn and a pony of J. C. Peck's owner who could be older than He's aged one in 1910 with his mother. This was one of the first track and head Cap in front of the track which had been covered by a long

I guess I never saw a wilder crew. The 1000 strong band George Eltham and his others were
a bunch of like me and as absurdly enough we
got into the game in London variety stage that's
a place with common garden variety comic acts. As
the pun of the year was much more popular now
as I went to the place of Ringers and
Gentlemen having a picnick afternoon with the
band now and then. 1901 one of the most difficult
was with North American Race Team they had been
held at the Overlook. Quite a game.

(55/120)

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game at that. The mule expressed that perfectly. A soft end and a hard end. A game of finesse and art, and a game of raw budge-eating power.

He swiveled himself through the air — *whirlwind*. He stopped at the point where his son stopped him. Then he roared out in the track and turned to his left. What he saw the old mule frowned again.

The snowmobile sat almost in the middle of the equipment shed a shiny new one and Jack didn't care for its looks at all. *Hannibalader Skidoo* was written on the side of the engine cowling facing him in black letters which had been taken backward, presumably to connote speed. The protruding skids were also black. There was black piping to the right and left of the cowling, and they would be racing stripes on a sports car. But the paint job was a bright, soaring yellow and that was what he didn't like about it. Spring there was to be another morning sun-yellow body and black piping black skids and black upholstered open cockpit, it looked like a mens-room mechanism was up. When it was running it would sound like that too. Whining and buzzing and ready to sing. But then what else should it look like? I wasn't being unfair to it, at least. Because after having one as ugly they were going to be bursting plenty. All of them. B-spring the Terrance. They would be bursting so badly at what these were built for. Derry's basic would look like a midget's kiss.

He pulled his hanukkah gift from his back pocket, wps! his mouth with it and walked over to the Skidoo. He stood looking down at the town very deep now and studied it, his hands back into his pocket. You see B-spring would be coming against the equipment shed, making it rock and creak. He walked out the window and saw the post carrying a lot of sparkling snow crystals toward the ground in rear of the building. Flying them high into the hord blue sky.

The wind dying down and he went back outside to the room. It was a brightening in the room. You almost expected to see a lone timber wolf prodding from the rear of the house. I saw dinked the goddamn news files. They were all covered in ice of winter. No a certain racing flag green. They had to be white. They set out here and made very few. And the snow gods made behind them enough to get the place

breathe. They were perhaps the final grotesque toy of the unending fossil fuel age given to ten-year-olds for Christmas.

He remembered a newspaper article he had read in St.ington, a story daimed someplace in Maine. A kid on a snowmobile, barrel-rolling up a road he'd never traveled before at better than thirty miles an hour. Nig. A headlight off. There had been a heavy chain strung between two posts with a NO TRESPASSING sign hung from the end one. They said that it all probably took a never saw it. The moon might have gone behind a cloud. The chain had decapitated him. Reading the story Jack had been almost glad, and now, looking down at this machine, the feeling recurred.

If it wasn't for Danny I would take great pleasure in grabbing one of those mics, opening the cowling, and just pounding until.

He let his pen slip back escape him in a long sigh. Wendy was right. Come hell or high water, it's the Welfare Line. Wendy was right. Pounding this much meat to death would be the height of folly, no matter how peasant an aspect that likely made. It would almost be tantamount to pounding his own son to death.

"Fucking Luddite," he said aloud.

He went to the back of the machine and unscrewed the gascap. He found a dipstick on one of the shelves that ran at chest-height around the walls and slipped it in. The last eighth of an inch came out wet. Not very much, but enough to see if the damn thing would run. Later he could siphon more from the Vicks and the hotel truck.

He screwed the cap back on and opened the cowling. No spark plugs, no battery. He went to the shelf again and began to poke along it, pushing aside screwdrivers and adjustable wrenches, a damaged carburetor that had been taken out of an old lawn mower, plastic boxes of screws and nails and bits of varying sizes. The shelf was dark and dank with old grease, and the years were written on it, fused and stuck to it like fur. He didn't like touching it.

He found a small, stained box with the abbreviation S.A. written on it in pencil. He shook it and something rattled inside. Plugs. He held one of them up to the light, trying to make the gap without moving around for the gapping tool.

Fuck it, he thought resentfully, and dropped the plug back into the box. If the gap's wrong that's just too damn bad. Tough fucking titty.

There was a stool behind the door. He dragged it over, sat down and started the four sparkplugs then fitted the small rubber caps over each. That done he let his fingers play briefly over the magneto. They laughed when I sat down at the piano.

Back to the shelves. This time he couldn't find what he wanted. A small battery. A three- or four-cell. There were socket wrenches, a case filled with drills and drills, bags of lawn fertilizer and bags for the flower beds, but no snowmobile battery. It didn't bother him in the slightest. In fact, it made him feel glad. He was relieved. I did my best, Captain, but I could not get through. That's fine son. I'm going to put you in for the Silver Star and the Purple Snowmobile. You're a credit to your regiment. Thank you, sir. I did try.

He began to whistle Red River Valley's intermission; he picked along the last two or three feet of shelf. The notes came out in little puffs of white smoke. He had made a com, etc err of it in the shed and the thing wasn't there. Maybe somebody had stoled it. Maybe Maxie had. He laughed aloud. The old office boy leg tick. A few paperclips, a couple of reams of paper nobody will miss this late in the night. Golden Regal place setting... and what about this fine snowmobile battery? Yes, that might come in handy. Toss it in the sack. White collar crime. Baby. Everybody has sticky fingers. Under-the-jacket discount, we used to call it when we were kids.

He walked back to the snowmobile and gave the side of it a good healthy kick as he went by. Well, that was the end of it. He would just have to tell Wendy sorry baby but -

There was a box sitting in the center of the floor. The sort I had been right over it. Written on the top, in pencil, was the Bluebird Skid.

He looked at it, the smile drying up on his lips. Fuck shit. To the cavalry. I guess we've got some signals must have worked after all.

It wasn't fair.

Goddamn it, it just wasn't fair.

Surely a goddamned fair coincidence—had been driving the same

him Some other jack where Jack. And at the last moment bad old Jack Torrance had stepped back in. The lousy run of cards wasn't over yet.

Then came a gray silent wave of it, pushed up his throat. His hands had clenched again again

(Not fair, goddammit, not fair.)

Why couldn't he have picked someone else? Anyplace. Why hadn't he had a crack in his neck or at which of his nose or eye need to burst? Just one of those little things. He never would have seen it.

Well, he hadn't. That was all. It was an hallucination, no different from what had happened yesterday outside that room on the second floor or the goddam hedge menagerie. A momentary strain that was all. Fancy, I thought I saw a snowman, a battery in her corner. No king here now. Combat fatigue, I guess, sir. Sorry keep your pecker up, son. It happens to all. This sooner or later.

He yanked the door open almost hard enough to snap the hinges and put ed his snowshoes inside. They were clogged with snow and he slapped them down hard enough on the floor to raise a cloud of it. He put his left foot on the left shoe — and paused.

Danny was out here by the rock platform trying to make a snowman, by the looks. No much luck, the snow was too cold to stick together. Still, he was giving it the old college try on there in the flurrying morning, a speck of a bundled-up boy above the brilliant snow and below the brilliant sky. Wearing his hat turned around backward like Captain Frake.

(Or how in the name of God were you thinking of?)

The answer came back without pause

(Me I was thinking of me.)

He suddenly remembered lying in bed the night before, lying there with suddenly he'd been so completely the master of his wife.

It's instant killing there everything came clear to him. It was not him Danny, the Overlook was working on — it was working on him too. I wasn't Danny who was the work, it was I who was the work. He was vulnerable to the new visitors because he was old until something snapped.

(until I let go and sleep, and when I do that if I do that)

He backed up a few steps of windows and he stood there back against a building, gazing through their many paned surfaces but he did not answer. For the first time he noticed how much they seemed to have changed since he last saw them and he'd never been so glad to see them again. Wasn't it funny where we're looking at? It was odd.

brow, the fine nose, the compassionate lips. Looking at Jacky Trance what had only been a meaningless sprawl had suddenly been transformed into a stark black-and-white charg of the face of Christ Our Lord. Fearful wonder became terror. He had cussed in front of a picture of Jesus. He would be damned. He would be in hell with the sinners. The face of Christ had been in the picture all along. All along.

Now, kneeling in the sun and wiping his sun-blazing in the shadow of the hotel he knew that it was all true. The hotel wanted Danny, maybe all of them but Danny for sure. The hedges had really walked. There was a dead woman in 217, a woman that was perhaps only a spirit and harmless under most circumstances but a woman who was now an active sinner. Like some malevolent clockwork toy she had been wound up and set in motion by Danny's own odd mind . . . and his own. Had it been Watson who had to claim a man had dropped dead — a stroke one day on the rogue court? Or had it been Lillian? I didn't matter. There had been an assassin, in on the third floor. How many cold quarrels, duacles, strokes? How many murders? Was Christ bringing somewhere in the West Wing with his ax just waiting for Danny to start him up so he could come back out of the windmill?

The puffed wreath of bruises around Danny's neck
The walking, half-sunken bottles in the deserted lounge
The radio.

The dreams

The scrapbook he had found in the ceiling

(Medoc, are you here? I've been a long time again my dear . . .)

He got up suddenly, brushing the sunshades back out the door. He was shaking all over. He slammed the door and picked up the box with the battery in it. It slipped through his shaking fingers

(oh christ what if I cracked it)

and clamped it in his hands. He pulled the flaps of the carton open and yanked the battery out heedless of the fact that might be leaking through the battery's casing — it had cracked. But it hadn't. It was whole. A little sign exalted his lips.

Cringing he took it over to the Skudoo a platform lift form near the front of the engine. He found a small adjustable

wrench on one of the shelves and snatched the treasury cache quickly and with no trouble and he say was use, no need to use the charger for it. There had been a stack of six mugs and a small order of coffee when he opened the posse cache no less terminals. The job done he stood down wiping his hands very busily at his jacket front in silence. I like I said a with No reason why not. No reason at all except that it was part of the Overlook and he Overlook's room was the room out of here. Not at all. The Overlook was having a hell of a good time. There was a little boy terrorized a man and his woman to set one against the other and Jim played his cards right they could end up biting through the Overlook's hair like psalm animal shades in a St.ree, Jackson dove who ever walked in Hill House walked a mile but you wouldn't be alone in the Overlook, oh no. There would be lots of company there. But here was really no reason why he still wanted to show for a start. Except of course.

*Except he still didn't want him to go.)
yes, except for that.*

He stood looking at the Skinner his hand clutching at a frozen fist. The man's. He wanted it to be he way it had been. When he had a fist in there he'd have no doubts. Coming down now and then he was moving determinedly he had known that the Wendy was very scared off the bumpy man summoned up by a single hysterical. Like this. Now suddenly, he could see her side. It was like his play his domineering play. He no longer knew which side he was on or how things should come out. Once you saw the face of a god in the sunbed blacks and whites it was everybody out of the pool you could never unsee it. Others might laugh and say it's nothing just a lot of splotches with no meaning give me a good old Craft master part by an impers any day but you would always see the face of Christ Our Lord looking at you. You had seen it. One gas a leap, the conscious and unconscious melding in that one shocking moment of understanding. You would always see it. You were damned to always see it.

I've been sleepwalking again my dear.)

It had been all right until he had seen Danny playing in the snow. It was Danny's fault. Everything had been Danny's fault. He was the one with the shotgun, or whatever it was. I wasn't a

shut up. I was so weary I could scarcely have held the gun but passed it while you carry. No, don't go to help the bairn,

Don't want to leave? Can I?

I have talked with him lately and he said I was the father. Never. I am a fool. He was a good boy now. He has a very weak urge and he is a Sinner. I am not the woman who picked him to be as Balaam. You say she now calls me wife. Very glow, right turn on. Turn we'll be our side. It's going to be of the woman and I'm still according to however. We don't want that to be disturbed. We don't —

He was standing by the snowmobile's cockpit his head starting to ache again. What did it come down to? Go on say. Very simple. Keeps simple. She we go or stay, we stay.

Do we give him a ring will he before you told the local radio to show me? A voice beside him asked. The dark place with the heavy door. What do you say? And when you think about it, the guy watching game shows like where the possums men's round skins are. Then after years and years there's a new kind of skin. The bull comes up in the tie brew? When the deer is thirty years old, guess and you eat it with salt and the skunk is loaded with seventy country odes?

How long Christ he was so afraid it wouldn't be long at all.

He sat down, his hand very soft. That was it. It was like trying to play solitaire with one of the aces missing from the deck.

Abruptly he leaned over the Skidoo's motor compartment and yanked off the magnet. I came off with a crackling noise. He looked at it for a moment, but went to the open front shanty back door and opened it.

From here the view of the mountains was unobstructed, picture-perfect heartfire in the twinkling brightness of morning. An unbroken field of snow rose to the first pines about a mile distant. He flung the magnet as far out into the snow as he could. It went much farther than I should have. There was a light pull of snow when it hit. The light breeze carried the snow granules away to fresh resting places. Disperse there, I say. There's nothing to see. It's all over. Disperse.

He felt at peace.

He stood in the doorway for a long time, breathing the good mountain air, and then he closed it firmly at went back out the other door to tell Wendy they were staying. On the way, he stopped and had a short fight with Danny.

34

THE HEDGES

I was November 29, three days after Thanksgiving. The last week had been a good one, the Thanksgiving dinner the best they'd ever had as a family. Wendy had cooked Dick Harrigan's turkey to a turn and they had all eaten it bursting without even coming close to doing either the turkey bird. Jack had groaned that they would be eating turkey for the rest of the winter—creamed turkey, turkey sandwiches, turkey and noodles, turkey surprise.

No, Wendy told him with a smile. Only until Christmas. Then we have the capon.

Jack and Danny groaned together.

The bruises on Danny's neck had faded, and their fears seemed to have faded with them. On Thanksgiving afternoon Wendy had been putting Danny around on his bed while Jack worked on the play, which was now almost done.

"Are you still afraid, doc?" she had asked, not knowing how to put the question less baldly.

"Yes," he answered simply. "But now I stay in the safe places."

"Your daddy says that sooner or later the forest rangers will wonder why we're not checking in on the CB radio. They'll come to see if anything's wrong. We might go down there. You and I. And let your daddy finish the winter. He has good reasons for wanting us to. In a way, doc . . . I know that's hard for you to understand . . . but backs are against the wall."

"Yes," he had answered noncommittally.

On this sparkling afternoon the two of them were upstairs, and Danny knew that they had been making love—they were doing now. They were happy, he knew. His mother was still a little

say but I don't know whether I was telling a lie
or not about the way I feel but he didn't say. But
Dad you didn't seem to see exactly what was going with his
expression. He just sort of even if I could have
seen it I'd say it would have been a guess.
As far as he was able to tell him he had done
nothing. And if you can't understand me then he
had nothing to do with it. His last
thought before he got up was that he was afraid of
something like an old man walking up to him and not like
And on his last thoughts he had turned to the back of the sofa
and this Daddy had suddenly been staring at him — a smile and
then a gasp and he knew what Danny was doing.

Now he was in the kitchen getting ready to go. He went in a
lot talking as if he were going to work. He knew he was
out of the house. When he was all packed up there seemed to be a
weight had slipped from his shoulders.

He pulled a chair over and sat down in it by his pack and took
off his coat and his shirt and then sat down on the chair
and I think on Herbert's words in the hall he took the
snowshoes off his legs leaving them in the corner of his couch in con-
centration as he tried to get out the rawhide laces and
giving them to him. He put on his mittens and his skis. Father was
ready.

He tramped out through the kitchen to the back door then
paused. He was and it proved to back and at this time I saw
the house's shadow would be cast over his play area. He didn't
even like being in the Overlook's shadow. He decided he would put
on his snowshoes and go down to the playground as Dad Dick
Hallenbeck had told him to stay away from the library but the
tough of the hedge or the did not bother him much. They were
buried under snow drifts now nothing showing but a vague lump
that was the rabbit's head and its ears. Sticking out of the
snow they were the tails sticking more absurd than frightening.

Danny opened the back door and put his snowshoes from the
milk platform five minutes later he was strapping them to his feet
on the front porch. His daddy had taught him and he (Danny) had
the hang of using the snowshoes—the lazy shuffling stride, the

burst of ankle that shook the powdery snow from the slopes just before the boot came back down; and all that remained was for him to haul up the necessary muscles in his thighs and calves and ankles. Danny found that his ankles got tired because the shivering was almost as hard on your ankles as skiing because you had to keep clearing the lacings. Every five minutes or so he had to stop with his legs spread and the snowshoe flat on the snow to rest them.

But he didn't have to rest on his way down to the playground because it was all downhill. Less than ten minutes after he struggled up and over the monstrous snowdrift that had drifted in on the Overlook's front porch he was standing with his mitten-clad hand on the playground slide. He wasn't even breathing hard.

The playground seemed much nicer in the deep snow than it ever had during the autumn. It looked like a fairytale scene. The swing chains had been frozen in strange positions, the seats of the big kids' swings resting flush against the snow. The large gym was an ice-cave guarded by dripping icicle teeth. Only the crumbliness of the play-Oak stuck up over the snow.

This the other one was buried that way only not with us in it. And the tips of the cement logs protruded in two places like Eskimo igloos. Danny tramped over there, squatted, and began to dig. Before long he had uncovered the dark mouth of one of them and he slipped into the cold tunnel. In his mind he was *Patrick McGrohan, the Secret Agent Man* (he had seen the reruns of that program twice on the Burlington TV channel and his hands never missed them; he would skip a party to stay home and watch "Secret Agent" or "The Avengers") and Danny had always watched with him on the run from KGB agents in the mountains of Siberia. There had been avalanches in the area and the now-innocent KGB agent Slobo had killed his girlfriend with a pistol but somewhere near was the Russian army gravity machine. He hoped at the end of this very tunnel. He drew his coat tighter and went along the concrete tunnel, his eyes wide and alert, his breath pluming out.

The far end of the concrete ring was already blocked with snow. He tried walking through it and was amazed (and a little uneasy) to see how solid it was, almost like ice from the cold and the constant weight of more snow on top of it.

His make believe g me coiled around him and he was suddenly aware that he felt closed in and extremely nervous in this ring of cement. He could hear his breathing; it sounded dank and quick and hollow. He was under the snow, and hardly any light filtered down the hole he had dug to get in here. Suddenly he wanted to be out in the sun light more than anything, suddenly he remembered his daddy and mommy were sleeping and didn't know where he was. That if the hole he dug caved in he would be trapped, and the Overlook didn't like him.

Danny got turned around with some difficulty and crawled back along the length of the concrete ring, his snowshoes clacking woodenly together behind him, his palms cracking in last fall's dead aspen leaves beneath him. He had just reached the end and the cold spilt of light coming down from above when the snow did give in a minor fail, but enough to powder his face and clog the opening he had wriggled down through and leave him in darkness.

For a moment his brain froze in utter panic and he could not think. Then, as far off he heard his daddy telling him that he must never play at the Slovington dump, because sometimes stupid people hauled old refrigerators off to the dump without removing the doors and if you got in one and the door happened to shut on you, there was no way to get out. You would die in the darkness.

(You wouldn't want a thing like that to happen to you, would you, doc?)

(No, Daddy.)

But it *had* happened, his frenzied mind told him. It *had* happened, he was in the dark, he was closed in, and it was as cold as a refrigerator. And—

(*something is in here with me.*)

His breath stopped in a gasp. An almost drowsy terror stole through his veins. Yes. Yes. There was something in here with him, some awful thing the Overlook had saved for just such a chance as this. Maybe a huge spider that had burrowed down under the dead leaves, or a rat . . . or maybe the corpse of some little kid that had died here on the playground. Had that ever happened? Yes, he thought, maybe it had. He thought of the woman in the tub. The blood and brains on the wall of the Presidential

Sweet Of your Little kid. Its head up & open from a fall from the monkey bars or a swing, crawling after you in the dark, gnawing, barking for one final playmate. It is endless, Aground. Forever I, a man, there is would be you can't stop.

At the far end of the concrete ring, Danny heard the stea by crackle of dead leaves as some long curse for them on his hands and knees. At any step on the floor a few inches of blood would rise over his ankles—

Then though he broke his pants in He was digging at the loose fall of snow that covered the end of the concrete ring, throwing it back between his legs in powdery bursts like a dog digging for a bone. Bright light filtered down from above and Danny thrust himself up at it like a diver coming out of deep water. He scraped his back on the lip of the concrete ring. One of his snowshoes twisted behind the other. Snow spiraled down inside his ski mask and across the flat of his parka. He dug at the snow, clawed at it. It seemed to be trying to hold him, to suck him back down back into the concrete ring where that unseen, leaf-crackling thing was, and keep him there. Forever.

Then he was not his face was turned up to the sun and he was crawling through the snow, crawling away from the half-buried cement ring gasping harshly his face a now comical white with powdered snow, a living freight mask. He hobbled over to the jungle gym and sat down to readjust his snowshoes and get his breath. As he set them to rights and tightened the straps again he never took his eyes from the hole at the end of the concrete ring. He waited to see if something would come out. Nothing did, and after three or four minutes, Danny's breathing began to slow down. Whatever it was, I couldn't stand the sunlight. It was cocooned up down there, maybe unable to come out when it was dark... or when both ends of its circular prison were plugged with snow.

*that not save when am you I not go back because now am
Something humpus slowly behind him*

He awoke afraid, toward the hotel and backed. But even before he looked

(Can you see the Indian in this picture?)

he knew what he would see because he knew what that soft

He lay still a moment. Then the sound of a large engine of
some kind, like a truck, came down the hill and he ran out of the
hotel and fell to the ground.

(Can you see—?)

Yes. He could. The snow had just stopped falling. When he
came down the hill it had been a barren strip of snow beside the
playground. Now it was now covered in the bright, speckled
green of the ever-waiting weeds. He was sitting up, as if to
beg a sweet or a scrap.

But this time he wouldn't get away. He would follow him, and
because at least he wasn't trapped in some dark hole. He was
in the sunlight. And it was just a dog. It's pretty warm out today,
he thought hopefully. Maybe the sun just melted enough snow. I
can't find anything else, he told himself, in a bunch. Maybe that's what it
is from I get near that place... (over right ear.)

The snowdrift buildings were roughly as they were over there. He
stood up and stared back at the concrete ring almost completely
submerged in the snow and when he saw at the end he had
exactly that space his heart. There was a circular patch of darkness
at the end of it, a sort of shadow, that marked the time he'd dug so
far down inside. Now, in spite of the snow dazzle, he thought he
could see something there. Something moving. A hand. The wan
hand of some desperate & unhappy child, a waving hand, pleading
hand, drowning hand.

(Save me O please save me If you can, save me at least come
play with me. Forever And Forever And forever.)

"No." Danny whispered huskily. The word fel dry and bare
from his mouth, which was stripped of moisture. He could feel his
mind wavering now, trying to go away the way it had when the
woman in the room had... no, better not think of that.

He grasped at the strings of reality and held them tight. He
had to get out of here. Concentrate on that. Be cool. Be like the
Secret Agent Man. Would Patrick McGee have been crying and peeing
in his pants like a little baby?

Would his daddy?

That calmed him somewhat.

From behind him, that soft *floop* sound of falling snow came
again. He turned around and the head of one of the hedgehogs
was sticking out of the snow now, staring at him. It was ~~colder~~
than it should have been, almost up to the gate of the playground.

Terror tried to rise up and he quelled it. He was the Secret Agent Man, and he would escape.

He began to walk out of the playground, taking the same roundabout course his father had taken on the day that the snow flew. He concentrated on operating the snowshoes. Slow, Cat said. Don't lift your foot so high or you'll lose your balance. Twist your ankle and spill the snow off the consciousness of things. It seemed so new. He reached the corner of the playground. The snow was drifted high here and he was able to step over the fence. He got halfway over and then a most ten flat when the snowbump on his behind foot caught on one of the fence posts. He leaned on the outside edge of gravity, pinwheeling his arms remembering how hard it was to get up once you fell down.

From his right, that soft sound again, falling clumps of snow. He looked over and saw the other two louts, eager of snow now down to the forepaws, side by side about sixty paces away. The green indignations that were their eyes were fixed on him. The dog had turned its head.

(It only happens when we're not looking.)

"Oh, Hey—"

His shoulders had crossed and he plunged forward into the snow, arms waving uselessly. More snow got inside his hood and down his neck and into the tops of his boots. He struggled out of the snow and tried to get the snowshoes under him, heart hammering crazily now.

(Secret Agent Man remember you're the Secret Agent.)

and overbalanced backward. For a moment he lay there looking at the sky, thinking it would be simpler to just give up.

Then he caught sight of the thing in the concrete fence and knew he could not. He grabbed his feet and stared over at the topkay. All three louts were bunched together now, not forty feet away. The dog had ranged off to her left as if to hock Dandy's retreat. They were bare of snow except for powdery tufts around their necks and muzzles. They were all staring at him.

His breath was rattling now and the panic was like a flood of icecream, wisping and growing. He thought he might as well fight the snowshoes.

Daddy's the No-don't-fit-in man. Walk on them like they're your own feet. Walk on them.)

(Yes, Daddy.)

He began to walk again trying to regain the easy rhythm he had practiced with his dadoy like it did begin to come but with the rhythm came an awareness of just how tired he was, how much his fear had exhausted him. The tendons of his thighs and calves and ankles were hot and trembly. Ahead he could see the Overlook, mockingly distant, seeming to stare at him with its many windows as if this were some sort of contest in which he was madly interested.

Danny looked back over his shoulder and his burned breathing caught for a moment and then burned on even faster. The nearest inn was now only twenty feet behind breaching through the snow like a dog paddling in a pond. The two others were to its right and left pacing it. They were like an army platoon on patrol; the dog, still off to their left the scout. The closest inn had its head down. The shoulders hunched powerfully above its neck. The tail was up as it in the instant before he had turned to look it had been swishing back and forth back and forth. He thought it looked like a great big housecat or it was having a good time playing with a mouse before killing it.

(*Young—*)

No, I he felt he was dead. They would never let him get up like, whoa prince. He plowheeled his arms madly and lunged ahead his center of gravity dancing just beyond his nose. He could feel pain burning in scapping gances back over his shoulder. It earwhipped in and out of his dry throat like ho glass.

The world closed down on the dazzling snow the green firs, all the whispery sound of his star shoes. And something else. A soft muffled padding sound. He tried to hurry faster and couldn't. He was walking over the buried driveway now a small boy with his face all his burned in the shadow of his puka hood. The afternoon was still and bright.

When he walked back again the pine gun was out five feet before him. It was grinning. Its mouth was open its hawklike eyes dimmed like a switch. The Bobcat like the others he could see the rabbit its head now sticking out of the snow big green as a blue jay's eye. It hunkered down at the end of the stalk.

Now to the Overlook's red lawn between the two barbed wire and the post he let the pine gun rest and began to run a ambling in

the snowshoes, not daring to look back now, walking further and further forward, his arms out ahead of him like a blind man feeling for obstacles. His hood fell back, revealing his complexion, pale white giving way to hectic red blanches on his cheeks, his eyes bulging with terror. The porch was very close now.

Behind him he heard the sudden hard crunch of snow as something leaped.

He fell on the porch steps, screaming without sound, and scrambled up them on his hands and knees, snowshoes clattering and askew behind him.

There was a smashing sound in the air and sudden pain in his leg. The ripping sound of cloth. Something else that might have—*must have*—been in his hand.

Bellowing, angry roar,

Swell of blood and evergreen.

He fell full-length on the porch, sobbing hoarsely the rich, metallic taste of copper in his mouth. His heart was thundering in his chest. There was a small trickle of blood coming from his nose.

He had no idea how long he lay there before the lobby doors flew open and Jack ran out wearing just his jeans and a pair of slippers. Wendy was behind him.

"Danny!" she screamed.

"Dad! Danny, for Christ's sake! What's wrong? What happened?"

Daddy was helping him up. Below the knee his snowpants were ripped open. Inside, his woollen sock had been ripped open and his calf had been shallowly scraped—as if he had tried to run a way through a closely grown evergreen hedge and the branches had clawed him.

He looked over his shoulder. Far down a lawn, past the putting green, were a number of vague, snow-covered lumps. The hedge bank between him and the playground. Between them and the road.

It's a long ways. Jack caught him. He began to cry.

THE LOBBY

He had seen them everywhere except what had happened to him when he saw how I blocked the end of the concrete ring. He couldn't bring himself to repeat that. And he didn't know the right words to express the creeping, last-ditch sense of terror he had felt when he heard the dead aspen leaves begin to crackle a little down there in the cold darkness. But he knew even about the soft snow I saw lying in clumps. About the fox with its head and its bushy tail working its way up and out of the snow to chase him. He even said then that now the touch had turned his head to watch near the end.

The director had written to the army. Jack had been a roaring
blaze in a fireplace. Dan was buried up in a blanket on the
steps in a white suit. It was ten years ago. See what you can
find in the grass. He walked over to the desk. It then
was. He was sipping hot tomato soup from a mug. Wendy sat
beside him stroking his hair. Jack had sat on the floor his face
soaking. It grew more and more so. More and more so as
Dan lay dead nearby. Twice he pulled his handkerchief out of his
back pocket and rubbed his sore looking eyes with it.

After they chased me he finished. Jack got up and went over to him with his back to him. He looked at his masterly "They chased me all the way up to the porch. He was trying to keep his voice calm because I he stayed calm maybe they would be like him Mr. Siegel you stayed calm. He had started to cry now he had been like a stone. MR. SIEGEL IS THE WHITE COAT HE CAME AND TALKED AWAY BUT THEN HE CAME AND STOP CRYING HE TALKED TO THEM FOR MARYLIS SO MUCH WHEN WOULD YOU BE BACK NO ONE TALKS ALL DAY AND夜夜 JUNE 16
SIEGEL HE'S GOING TO DO IT AGAIN

(I won't cry / I won't let myself cry)

A unique feature of the hydrocarbon system is

He looked into the fire and waited for Danny to say something. High yellow flames danced on the dark stone hearth. A pine-knot exploded with a bang and sparks rushed up the flue.

"Danny, come over here." Jack turned around. His face as I had not pinched, deathly look. Danny didn't like to look at it.

Dad?"

"I just want the boy over here for a minute."

Danny slipped off the sofa and came over beside his daddy.

"Good boy. Now what do you see?"

Danny had known what he would see even before he got to the window. Below the clutter of boot tracks, sled tracks, and snowshoe tracks that marked their usual exercise area, the snowfield that covered the Overlook's lawns sloped down to the tramp bay and the playground beyond. It was marred by two sets of tracks, one of them in a straight line from the porch to the playground, the other a long looping line coming back up.

"Only my tracks, Daddy. But—"

"What about the hedge, Danny?"

Danny's steps began to tremble. He was going to cry. What if he couldn't stop?

(*I won't cry! I won't cry! I won't cry! I WON'T!*)

"A, covered with snow," he whined. "But, Daddy..."

"What? I couldn't hear you."

"Jack, you're cross-examining him! Can you see he's upset. He—"

"Shut up! Well, Danny?"

They scratched me. Daddy. My leg."

You must have hit your leg on the crust of the snow."

Then Wendy was between them. Her face pale and angry. "What are you trying to make him do?" she asked him. "Confess a murder? What's wrong with you?"

The strangeness in his eyes seemed to break then. "I'm trying to help him find the difference between something real and something that was only an imagination that is all. I squashed it by Danny, so they were on an eye-to-eye level and then I begged him again. Danny, I didn't really happen. Okay? It was like one of those times you have sometimes. That's all."

"Daddy?"

"What, Dan?"

"I didn't cut my leg on the crust. There isn't any crust. I sat in powdery snow. It won't even stick together to make snowballs. Remember we tried to have a snowball fight and couldn't?"

He felt his father stiffen against him. "The porch step, then?"

Danny pushed away. Suddenly he had it. It had flashed into his mind all at once, the way things sometimes did, the way you had about the woman wanting to be in that gay man's pants. He stared at his father with wide-eyed eyes.

"You know I'm telling the truth," he whispered, shocked.

Danny." Jack's face, tightening.

"You know because you saw—"

The sound of Jack's open palm striking Danny's face was flat, not dramatic at all. The boy's head rocked back, the palmprint reddening on his cheek like a brand.

Wendy made a moaning noise.

For a moment they were still, the three of them, and then Jack grabbed for his son and said, "Danny I'm sorry you okay doc?"

"You h---m, you bastard!" Wendy cried. "You dirty bastard!"

She grabbed his older arm and for a moment Danny was pulled between them.

"Oh please stop pulling me!" he screamed at them, and there was such agony in his voice that they both let go of him and then the tears had to come and he collapsed weeping, between the sofa and the window his parents staring at him helplessly. The two children might stare at a toy broken in a furious tussle over to whom it belonged. In the fireplace another pipe-knot exploded like a hand grenade, making them all jump.

* * *

Wendy gave him baby aspirin and Jack slipped him unprotestingly between sheets of his cot. He was asleep in no time with his thumb in his mouth.

"I don't like it, she said. "It's a regression."

Jack didn't reply.

She looked at him softly without anger without a smile either. "You want me to apologize for calling you a bastard? All right, I apologize. I'm sorry. You shouldn't have hit him."

"I know," he muttered. "I know that. I don't know what the hell came over me."

"Yes, I promised you I'd never hit him again."

He looked at her furiously, and then the fury collapsed. Suddenly with pity and horror she saw what Jack would look like as an old man. She had never seen him look that way before.

(?what way?)

Deterred she answered herself. *He looks beaten.*

He said "I always thought I could keep my promises."

She went to him and put her hands on his arm. All right, it's over. And when the ranger comes to check us, we'll tell him we all want to go down. All right?

"All right," Jack said, and at that moment, at least, he meant it. The same way he had always meant it on those mornings after, looking at his pale and haggard face in the bathroom mirror. *I'm going to stop, going to cut it off flat.* But morning gave way to afternoon, and in the afternoons he felt a little better. And afternoon gave way to night. As some great nineteenth-century thinker had said, night must fall.

He found himself wishing that Wendy would ask him about the hedges, would ask him what Danny meant when he said *You know because you saw*. If she did, he would tell her everything. Everything. The hedges, the woman in the room, even about the fire hose that seemed to have switched positions. But where did confession stop? Could he tell her he had thrown the magnet away, that they could all be down in Snow River right now if he hadn't done that?

What she said was "Do you want tea?"

"Yes. A cup of tea would be good."

She went to the door and paused there, rubbing her fingers through her sweater. "It's my fault as much as yours," she said. "What were we doing while he was going through that dream, or whatever it was?"

"Wendy—"

"We were sleeping," she said, sleeping like a couple of teenagers with their teeth nicely scratched.

"Stop it," he said. "It's over."

"No," Wendy answered, and gave him a large, resolute smile. "It's not over."

She went out to make tea, leaving him to sleep watchful and son.

THE ELEVATOR

Jack awoke from a dim and uneasy sleep where vague and ill-defined shapes chased him through endless snowfields to what he first thought was another dream—darkness, and in it, a sudden mechanicalumble of noises—clicks and clanks, hummings, rattlings, snaps and whooshes.

Then Wendy sat up beside him and he knew it was no dream.
"What's that?" Her hand, cold marble, gripped his wrist. He restrained an urge to shake it off—how in the hell was he supposed to know what it was? The room-rated clock on his digitalised said it was five minutes to twelve.

The humming sound again. Loud and steady, varying the slightest bit. Followed by a clank as the humming ceased. A rattling. Brrr. A bump. Then the humming resumed.

It was the elevator.

Danny was sitting up. "Daddy? Daddy?" His voice was sleepy and scared.

"Right here, doc," Jack said. "Come on over and jump in. Your mom's awake, too."

The bedclothes rustled as Danny got on the bed between them. "It's the elevator," he whispered.

"The s---gbs," Jack said. "Just the elevator."

"What do you mean, just?" Wendy demanded. There was an insect-like tone of hysteria in her voice. It's the minute of the right. Who's running it?"

Hummhumhumhum. Click clank. Above here now. The rattle of the gear, according back the bump of the doors opening and closing. Then the hum of the motor and the clunk again.

Danny began to whimper,

Jack swung his feet out of bed and onto the floor. It's probably a short. I'll check."

"Don't you dare go out of it's room!"

"Don't be stupid," he said, pulling on his coat. "It's my job. She was out of bed now; it was morning, and pulling Danny with her.

"Wendy—"

"Wendy—"

"What's wrong?" Danny asked suddenly. "What's wrong, Daddy?"

Instead of answering he turned away, his face angry and set. He began to strip his robe from him at the door, ignoring her and disappearing into the dark hall.

Wendy hesitated for a moment and then called to Danny who began to move fast. She caught up quickly and they were once again together.

Jack had been bothered with the lights. She fumbled for the switch, then in the four spaced over-heads in the hallway had led to the main corridor. Up ahead, Jack was already turning the corner. This time Danny turned the switchplate and flicked all three switches up. The hallway coming down on the stairs and elevator shaft came bright.

Jack was standing at the elevator station which was flanked by bannisters and cigarette arms. He was standing motionless in front of the closed elevator door. In his faded attire he stood and looked at her slippers with the ruffled heel, his hair all in sleep corkscrews and Alfalfa cowlicks. He looked at her like an absolute fifteen century Hamlet, an indecisive figure so mesmerized by onrushing tragedy that he was help less to divert its course or avert it in any way.

(jesus stop thinking so crazy—)

Danny's hand had tightened painfully on her own. He was looking up at her intently, his face strained and anxious. He had been catching the drift of her thoughts, she realized just how much or how little of them he was getting was impossible to say, but she flushed, feeling much the same as if he had caught her in a most turbulatory act.

"Come on," she said, and they went down the hall to Jack.

The hummings and clankings and thumpings were louder here, terrifying in a disconnected, benumbed way. Jack was staring at the closed door with fervent intensity. Through the diamond-shaped window in the center of the elevator door she thought she

and take out the cubes, thumping slightly. The elevator stopped at a stop below them at lobby level. They heard the doors thump open. And . . .

(party)

Why . . . are thought party? The word had slipped away into the air for all reason at all. The silence in the Overlook was complete and dense except for the weak basses coming up the elevator shaft.

(must have been quite a party)

(??WHAT PARTY???)

For just a moment her mind had filled with an image so real it seemed to be a memory—not just any memory but one of those you treasure, one of those you keep for very special occasions and rarely mention aloud. Lights—hundreds, maybe thousands—of them. Lights and colors, the pop of champagne corks, a tiny piece of vestra playing Glenn Miller's "In the Mood." But Glenn Miller had gone down in his bomber before she was born, how could she have a memory of Glenn Miller?

She looked around Denny and saw his head had jerked to one side as he was hearing something she couldn't hear. His face was very pale.

Thump

The door had shut down here. A humming whine as the elevator began to rise. She saw the engine housing on top of the car fly through the diamond-shaped window. Then the interior of the car, seen through the further diamond shapes made by the brass gate. Warm yellow light from the car's overhead. It was empty. The car was empty. It was empty but . . .

In the heat of the party they must have crowded in by the dozen, crowded the car way beyond its safety limit but of course I had been new then and all of them wearing masks.)

(??WHAT MASKS???)

The car stopped above them on the third floor. She looked at Denny. His face was all eyes. His mouth was pressed into a tight, now bloodless smile. Above them, the brass gate rattled back. The elevator door thumped open, it thumped open because it was time to leave me, it was time to say

(Goodnight—goodnight—yes, it was lovely—no I can't stay for the unmasking—early to bed, early to rise

... oh, was that Sheila? ... the monk? ... isn't that witty,
Sheila coming as a monk? ... yes goodnight ... good)

Thump

Gears clashed. The motor engaged. The car began to move back down.

Jack." she whispered. "What is it? What's wrong with it?"

"A short circuit," he said. His face was like wood. "I told you, it was a short circuit."

"I keep hearing voices in my head," she cried. "What is it? What's wrong? I feel like I'm going crazy."

"What voices?" He looked at her with deadly sadness.

She turned to Danny. "Did you?"

Danny nodded slowly. "Yes. And music. Like from a long time ago. In my head."

The elevator car stopped again. The hotel was silent, creaking, deserted. Outside, the wind whined around the eaves in the darkness.

"Maybe you are both crazy," Jack said conversationally. "I didn't hear a goddamned thing except the elevator having a case of the electrical jitters. If you two want to have duoc hysterics fine. But count me out."

The elevator was coming down again.

Jack stepped to the right, where a glass-fronted box was mounted on the wall at chest height. He smashed his bare fist against it. Glass buckled inward. Blood dripped from two of his knuckles. He reached in and took out a key with a long, smooth barrel.

"Jack, no. Don't!"

"I am going to do my job. Now leave me alone, Wendy!"

She tried to grab his arm. He pushed her backward. Her feet tangled in the hem of her robe and she fell to the carpet with an ungainly thump. Danny cried out shrilly and fell on his knees beside her. Jack turned back to the elevator and thrust the key into the socket.

The elevator cables disappeared and the bottom of the car came into view in the small window. A second after Jack turned the key hard, there was a grating, screeching sound as the elevator car came to an instant standstill. For a moment the decoupled motor in the basement whined even louder, and then its circuit breaker

on in and the Overlook went uncuriously silent. The night wind outside seemed very loud by comparison. Jack looked up dizzily at the grey metal elevator door. There was one splatter of blood below the knuckles from his lacerated knuckles.

He turned back to Wendy and Danny for a moment. She was sitting up, and Danny had his arm around her. They were both staring at him carefully as if he was a stranger they had never seen before, possibly a dangerous one. He opened his mouth, not sure what was going to come out.

"It . . . Wendy, it's my job."

She said clearly, "Fuck your job."

He turned back to the elevator, worked his fingers into the crack that ran down the right side of the door, and got it to open a little way. Then he was able to get his whole weight on it and threw the door open.

The car had stopped halfway, its floor at Jack's chest level. Warm light still spilled out on it, contrasting with the oily darkness of the shaft below.

He looked in for what seemed a long time.

"It's empty," he said then. "A short circuit. Like I said." He hooked his fingers onto the soft brim of the door and began to pull it closed. Then her hand was on his shoulder, surprisingly strong, yanking him away.

"Wendy!" he shouted. But she had already caught the car's bottom edge and pulled herself up enough so she could look in. Then with a convulsive heave of her shoulder and belly muscles, she tried to boost herself all the way up. For a moment the issue was in doubt. Her feet dangled over the blackness of the shaft and one pink slipper fell from her foot and slipped out of sight.

"Mommy!" Danny screamed.

Then she was up, her cheeks flushed, her forehead as pale and striking as a spirit lamp. "What about his Jack? Is it a short circuit?" She threw some hings and suddenly the hall was full of writhing confetti, red and white and blue and yellow. "Is this?" A green party streamer faded to a pale pastel color with age.

"And this?"

She tossed it out and it came to rest on the black-black-angle carpet, a black sick cat's-eye mask, dusted with sequins at the temples.

"Does that look like a short circuit to you, Jack?" she screamed at him.

Jack stepped slowly away from it shaking his head mechanically back and forth. The cat-eye mask stared up blankly at the ceiling from the confetti-strewn hallway carpet.

37

THE BALLROOM

It was the first of December

Daddy was in the east-wing ballroom, standing on an oversize fed, high-backed wing chair, looking at the clock under glass. It stood in the center of the ballroom's high, ornamental mantelpiece, flanked by two large, very elephants. He almost expected the elephants would begin to move and try to gore him with their tusks as he stood there but they were motionless. They were safe. Since the night of the elevator he had come to divide all things at the Overlook into two categories. The elevator, the basement, the playground, Room 217 and the Presidential Suite—it was *Safe*, not *Sweet*, he had seen the correct spelling in an account book Daddy had been reading at supper last night and had memorized it carefully)—those places were "unsafe." Their quarters, the lobby, and the porch were "safe." Apparently, the ballroom was, too.

(The elephants are, anyway.)

He was not sure about other places and so avoided them on general principle.

He looked at the clock inside the glass dome. It was under glass because all its wheels and cogs and springs were showing. A chrome or steel track ran around the outside of these works, and directly below the clockface there was a small axis bar with a pair of meshing cogs at either end. The hands of the clock stood at quarter past XI, and although he didn't know Roman numerals he could guess by the configuration of the hands at what time the clock had stopped. The clock stood on a velvet base. It front of it,

s slightly distorted by the curve of the dome, was a carefully carved silver key.

He supposed that the clock was one of the things he wasn't supposed to touch like the decorative fire-works in their brass-bound cub, it by the baby fireplace or the tall mahogany at the back of the dining room.

A sense of alarm and a feeling of angry resentment suddenly rose in him and

(Never mind what I'm not supposed to touch, never mind how much I've handled it? I've played with me hasn't it?)

It had. And it hadn't been particularly careful not to break him, either.

Danny put his hands out, grasped the glass dome, and lifted it aside. He let one finger play over the works for a moment, the pad of his index finger denting again the cogs, running smoothly over the wheels. He picked up the silver key. For an adult it would have been uncomfortably small, but it fitted his own fingers perfectly. He placed it in the keyhole at the center of the clockface. It went into the home with a tiny click, more feel than heard. It wouldn't turn of course clockwise.

Danny turned the key until it would turn no more and then removed it. The clock began to tick. Cogs turned. A large balance wheel rocked back and forth in semicircles. The hands were moving. If you kept your head perfectly motionless and your eyes wide open you could see the minute hand inching along toward its meeting some forty-five minutes from now with the hour hand. At XII.

(And the Red Death had swayed over all.)

He frowned, and then shook the thought away. It was a thought with no meaning or reference for him.

He reached his index finger out again and pushed the minute hand up to the four, curious about what might happen. It obviously wasn't a cuckoo clock, but that's even rarer to have some purpose.

There was a small rattling series. Four ticks, and then the clock began to strike. Strauss's "Blue Danube Waltz." A punched roll of cloth no more than two inches in width began to unwind. A small series of brass strikers rose and fell. From behind the clock-face two figures glided into view along the steel track, ballet

dancers, on the left a girl in a fluffy skirt and white stockings, on the right a boy in a black leopard and batik slippers. Their arms were held in arches over their heads. They came together in a nuzzle, in front of VI.

Danny espied tiny grooves in their sides just below their armpits. The axis bar slipped into these grooves and he heard another small click. The cogs at either end of the bar began to turn. "The Blue Danube", he thought. The dancers' arms came down around each other. The boy flipped the girl up over his head and then whirled over the bar. They were now lying prone, the boy's head buried beneath the girl's soft batik skirt, the girl's face pressed against the center of the boy's leopard. They writhed in a mechanical frenzy.

Danny's nose wrinkled. They were kissing peepers. That made him feel sick.

A moment later and things began to run backward. The boy withdrew back over the axis bar. He flipped the girl into an upright position. They seemed to nod knowingly at each other as their hands arched back over their heads. They retreated, he with them, had come, disappearing just as "The Blue Danube" finished. The clock began to strike a count of silver chimes.

(*Midnight Stroke at midnight*)

(*Hooray for masks!*)

Danny whirled in the chair almost falling down. The ballroom was empty. Beyond the double cathedral window he could see fresh snow beginning to sift down. The huge ballroom ringed up for dancing, of course, a rich tangle of red and gold embroidery, lay undisturbed on the floor. Spaced around it were sumptuous tables for two, the spidery chairs that went with each suspended with legs pointing at the ceiling.

The whole place was empty.

But it wasn't really empty. Because here in the Overlook it always just went on and on. Here in the Overlook all men were one. There was an endless night in August of 1945, with laughter and drinks and a chosen showing few going up and coming down in the elevator, drinking champagne and popping party favors in each other's faces. It was a not-yet-right morning in June some twenty years later and the organization hitless endless procession shot right through the torn and bleeding bodies of three men who went

through their agony endlessly. In a room on the second floor a woman lolled in her tub and waited for visitors.

In the Overlook all things had a sort of life. It was as if the whole place had been wound up with a silver key. The clock was running. The clock was running.

He was the key Danny thought, sadly. Tony had warned him and he had just let things go on.

(*I'm just five!*)

he cried to some half felt presence in the room.

(*Doesn't it make any difference that I'm just five?*)

There was no answer.

He turned reluctantly back to the clock.

He had been putting it off, hoping that something would happen to help him avoid trying to call Tony again, that a ranger would come, or a helicopter, or a rescue team. They always came in time on his TV programs, the people were saved. On TV the rangers and the SWAT squad and the paramedics were a friendly white force counterbalancing the confused evil that he perceived in the world. When people got in trouble they were helped out of it, they were fixed up. They did not have to help themselves out of trouble.

(*Please?*)

There was no answer.

No answer and if Tony came would it be the same nightmare? The bumbling, the hoarse and petulant voice, the blue-black rug like snakes? Redrum?

But what else?

(*Please oh please*)

No answer.

With a trembling sigh, he looked at the clockface. Cogs turned and meshed with other cogs. The balance wheel rocked hypnotically back and forth. And if you held your head perfectly still you could see the minute hand creeping inexorably down from XII to V. If you held your head perfectly still you could see that—

The clockface was gone. In its place was a round black hole. It led down into forever. It began to swell. The clock was gone. The

room behind it. Danny tottered and then fell into the darkness that had been hiding behind the clockface all along.

The small boy in the chair suddenly collapsed and lay in it at a crooked unnatural angle, his head thrown back, his eyes staring sightlessly at the high ballroom ceiling.

Down and down and down and down to—

the hallway, crouched in the hallway and he had made a wrong turn, trying to get back to the stairs he had made a wrong turn and now AND NOW—

—he saw he was in the short dead-end corridor that led only to the Presidential Suite and the booming sound was coming closer the rogue mallet whistling savagely through the air, the head of it embedding itself into the wall, cutting the silk paper, letting out small puffs of plaster dust.

(*Goddammit come out here! Take your*)

But there was another figure in the hallway Slouched nondescriptly against the wall just behind him Like a ghost

No not a ghost but as dressed in white Dressed in whites

(*I'll find you you goddam whoremastering RENT!*)

Danny cringed back from the sound Coming up the main bird-door hall now Soon the owner of that voice would round the corner

(*Come here Come here you little shit!*)

The figure dressed in white straightened up a little removed a cigarette from the corner of his mouth, and plucked a shred of tobacco from his full lower lip It was Halorann, Danny saw Dressed in his cook's whites instead of the blue suit he had been wearing on closing day

"If there is trouble," Halorann said "you give a call A big loud holler like the one that knocked me back a few minutes ago I might hear you even way down in Florida And if I do, I'll come on the run I'll come on the run I'll come on the—"

(*Come now then! Come now come NOW! Oh Dick I need you we all need*)

"...run Sorry, but I got to run Sorry Danny ole kid ole now, but I got to run It's sure been fun, y-a son of a gun, but I got to hurry, I got to run."

(*No!*)

But as he watched, Dick Harorans turned, put his cigarette back into the corner of his mouth, and stepped nonchalantly through the wall.

Leaving him alone.

And that was when the shadow-figure turned the corner, huge in the hallway's gloom, only the reflected red of its eyes clear.

(*There you are! Now I've got you, you fuck! Now I'll teach you!*)

It lurched toward him in a horrible, shambling run, the rogue mallet swinging up and up and up. Danny scrambled backward, screaming, and suddenly he was through the wall, and falling, tumbling over and over, down the hole, down the rabbit hole and into a land full of sick wonders.

Tony was far below him, also falling.

(*I can't come anymore, Danny . . . he won't let me near you . . . none of them will let me near you . . . get Dick . . . get Dick . . .*)

"Tony!" he screamed.

But Tony was gone and suddenly he was in a dark room. But not entirely dark. Muted light spilling from somewhere. It was Mommy and Daddy's bedroom. He could see Daddy's desk. But the room was a dreadfully somber. He had been in this room before. Mommy's record player overturned on the floor. Her records scattered on the rug. The mattress half off the bed. Pictures ripped from the walls. His cot lying on its side like a dead dog. One Violent Violet Volkswagen crushed to purple shreds of plastic.

The light was coming from the bathroom door half-open. Just beyond it a hand dangled limp, blood dropping from the tips of the fingers. And in the medicine cabinet mirror the word RED-RUM flashing off and on.

Suddenly a huge clock in a glass bowl materialized in front of him. There were no hands or numbers on the clockface, only a date written in red: DECEMBER. And then eyes widening in horror he saw the word R.I.D.K.O.M reflected dimly from the glass drama, now reflected twice. And he saw his crippled MURDER.

Danny Tramore screamed in wretched terror. The date was gone from the clock face. The clock became the F was gone replaced by a circular black hole that swelled and swelled like a lung,

iris. It blotted out everything and he fell forward, beginning to fall, failing, he was—

* * *

—falling off the chair.

For a moment he lay on the ballroom floor, breathing hard.

RE.DRUM.

MURDER.

RE.DRUM

MURDER.

(*The Red Death held sway over all*)

(*Unmask! Unmask!*)

And behind each glittering, lovely mask, the as yet unseen face of the shape that chased him down these dark salways, its red eyes widening, blank and homicidal.

Oh, he was afraid of what face might come to light when the time for unmasking came around at last.

(*DICK!*)

he screamed with all his might. His head seemed to shiver with the force of it.

(*'OH DICK OH PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE COME IT'*)

Above him the clock he had wound with the silver key continued to mark off the seconds and minutes and hours.

PART FIVE

Matters of Life and Death

FLORIDA

Mrs. Halvorann's third son, Dick, dressed in his cook's whites, a Lucky Strike parked in the corner of his mouth, backed his renamed Cadillac into out of its space behind the One-A Wholesale Vegetable Mart and drove slowly around the building. Masterton, part owner now but still walking with the patented shuffle he had adopted back before World War II, was pushing a bin of lettuces into the high, dark building.

Halvorann pushed the button that lowered the passenger side window and hollered. "Those avocados is too damn high, you cheapskate!"

Masterton looked back over his shoulder, grinned widely enough to expose all three gold teeth, and yelled back, "And I know exactly where you can put em my good buddy."

"Remarks like that I keep track of, bro."

Masterton gave him the finger. Halvorann returned the compliment.

"Get your clothes did you?" Masterton asked.

"I did."

You come back early tomorrow, I gonna give you some of the sweet new potatoes you ever seen."

"I send the boy," Halvorann said. "You comin' up tonight?"

"You supplyin' the juice, bro?"

"That's a big ten-four."

I be there. You keep tryin' things off the top end go'n home, you hear me? Every cop between here an St. Pete knows your name."

"You know all about us, huh?" Halvorann asked, grinning.

"I know more than you I ever earn, my man."

"Listen to this sassy nigger. Who o you I stan'?"

"Go on, get outta here fore I start throwin' these lettuces."

"Go on an' throw em. I'll take anything for free."

Masterton made as if to throw one. Halvorann ducked, rolled up the window, and drove on. He was feeling fine. For the last half

hour or so he had been smelling ranges but he didn't find that queer. For the last half hour he had been in a tank at vegetable market.

It was 4:30 P.M. EST the first day of December. Old Man Winter was trying his breathless rump fumus to impress all the country but down here the men were open-throated shirt sleeves and the women were in light summer dresses and shorts. On top of the First Bank of Florida building, a digital thermometer surrounded with huge grapefruits was flashing 79 over and over. Thank God for Florida! Haloran thought mosquitoes and all.

In the back of the limo were two dozen avocados, a crate of cucumbers, doz oranges, doz grapefruits. Three shopping sacks filled with Bermuda onions, the sweetest vegetable a living God ever created, some pretty good sweet peas which would be served with the entree and at the back uncut ten nine times square with a single blue Hubbard squash that was strictly the price of consumption.

Haloran stopped the car late at the Memphis Service Station, and when he green arm w slowed he pulled out a state highway map pushing up the TV and holding it like a lantern he began to track away into an extensive sprawl of gas stations, Burger Kings and McDonalds. It was a small town today he could have sat there after 1 but Bacchus had been chancing fires without a fire the meat and besides, Haloran never missed a chance to hang around Frank Masterton's record shop to show up tonight to watch some TV and drink Haloran's Best I.L.S. so he might not be here was was afraid. But seeing him mattered. Every time I drive up because they weren't you going to be. In the last few days it seemed he was thinking of that very fact a great deal. Not so young as those when you get up near sixty years old and let the faith and save a life past it you had to start thinking about saving our souls. You could go any time. And that had been on his mind this week not in a heavy way but as a fact. Doing was not living. You have to keep going on or else. If you expect to be a whole person. And so the fact of your own death was something else of course. Wash I suppose he'd be accept-

Why this should have been on his mind he couldn't have said,

but his other reason for getting his small order himself was so he could step upstairs to the stamp office over Frank's Bar and Grill. There was a lawyer who were now the dentist who had been there law you and a man by gone broke—a young black fellow named McIver. Haloran had stepped in and told this McIver that he wanted to make a will and would McIver help him out? Well, McIver asked, how soon or you want the will signed? Yes and so said Haloran and drew his head back and laughed. Have you got anything complicated in mind? was McIver's next question. Haloran did not. He had his Cash account a bank account—some nine thousand dollars—a padding checking account and a closet of clothes. He wanted it all to go to his sister. And if your sister predeceases you? McIver asked. Never mind, Haloran said. If that happens, I'll make a new will. The document had been completed and signed in less than three hours—fast work for a lawyer—and now resided in Haloran's briefs posse, folded into a stiff blue envelope with the word will on the outside in Old English letters.

He could not have said why he had chosen it's warm sunny day when he felt so weak, or do something he had been putting off for years but the impulse had come to him and he had not said no. He was used to following his hunches.

He was pretty well out of town now. He cranked the amo up to an illegal sixty and let it run there in the left-hand lane sucking up most of the Petersburg-bound traffic. He knew from experience that the amo would still ride as solid as iron at a forty and even at a hundred and twenty it didn't seem to lag ten up much. But his screamin days were long gone. The thought of putting the amo up to a hundred and twenty on a straight stretch really scared him. He was getting old.

Jesus, those oranges smell strong. Wonder if they gone yet?

Bugs spluttered against the wind-w. He dialed the radio to a Miami soul station and got the soft wadling voice of A. Green

"What a beau-u-utiful we had together,

Now it's getting late and we must leave each other . . ."

He unrolled the window, pulled his cigarette butt out, then rolled it further down to clear out the smoke of the oranges. He

medal swung gently back and forth

As a result, the new system has been developed to overcome the above mentioned difficulties.

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He had a heart attack at age 45. He was a
young, healthy-looking man. I knew him well and the
whole family. He had a history of smoking which
he quit about 10 years ago. He also had a history of hypertension
and he was taking medication for it. He had a history of
smoking which he quit about 10 years ago. He also had a history of
hypertension and he was taking medication for it.

The weather was a trapping break for the
men high up in the hills below a point above
the village of the Kungsareds who had
come back up to the village to get
help from their neighbors.

The well known author was having a bus stop at the station. He drunkenly walked outside the car and he driver of the car a person of negro race action horse. The negro and dog as well as another for the birds. He articulated his own proposal that all persons of Negro blood return to their native land. He expressed his desire he set up the prison of the driver's soul would occupy in the universe. He finished by saying that he believed he could do this a good man in order to New York and the Park area.

The boy was scared and out of anger and suddenly aware that he had wet his pants.

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COMBINE DICK PLEASANT & KEEBLER DICK PLEASANT

but a beg is to fade off the way a radio station would if you approach the limits of its broadcasting area. He became Fuzzy aware that his car was rolling along the soft shoulder of better than a dozen power lines. He gazed back over the road, along the rear of the trailer, a moment before it hit the composition surface.

There was an A-Rootbeer stand just ahead. He stopped, pulled aside, pressed to his heart, hissing pants, yet at his chest he had a sickly gray color. He pulled into a parking slot, took his beret chief out of his pocket and mopped his forehead with it. (*Lord God!*)

"May I help you?"

The voice startled him again, even though it was the voice of God out that of a cook in a carpet, standing by his open window with an order pad.

"Yeah, half a rootbeer float. Two scoops of vanilla ice cream."

"Yes sir." She walked away, carrying a neatly bound folder containing uniform.

Hulk rang leaned back again, the easier seat still closed his eyes. There was no time yet to pick up. The last of it had faded out between pulling in here and giving the waitress his order. All that was left was a sick, thudding headache, as if his brain had been twisted and wrung out and hung publicly. Like the headache he'd gotten from wearing that silly Derry shirt all the way up there at Ullman's Folly.

But this had been much harder. Then the boy had only been playing a game with him. This had been pure panic, each word screamed aloud to his head.

He looked down at his arms. He sensed no lay on them but they had still goose-bumped. He had told the boy to call him if he needed help. He remembered that. And now the boy was coming.

He suddenly wondered how he could have left that boy up here at all, skinned the way he did. If he was bound to get trouble maybe bad trouble.

He suddenly keyed the limo, put it in reverse, and pulled back onto the highway, peeling rubber. The waitress with the ringing hips stood in the A-W stand's archway, a tray with a rootbeer float on it in her hands.

"What's wrong with you, a friend?" she said, but Halberstadt was gone.

* * *

"I'm not angry with you," he said with a smile. "I'm angry with myself. I was so wrong about this book. He wanted me to do the best of Rikkaway No. 1 for my old Queen, so I wrote the book. But I just learned that over six hundred copies had been sold and he doesn't want it. Now, and here's the last part, he lets me go to him. Dick, the know-it-all, he says we're playing at the railroad seven days a week. When Queens is dug up, look it over in Halberstadt's notebook now and you'll see why they gave him a lot of trouble this year. And who did the most? Not me, but Shelly. She's got some real sherry seats. He registered Halberstadt with no eye. That was his idea, not mine. Shelly's names the last big s-Bou on the line."

"Problems, Dick?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Queen's. I guess so. I need new ways. There was a package of Rikkaway No. 1 in the pocket of Queen's shirt when I saw him. He reached into it, took out a pick, without removing the pick, tweezing it out and held it with his fingers. Then he took it off and put it back in his pocket. My eyes are on him. He'll be back to his desk of Cricket."

"So you think he's still there?"

"I did two days. He didn't even notice I was there."

Oliver's eyes darted to Halberstadt's arm band which was ringless.

"I been a writer since '44, Halberstadt, and nobody

"Dick, you know it's the weaker situation is. We're full of the gurus. Even the cheap seas. We're even blind to it. The Talker is on Sunday now. So are my books. No sales! My pension fund. Hell, you can even take my wife. Five thousand and the sweepstakes. But please don't ask me for one off. What is he sick?"

"Yes, sir." Halberstadt said slowly, trying to visualize himself wearing a cheap cloth hat and tinted glasses. His shot.

"Short," Queen said. He put his pen down in an ashtray which bore the name of Old Miss, of which he was a business admin graduate.

"Yes, sir," Halberstadt said somberly.

"Hunting accident?"

"Sir," Hal rambled and let his voice drop into a whisper like sand. "It's been a long way to talk about. A white man. He's all my boy. He's a white man in a decent, God-fearing condition."

"How can I help you? I thought you were having babies."

"Yes sir, I was." He had stopped. They were in front of the bus stop where he was to receive an Axis car at 8 o'clock in the dark. Before leaving he had swiped a Western Union stamp. Now he took the ticket and crumpled it. It fell from his pocket and dashed across before Queen's bloodshot eyes. He put it back in his pocket and allowing his voice to drop once more said, "John see... was waiting in my letter box when I go back just now."

"Jesus Jesus Christ," Queen said. There was a peculiar look expressive of concern on his face. The expression was familiar to me. I was as close to an expression of sympathy as a white man who brought of himself as "good with the colored." Could I get away if he could? Was a black man or his my "son black son?"

"Yeah, okay, you get a ring," Queen said. "Bacchus can take over in three days, I guess. The perboy can help out."

He looked odd, letting his face get larger still, but enough of the perboy helping out. Bacchus made him good money. Even in a good way Hal rambled about if the perboy could hit the animal on the first squirt.

"I want to rebale back this week's pay," Hal rambled. "The white thing I know what a bad thing put to you in Mr. Oceans, sir."

Queen's expression got lighter still. I looked as if he might have a fishbone caught in his throat. We can talk about that later. You go on and pack. I ask to Isaecker. Want me to make you a plane reservation?

"No, sir, I'll do it."

"All right." Queen stood up, leaning forward, forward and inhaled a raft of ascending smoke from his pipe. He coughed heavily. It's his white face turning red. Hal rambled struggled here to keep his smirky expression. I hope everything turns out. Dick Call when you get word."

"I'll do that."

They shook hands over the desk.

Holbrook made out to get down to the ground floor & a
cross to the back upper compound before bursting into rich,
childish king laughter. He was still grinning and snapping his
fingers like white hot streaks of when the smell of gunpowder
was thick and going and the heat was there, still a faint
wind sending him like a pup at the park. He was in a
drunken stagger.

(PLEASE COME DICK PLEASE COME COME
QUICK !!)

He recovered a little at a time and at last he capable of climbing
the outside stairs of his apartment. He kept the matchbox under
the rush-plated doormat and when he reached down to get it
some hung fell out of his inner pocket and fell to the second floor
decking with a thud. His mind was still so much on the voice
that now shivered through his head that for a moment he could
not look at the blue envelope blankly not knowing what it was.

Then he turned it over and the word *WILL* stood up a hum in
the black spidery letters.

(Oh my God is it like that?)

He didn't know. But it could be. All week long the thought of
his own ending had been on his mind like a... Well like a...

(Go on, say it)

Like a premonition.

Death. For a moment his whole life seemed to flash before him.
It's a historical sense, no capograp of the ups and downs that
Mrs. Holbrook's boy son, Dick, had lived through, but his life as
it was now. Martin Luther King had told him not long before he
bullet took him down to his martyr's grave that he had been to
the mountain. Dick could not claim that. No mountain, but he had
reached a sunny plateau after years of struggle. He had good
friends. He had all the references he would ever need to get a job
anywhere. When he wanted succ, why, he could find a friendly
one with no questions asked and no big shiny struggle about who
it all meant. He had come to terms with a's blackness. happy
terms. He was up past sixty and thank God he was crossing.

Was he going to chance the end of that--the end of *him*, for
three white people he didn't even know?

But that was a lie, wasn't it?

He knew the boy. They had shared each other the way good

freighted with a few coins. He knew the boy and he
buy a new car because as they had a lot of bad luck. A
few hours ago he said to him "I asked to buy a car but had
just been given.

"The next day he went to see the doctor. ~~The next night~~
And suddenly he had a fit. This time he stopped. He'd seen the tree
where he was going to pick the horses to see the boy had said you
wouldn't care unless where you stay was where he turned up last
night but this was only a passing fit. It started off the sand and down
below there was as much water which had risen as there was
ever since either you could see pain and death and tears. And
then the boy was stuck in the place and he would go. But he
didn't. Because speaking to the boy, he had only been different
earlier when they used their mouths. So he would go. He would do
what he could because I can't let buy was going to die right
inside his head.

But because he was human he could not help a bit or wish was
the cup to never never pass away.

* * *

Such a star a large one and coming after him!

He had been jumping a change of clothes and at overnight bag
when the thought came to him freezing him with a power of the
memory as it always did when he thought of it. He tried to think
of it as seldom as possible.

The maid Dorcas Massey her name was, how ever by her
had said some things to the other, remembering as she worse still
to come to the guests. When he would go back to Ulman in the
sky of all said have known she would do, he had fired her out of
hand. She had come to Harlan in tears, no man being killed
but about the thing he had seen in the second floor room. She
had gone to the 7 to change her jewels, she said, and there had
been that Mrs. Massey lying dead in the tub. That, of course, was
impossible. Mrs. Massey had been discreetly taken away the day
before and was even then winging her way back to New York—in
fashioning hand as one of the first class she'd been accustomed
to.

Harlan's hadn't liked Dorcas much but he had gone up to
ask her evening. The maid was an over-completed girl of

twenty-three who was a table near the end of the season. When changes were down, Sue had a small shining, flat brass judgetry bell. It hung from the belt of a mousy-looking man and his escort, wearing a tuxedo. He could well come in for dinner and Delores would sit at one of the tables for others. The mousy man would have a picture of *Audrey Hepburn* in place of his profile. He had enough for the girl who had made the trade, but worse. Delores would crowd into a bedroom, a giv-off in an opera top run by a man who allowed no goof-offs. She would sit in a linen closet, reading a *Professor's Magazine* and smoking, but whenever Ullman went on one of his unscheduled patrols (and woe to the girl he caught resting her feet) he found her working industriously at her magazine hidden under the sheets on a high shelf, her ashtray tucked safely into her uniform pocket. Years later Halloward thought, she'd been a goof-off and a sloven and the other girls had resented her, but Delores had had that little twinkle. I had a ways greased the skids for her. But what she had seen in Ullman had scared her badly enough so she was more than glad to pick up the walking papers Ullman had stuck her and go.

Why had she come to him? As he knows a state, Halloward thought, grinning at the pun.

So he had gone up that night and two off himself into the room which was to be ready by the next day. He had used the office passkey to get in, and if Ullman had caught him with that key, he would have put it in the safe in the employment line.

The shower curtain around the tub had been drawn. He had pushed it back but even before he did he'd had a premonition of what he was going to see. Mrs. Massey, skin and purple, lay suggestively in the tub which was half full of water. He had stood looking down at her, a pulse beating thickly in his throat. There had been other things at the Overlook, a bad dream that recurred at irregular intervals, some sort of costume party and he was carrying it in the Overlook's ballroom and at he should to unmask everybody exposed faces that were those of rotting insects—and there had been the hedge animals. Twice, maybe three times, he had (or thought he had) seen them in the ever so slightly. That dog would seem to change from his sitting-up posture to a slightly crouched one, and the lions seemed to move forward, as if nimbly.

ing the title takes off the prayer and last year to Mr. Leman had sent him up to the attic to look for the ornate set of shelves that now stood beside the hobby trap door. While he had been up there he three light bulbs string over head had gone out and he had lost his way back to the trapdoor. He had stumbled around out of sight for length of time closer and closer to panic, marking his steps on boxes and bumping on things with a stronger and stronger fear that something was stalking him in the dark. Some giddy and frightening creature that had just oozed out of the wallwork when the lights went out. And when he had finally stumbled over the trapdoor's ringbolt he had hurried down as fast as he could, leaving the trapdoor open and disheveled, with a long disaster barely averted. Later Leman had come down, the kitchen person ready to inform him he had left the attic trapdoor open and the gas burning up there. Do you think he guessed who'd be up there and play roulette but I do. Do you think electricity was free?

And he suspected, or was nearly positive, he sees a lot of ghosts now seen or heard things on. In the five years he has been here, he Preceptoria Suite had been broken into at least six times. The guests who have put up there have left the place some of them looking markedly. Other guests had left other rooms with some unkindness the night of August 24, 44 near dusk a man who had won the Bronze and Silver Star Korea — at least so far as he heard of these awards Captain Harry G. Moore said, I have personally picked up a famous news anchorman whose unkind words I might add were bitter on the putting green. And here had been others of course during Hulmann's association with the Overlook who visitors used to get into the parlor. One lady had had a dream in which playing in the concrete rings, but Hulmann didn't know that until he attributed the Overlook's steady sense of gloom had gone around among the help that he and his daughter of a handsome young woman who had come to the Overlook from out of state to take a hat job.

And so starting with the exercise at Mrs. Mossey's he had been frightened but not completely terrified. I was not completely surprised. Let us come when we open the Overlook and the banks' set pieces will begin to go to him. He'll run away

(she had started to get out and come after him)

He had fled, heart racing, and had not felt safe even with the door shut and locked behind him. In fact, he admitted to himself now as he zipped the flightbag shut, he had never felt safe anywhere in the Overlook again.

And now the boy - calling, screaming for help.

He looked at his watch. It was 5:30 P.M. He went to the apartment's door remembered it would be heavy winter now in Colorado, especially up in the mountains, and went back to his closet. He pulled his long, sheepskin-lined overcoat out of its polyurethane dry-cleaning bag and put it over his arm. It was the only winter garment he owned. He turned off all the lights and looked around. Had he forgotten anything? Yes. One thing. He took the wii out of his breast pocket and sipped it into the margin of the dressing-table mirror. With luck he would be back to get it.

Sure, with luck.

He left the apartment, locked the door behind him, put the key under the rush mat, and ran down the outside steps to his converted Cadillac.

* * *

Halfway to Main International, comfortably away from the switchboard where Queens or Queen's toadies were known to listen in, Ha-Jurana stopped at a shopping center laundromat and called United Air Lines. Flights to Denver?

There was one due out at 6:36 P.M. Could the gentleman make that?

Ha-Jurana looked at his watch, which showed 6:02, and said he could. What about vacancies on the flight?

Just let me check.

A sinking sound in his ear followed by saccharine Montavani, which was supposed to make being on hold more pleasant. It did. Ha-Jurana danced from one foot to the other, alternating dances between his watch and a young girl with a sleeping baby in a hammock on her back unloading a coin-op Maytag. She was afraid she was going to get home later than she planned and the mail would burn and her husband - Mark? Mike? Matt? - would be mad.

A minute passed. Two. He had just about made up his mind to

drove ahead and take his chances when the canned sounding voice of the flight reservations clerk came back to him. There was an empty seat—a cancellation. It was a first class. Did that make any difference?

No. He wanted it.

Would that be cash or credit card?

Cash, baby, cash. I've got to fly.

And the name was—?

Hololann two fives two nines. Catch you later.

He hung up and turned toward the door. The girl's simple thoughts, worry for the roast, broadcast at him over and over until he thought he would go mad. Sometimes it was like that, for no reason, at 4:30. You would catch a thought completely isolated, completely pure and clear—and usually completely useless.

* * *

He almost made it.

He had the car cranked up to eighty and the airport was actually sight when the FBIinda Fimes pulled him over.

The cop unrolled the electric window and looked his mouth at the cop, who was flipping up pages in his evidence book.

I know, the cop said comfortingly. It's a funeral, in Cleveland. Your father has a wedding in Seattle. Your sister A fire in San Jose has wiped out your brother's candy store. Some really fine Cambodian Red just waiting in a terminal locker in New York City. A love letter piece of trash just outside the airport. I think a kid's story hour was my favorite part of school.

"Listen, officer, my son is—"

The only part of the story I can never figure out until the end is the officer said, flipping the next page in his evidence book, the driver's license number of the offending motorist: 39743 and 16747444 on a white mattock. He's a nice guy. Be nice to him.

Hololann looked up to the cop's calm blue eyes, determined to tell his story once more in a slightly different way and decided that would make things worse. This Smokey was not QUITA. He dug out his wallet.

"Wonderful," the cop said. "What you take him off at the please? I just have to see how this guy is going to come out in the end."

Silently, Halloran took out his driver's license and his Florida registration and gave them to the traffic cop.

"That's very good. That's so good you win a present."

"What?" Halloran asked hopefully.

"When I finish writing down these numbers, I'm going to let you blow up a little balloon for me."

"Oh, Jesus!" Halloran moaned. "Officer, my flight—"

"Shhh... we're rather cop so on. Don't be naughty."

Halloran closed his eyes.

* * *

He got to the United desk at 6:49, hoping against hope that the flight had been delayed. He didn't even have to ask. The departure monitor over the incoming passengers desk told the story. Flight 904, for Denver, due on a 6:36 ESE, had left at 6:43. Nine minutes before.

"Oh shit," Dick Halloran said.

And suddenly the smell of oranges, heavy and cloying, he had just time to reach the men's room before it came, deafening, terrified.

"COME PLEASE COME DICK PLEASE PLEASE
COME !!"

ON THE STAIRS

One of the things they had sold to swell their liquid assets a little before moving from Vermont to Colorado was Jack's collection of two hundred old rock 'n' roll and r & b albums. They had gone at the yard sale for a dollar apiece. One of these albums, Danny's personal favorite, had been an Eddie Cochran double record with four pages of biographical notes by Lenny Kaye. Nobody had ever been struck by Danny's fascination for this one particular

jar album by a man-boy who had lived fast and died young . . . had died, in fact, when she herself had only been ten years old.

Now, at quarter past seven (mountain time), as Dick Harrington was telling Queenie about his ex-wife's white boyfriend, she came upon Danny sitting halfway up the stairs between the lobby and the first floor, tossing a red rubber ball from hand to hand and singing one of the songs from that album. His voice was low and tuneless.

"So I climb one two flight three flight four" Danny sang, "five flight six flight seven flight more . . . when I get to the top, I'm too tired to rock . . ."

She came around him, sat down on one of the stair risers, and saw that his lower lip had swelled to twice its size and that there was dried blood on his chin. Her heart took a frightened leap in her chest, but she managed to speak neutrally.

"What happened, doc?" she asked, although she was sure she knew. Jack had hit him. We . . . of course. That came next, didn't it? The wheels of progress, sooner or later they took you back to where you started from.

"I called Terry," Danny said. "In the bar room I guess I fell off the chair. It doesn't hurt any more. Just feels . . . so my lips too big."

"Is that what really happened?" she asked, looking at him suddenly.

"Daduy didn't do it," he answered. "Not today."

She gazed across the room. The ball traveled from one hand to the other. He had read her mind. Her son had read her mind.

What would Terry tell you, Danny?"

"It doesn't matter." His face was calm, his voice challenging and different.

"Danny—" She gripped his shoulder harder than she had intended. But he didn't flinch or even try to shake her off.

"Oh we are wrecking this boy. It's not just Jack, it's me too and maybe it's no, even but us. Jack's other mom, mother are here too." Sure, why not? This place is lousy with ghosts now. Why not a couple more? Oh I can hear 'em he's like one of those stars he shows on TV right over and over some panes got a through the roof windows. Or a Truck with a Tires a Leaking and keeps on going. Oh I can see some more . . ."

"It doesn't matter," he said again. The ball went from hand to hand. "Tony can't come anymore. They won't let him. He's jacked."

"Who won't?"

"The people in the hotel," he said. He looked at her then, and his eyes weren't indifferent at all. They were deep and scared. And there were things in the hotel. There are kinds of them. The hotel is stuffed with them."

"You can see—"

"I don't want to see," he said low, and even looked back at the rubber ball, arc-ing from hand to hand. "But I can hear them sometimes, late at night. They're like the wind, all sighing together. In the attic. The basement. The rooms. All over. I thought it was my fault, because of the way I am. The key. The little silver key."

"Danny, don't . . . don't upset yourself this way."

"But it's you or—" Danny said. It's Daddy. And it's you. It wants all of us. It's tickling Daddy, too, forcing him, trying to make him talk. "Well, in the most it wants me the most but it will take all of us."

"If only that snowmobile—"

"They wouldn't be here," Danny said in just same low voice. "They made him throw part of it away into the snow. Far away. I dreamed it. And he knows that woman really is in '71." He looked at her with his dark frightened eyes. "It doesn't matter whether you believe me or not."

She slipped an arm around him.

"I believe you. Danny, tell me the truth. Is face . . . is he going to try to hurt us?"

"They'll try to make him," Danny said. "I've been calling for Mr. Halloran. He said if I ever needed him to just call. And I have been. But it's awful hard. It makes me . . . red. And the worst part is I don't know if he's hearing me or not. I don't think he can call back because it's so far . . . a. And I don't know if it's too far for me or not. Tomorrow—"

"What about tomorrow?"

He shook his head. "Nothing."

"What is he? Who?" she asked. "Your daddy?"

"He's in the basement. I don't think he'll be up tonight."

She stood up suddenly. "Wait right here for me. Five minutes."

* * *

The kitchen was cold and deserted under the overhead fluorescent bars. She went to the rack where the carving knives hang from their magnetized strips. She took the longest and sharpest, wrapped it in a dish towel, and left the kitchen, turning off the lights as she went.

* * *

Danny sat on the stairs, his eyes following the course of his red rubber ball from hand to hand. He sang. "She lives on the wooden floor upstairs, the elevator is broken down. So I walk one-two flight three flight four."

(—*Lou, Lou, skip to m' Lou*—)

His singing broke off. He listened.

(—*Skip to m' Lou my darlin'*—)

The voice was in his head, so much a part of him, so frighteningly close that it might have been a part of his own thoughts. It was soft and dimly似 Mocking him. Seeming to say,

Oh yes you'd like it here. Try it now. Like it? Try it you'll think it—)

Now his ears were open and he could hear them again, the gathering, ghosts or spirits, it had to be the voice used in a cracked fun-house where all the sideshows ended in death, where all the specially painted horrors were real alive, where figures were thin, where a small silver key could start the baccarat. Soft and sighing, rustling like the endless winter wind that passed under the eaves at night, the deadly last thing he summer you'd never hear. It was like the sound of the bar of summer warps on a ground floor, sleepy deadly things, and it woke up. They were on thousand feet high.

Catch me a raven like a wing on I'll be against the other, of course! Have another cup of tea!

It was a living sound, but not voices no breath. A man. The Philistine heart might have called it the sound of sin. Dick Hallowood's Name we had grown up on southern roads in a

years before the turn of the century, would have called it haunts. A psychic investigator might have had a long name for it—psyhic echo, psychokinesis, a telepathic sport. But to Danny it was only the sound of the hole, the old monster, creaking steadily and ever more closely around them—hauls that now stretched back through time as well as distance, hungry shadows, unquiet guests who did not rest easy.

In the darkened ballroom the clock under glass struck seven-twenty with a single musical note.

A hoarse voice, made brutal with drink, shouted “Unmask and let's fuck!”

Wendy, halfway across the lobby, jerked to a standstill.

She looked at Danny on the stairs, still tossing the ball from hand to hand. “Did you hear something?”

Danny only looked at her and continued to toss the ball from hand to hand.

There would be little sleep for them that night, although they slept together behind a locked door.

And in the dark, his eyes open, Danny thought:

(*He wants to be one of them and I'm forever That's what he wants*)

Wendy thought:

(*If I have to I'll take him further up. If we're going to die I'd rather do it in the mountains.*)

She had left the butcher knife, still wrapped in the towel, under the bed. She kept her hand close to it. They cooed off and on. The hotel creaked around them. Outside snow had begun to spew down from a sky like lead.

IN THE BASEMENT

(*The better the goad the power*)

The bright light came into Jack Torrance's mind full blown, edged in bright warning red. On its rays, the voice of Watson

*If you forget it li just creep an creep and like as not you an
you an' faith you end up on the tuckin moon — she's raised for
two-fifty but she a blow long be ore that now — I'd be scared to
come down and stand next to her at a hundred and eighty*

He'd been down here a' night, poring over the boxes of old relics, possessed by a frantic feeling that time was getting short & he would have to hurry. Still the vital clues, the connectors that would make every thing clear, eluded him. His fingers were ye ow and grimy with crumpling old paper. And he'd become so absorbed he hadn't checked the boiler once. He'd dumped it the previous evening around six o'clock, when he first came down. It was now . . .

He looked at his watch and jumped up, kicking over a stack of old documents.

Christ, it was quarter of five in the morning.

Beyond him, the furnace kicked on. The boiler was making a groaning, whistling sound.

He ran to it. His face, which had become hinner in the last month or so, was now heavily shadowed with beardstubble and he had a boorish concentration-camp look.

The boiler pressure gauge said a two hundred and ten pounds per square inch. He fancied he could almost see the sides of the old patched and welded boiler heaving out under the strain.

*(She creeps — I'd be scared to come down and stand next to
her at a hundred and eighty . . .)*

Suddenly a cold and tempesting voice spoke to him.

*(Let it go. Go get Wendy and Danny and get the fuck out of
here. Let it blow sky-high.)*

He could visualize the explosion. A double thunderclap that would first rip the heart from this place then the soul. The boiler would go with an orange-violet flash that would rain hot and burning shrapnel all over the cellar. In his mind he could see the redhot trunks of metal careening from floor to walls to ceiling like strange hard balls, whistling jagged death through the air. Some of them, surely, would whizz right through that stone arch, light on the old papers on the other side, and they would burn merry hell. Destroy the secrets, burn the clues, it's a mystery no living hand will ever solve. Then the gas explosion, a great rumbling crackle of flame, a giant plow fight that would ate the whole

and on the hillside to a brother States and halfways and ceilings and rooms alight like the castle in the last reel of a Frankenstein movie. The flames spreading to the wings, hurrying up the black and hallowed carpets, the eager guests the sick who just sat charring and curling there were no split hairs only those outmoded houses and no one to use them. And here wasn't a fire engine in the world that could get here before late March. B in baby, b in. In twelve hours there would be nothing left but the bare bones.

The needle on the gauge had moved up to two twelve. The boiler was creaking and growling like an old woman trying to get out of bed. Hissing jets of steam had begun to play around the edges of cold patches, beads of solder had begun to sizzle.

He didn't see, he didn't hear. Frozen with his hand on the valve to would damp off the pressure and drop the fire, Jack's eyes glowed from their sockets like sunpits.

(*It's my last chance.*)

The only thing not charred so now was the life insurance policy he had taken out jointly with Wendy in the summer between his first and second years at Swallowton. Forty thousand dollar death benefit double indemnity if he or she died in a train crash, a plane crash, or a fire. Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars paid with a hundred dollars.

(*A fire . . . eighty thousand dollars.*)

They would have time to get out. Even if they were sleeping, they would have time to get out. He believed that. And he didn't think the bushes or anything else would try to hold them back if the Overlook was going up in flames.

(*Flames.*)

The needle inside the greasy almost opaque dial had danced up to two hundred and fifteen pounds per square inch.

Another memory occurred to him, a childhood memory. There had been a wasps' nest in the lower branches of their apple tree behind the house. One of his older brothers—he couldn't remember which one now—had been stung while swinging in the old tree. Daddy had hung from one of the tree's lower branches. It had been late summer when wasps tend to be at their ugliest.

Their father, just home from work, dressed in his whites, the smell of beer hanging around his face in a fine mist, had gathered

at three boys, Brett, Mike and little Jacky, and told them he was going to get rid of the wasps.

"Now watch, he had said, waving his gunning gun. "I've hadn't been using the carbine here since I was born with the mark (which was years in the future). Maybe you can see something. My father showed me this."

He had taken a big pile of raw unripened leaves from a branch where the wasps' nest rested, a delicious fruit from the sunken but tasty apples the tree usually produced in late September which was then still half a month away. He lit the leaves. The day was clear and windless. The leaves smoldered but did not really burn, and they made a smell—a fragrance—that now echoed back to him each fall when men in Saturday pants and up-to-windbreakers raked leaves together and burned them. A sweet smell with a bitter undertone, rich and evocative. The smoldering leaves produced great rafts of smoke that drifted up and obscure the nest.

The father had let the leaves smoulder all that afternoon, drinking beer on the porch and dropping the crusty Black Jack Cigar in his wife's plastic ashtray while his two older sons flattered him and little Jacky sat on the steps at his feet, playing with Horn Blower and swaying the otomous & over-anxious "My aching heart—will make you weep—my aching heart—~~is gonna tell on you~~."

At quarter of six, just before supper, Daddo began to cut the apple tree with his saw, going carefully behind him. In one hand he had a garden hoe. He knocked the leaves apart, and the little cuts spread around to smoulder and die. Then he reached the hoe handle up, sawing and barking, and after two or three ticks he knocked the nest to the ground.

The boys fled for the safety of the porch, but Daddo only stood over the nest, sawing and barking down at it. Jacky crept back to see. A few wasps were crawling sluggishly over the paper terrain of their property, but they were not trying to fly. From the inside of the nest, the black and alien place came a low, over-tight ten sound, a low somnolent buzz like the sound of high tension wires.

"Why don't you try to sing a ditty?" he hollered.

"The smoke makes em drunk," Jacky cried, his voice cracked.

He ran to fetch it. Daudy doused the nest with amber gasoline.

"Now step away, Jacky, unless you want to lose yur eyes,
drows."

He had stepped away. From somewhere in the voluminous odds
on his white overalls Daudy had produced a wooden kitchen
match. He lit it with his thumbnail and flung it onto the nest.
There had been a white-orange explosion, almost soundless, in its
terribleness. Daddy had stepped away screaming wildly. The wasps'
nest had gone up in no time.

"Fire!" Daudy had said, turning to Jacky with a smile. "Fire
will kill anything."

After supper the boys had come out in the day's waning light to
stand solemnly around the charred and blackened nest. From the
burnt interior had come the sound of wasp bodies popping like corn.

The pressure gauge stood at two-twenty. A low iron-walling
sound was building up in the guts of the thing. Jets of steam stood
up, erect, in a hundred places like porcupine quills.

(*Fire will kill anything.*)

Jack suddenly started. He had been dozing. It was so hot he
had dozed himself right into kingdom come. What or God's
name had he been thinking of? Protecting the bats? Was his job
He was the caretaker.

A sweat of terror sprang to his hands so quickly that he first he
missed his grip on the large valve. Then he curled his fingers
around its spokes. He whistled it one turn, two, three. There was a
giant hiss of steam, dragon's breath. A warm tropical mist rose
from beneath the bower and veiled him. For a moment, he could
no longer see the d. but thought he must have waited too long,
the groaning, clanking sound inside the bower increased, followed
by a series of heavy tolling sounds and the wrenching screech of
metal.

When some of the steam blew away he saw that the pressure
gauge had dropped back to two hundred and was still sinking. The
jets of steam escaping around the scattered patches began to lose
their force. The wrenching, grinding sounds began to diminish.

One-ninety one-eighty one-seventy-five

(*He was going down hill, going ninety miles an hour, when the
whistle broke into a scream—*)

But he didn't look y would blow now. The press was down to one-sixty.

They found him in the wreck of his hotel at the shore. He was scared to death by the steam.

He stepped away from the boiler breathing hard, sweating. He looked at his hands and saw the blisters were already rising on his palms. He won't be blisters, he thought and begged shakily. He had almost died with his mind on the freight like Casey the engineer in "The Wreck of the Old 97." Worse still, he would have killed the Overlook. The first crashing fatality. He had failed as a teacher, a writer, a husband, and a father. He had even failed as a drunk. But you couldn't do much better in the old failure category than to blow up the building you were supposed to be taking care of. And this was no ordinary building.

By no means.

Christ, but he needed a drink.

The press had dropped down to eighty psi. Cautiously winning a little at the pain in his hands, he closed the dump valve again. But from now on the boiler would have to be watched more closely than ever. I might have been seriously weakened. He wouldn't trust it more than one hundred psi for the rest of the winter. And if they were a little crazy they would just have to go and bear it.

He had broken two of the blisters. His hands trembled like rotten teeth.

A drink. A drink would fix him up and there wasn't a thing in the goddamn house besides cooking sherry. At this point a drink would be medicinal. That was just it, by God. An anesthetic. He had done his duty and now he could use a little anesthetic—something stronger than Excedrin. But there was nothing.

He remembered bottles glittering in the shadows.

He had saved the hotel. The hotel would want to reward him. He felt sure of it. He took his handkerchief out of his back pocket, and went to the stairs. He rubbed at his mouth. Just a little drink. Just one. To ease the pain.

He had served the Overlook, and now the Overlook would serve him. He was sure of it. His feet on the stair risers were quick and eager—the hurrying steps of a man who has come home from a long and bitter war. It was 5:20 A.M., MST.

DAYLIGHT

"I'm not bad," I think. "Dad, look at the houses."

The rocks sat there and they were all dead. Their leaves had fallen and their bows. The tightly packed branches were broken. He was near a big forgotten corpse. And he could see him burning one of the Overlook's big double doors, which was burning like hell. His clothes were in flames, his skin was red as a beet and so ster tan that was growing darker by moment, his hair was a burning bush.

He was when he was up, his thin arms which bear his bairns
aching at the sheer cold blisters. Had he not come? He looked
over at his mother. Wendy lay on her side, the bairns up to her
chin, a streak of straw-colored hair lying against her cheek. She
hadn't even heard him! No, he hadn't screamed.

Lying in bed, looking upward, he nightmare began to return.
He had a curious feeling that some great tragedy
(fire? explosion?)

had been averted by in his He left his mind off at searching
for his daddy and found him standing somewhere in the
kitchen. Duran pushed aside harder, trying to get inside his father.
I was not good. Because Duran was thinking about the Bad
Thing. He was thinking how

you a frost - me or the world be a damn rare sun's over the wind-
at it is thick here & the world remember how we used to say that
a - sun and here to - day there is just a dash of bright section and
sun rain and like tweedledum and tweedledee a drunk for no
and a drunk - & & each martians have landed somewhere in the
world for me it is the custom or strikeley on carmanhardt some lark ing
place a - & go as he season and to me of us are

GET OUT OF HIS MIND YOU LITTLE SHIT,

He receded in error from that mental voice, his eyes widening, his hands tightening into claws on the chairspine. It hadn't been the voice of his father but a clever mimic. A voice he knew. Hoarse, brutal, yet underpinned with a vacuous sort of humor.

Was it so near, then?

He drew the covers back and swatting his feet off of the floor. He kicked his slippers out from under his feet and put them on. He went to the door and pulled it open and turned up to the corridor, his sunburned face white-paling on the step of the carpet runner. He turned the corner.

There was a man on all fours halfway down the corridor between him and the stairs.

Danny froze.

The man looked up at him. His eyes were tiny and red. He was dressed in some sort of silvery spangled costume. A dog costume Danny realized. Protruding from the rump of this strange creature was a long and floppy tail with a puff on the end. A zipper ran up the back of the costume to the neck. To the left of him was a dog's or wolf's head with pink eyesockets above the muzzle. The mouth open in a meaningless snarl that showed the ragged black and blue fangs between fangs that appeared to be papier-mâché.

The man's nostrils and chin and cheeks were smeared with blood.

He began to growl at Danny. He was growling, but the growl was real. It was deep in his throat, a chilling primitive sound. Then he began to bark. His teeth were also stained red. He began to crawl toward Danny, dragging his boneless tail behind him. The costume dog's head lay unheeded on the carpet, gazing vacantly over Danny's shoulder.

"Let me by," Danny said.

"I'm going to eat you, little boy," the dogman answered and suddenly a fusillade of barks came from his growling mouth. They were human intonations, but the savagery in them was real. The man's hair was dark, greased with sweat, from his costume. There was a mixture of scotch and char-pagne on his breath.

Danny flinched back but didn't run. "Let me by."

"Not by the hair of my chunky-chun-chun," the dogman replied. His small red eyes were fixed attentively on Danny's face. He con-

nued to grin. I'm going to eat you up," he bawled. And I duck
It starts with your dumb little eyes.

He began to prance slowly forward, making little leaps and
snarling.

Danny's nerve broke. He fled back into the short hall way that
led to their quarters, Harry back over his shoulder. There was a
series of muted howls and pants and growls broken by snarls, mutterings and giggles.

Danny stood in the hallway, cowering.

"Get it up!" the drunken dogman cried out from around the
corner. His voice was both violent and despairing. "Get it up.
Harry you bitch-bastard! I don't care how many casinos and ar-
ranges and movie companies you own. I know what you like in the
privacy of your own bedroom! Get it up! I'll *bust*... and I'll *puff*..."

and Harry Derwent's *ahhhhhh* went down. He ended with
a long, chattering howl that seemed to turn into a scream of rage
and pain just before it dwindled off.

Danny turned apprehensively to the closed bathroom door at the
end of the hallway and walked quietly down to it. He opened it
and poked his head through. His mother was sleeping in exactly
the same position. No one was hearing this but him.

He closed the door softly and went back up to the intersection
of their corridor and the main hall, hoping the dogman would be
gone, the way the blood on the walls of the Presidential Suite had
been gone. He peeked around the corner carefully.

The man in the dog costume was still there. He had put his
head back on and was now prancing on all fours by the staircase,
chasing his tail. He occasionally leaped off the rug and came down
making dog grunts in this throat.

"Woof! Woof! Bowwowwow! Grrrrrrr!"

These sounds came ho lowly out of the mask's stylized snarling
mouth, and among them were sounds that might have been sobs
or laughter.

Danny went back to the bedroom and sat down on his cot, cov-
ering his eyes with his hands. The hotel was running things now.
Maybe at first the things that had happened had only been acci-
dents. Maybe at first the things he had seen really were like scary
pictures that couldn't hurt him. But now the hotel was controlling
those things and they could hurt. The Overlook hadn't wanted

him to go to his father. That might spoil all the fun. So it had put the dogman in his way, just as it had put the huge animals between them and the road.

But his daddy could come here. And sooner or later his daddy would.

He began to cry, the tears rolling steadily down his cheeks. It was too late. They were going to die, all three of them, and when the Overlook opened next spring, they would be right here to greet the guests along with the rest of the spooks. The woman in the tub. The dogman. The horrible dark thing that had been in the cement tunnel. They would be—

(Stop! Stop that now!)

He knocked the tears furiously from his eyes. He would try as hard as he could to keep that from happening. Not to himself, no. to his daddy and mommy. He would try as hard as he could.

He closed his eyes and sent his mind out in a high, hard crystal bolt.

"DICK PLEASE COME QUICK WE'RE IN BAD TROUBLE DICK WE NEED!"

And suddenly, in the darkness behind his eyes the thing that chased him down the Overlook's dark halls in his dreams was there right there, a huge creature dressed in white, its prehistoric club raised over its head.

"I'll make you stop! You goddam puppy! I'll make you stop because I am your FATHER!"

"No!" He jerked back to the reality of the bedroom, his eyes wide and staring, the screams tumbling helplessly from his mouth as his mother bolted awake clutching the sheet to her breasts.

"No Daddy no no no—"

And they both heard the vicious, descending swing of the invisible club, cutting the air somewhere very close, then fading away to silence as he ran to his mother and hugged her, trembling like a rabbit in a snare.

The Overlook was not going to let him call Dick. That night spoilt the fun, too.

They were alone

On side the snow came harder, covering them off from the world.

MID-AIR

Dick Haloran's flight was called at 6:45 A.M. EST and the boarding clerk held him by Gate 3, shifting his flight bag nervously from hand to hand, until the last call at 6:55. They were both looking for a man named Carlton Necker, the only passenger on TWA's Flight 146 from Miami to Denver who hadn't checked in.

"Okay," the crew said, and issued Haloran a blue "I'm being boarded" pass. "You walked out. You can board, sir."

Haloran hustled up the staircase, boarding ramp and all, the mechanic already grabbing stewardess' ear. He passed off and gave it to the stub.

"We're serving breakfast on the flight," the steward said. "If you'd like—"

"Just coffee, please," he said, and went down the aisle to a seat in the smoking section. He kept expecting he no-show Necker to pop through the door like a jack-in-the-box at the last second. The woman in the seat by the window was reading *You Can Be Your Own Best Friend* with a sober, yet loving expression on her face. Haloran buckled his seat belt and then wrapped his large black hands around the seat's armrests and promised he didn't care if Necker thought it would take him and five strong TWA flight attendants to drag him out of his seat. He kept his eye on his watch. It dragged off the minutes at the 7:00 cutoff, the 8:00, during the slowdown.

At 7:05, his stewardess informed him that there would be a sightseeing while the ground crew rechecked the luggage in the cargo door.

"Shut for brains. Dick Haloran is married."

The sharp-faced woman urged her seatmate along express on on 7:10 and then went back to her book.

He had spent the last four hours trying to remember to

counter—United American TWA, Contracts. Broniff. Haunting the ticket clerks. Sometime after midday it, drinking his eighth or ninth cup of coffee in the cafeteria, he had decided he was being an asshole to have taken this whole thing on his own shoulders. There were about times. He had gone down to the nearest bank of telephones, and after talking to three different operators, he had gotten the emergency number of the Rocky Mountain National Park Authority.

The man who answered the telephone sounded utterly worn out. Halvorson had given a false name and said there was trouble at the Overlook Hotel, west of Steamboat. Bad trouble.

He was put on hold.

The ranger (Halvorson assumed he was a ranger) came back on in about five minutes.

"They've got a CB," the ranger said.

"Sure they've got a CB," Halvorson said.

"We haven't had a Mayday call from up there."

"Man, that don't matter. They—"

"Exactly what kind of trouble are they at, Mr. Ha?"

"Well, there's a family. The caretaker and his family. I think maybe he's gone a little nuts, you know. I think maybe he might hurt his wife and his little boy."

"May I ask how you've come by this information?"

Halvorson closed his eyes. "What's your name, fellow?"

"Tom Stanton, sir."

"Well, Tom, I know how I'd be if I was straight with you as I can be. There's bad trouble up there. Ma, he can't stand, do you dig what I'm sayin'?"

"Mr. Ha, I really have to know how you—"

"Look," Halvorson had said. "I'm telling you I know. A few years back there was a fellow up there name of Grady. He killed his wife and his two daughters and then pulled the trigger on himself. I'm telling you it's going to happen again if you guys don't move your asses out here and stop it."

"Mr. Ha, you're not calling from Colorado."

"No. But what difference—"

"If you're not a Colorado you're not a CB ranger—the Overlook Hotel. If you're not a CB ranger you can't possibly have been in contact with me, ab—" Pointing a lot of papers. "The T is

rance family. While I had you on hold I tried to telephone. It's out, which is nothing unusual. There are still twenty-five miles of aboveground telephone lines between the hotel and the Sidewinder switching station. My conclusion is that you must be some sort of crack."

"Oh man, you stupid . . ." But his despair was too great to find a noun to go with the adjective. Suddenly a man in the CB said them." he cried.

"Sir?"

"You've got the CB, they got the CB. So call 'em! Call them and ask them what's up!"

There was a brief silence, and the bummering of long-distance wires.

"You tried that too, didn't you?" Halloway asked. "That's why you have me on hold so long. You tried the phone and then you tried the CB and you didn't get *nothing* but you don't think nothing's wrong . . . what are you guys doing up there? Sitting on your asses and playing god?"

"No, we are not," Shadrack said angrily. Hadjimann was relieved at the sound of anger in the voice. For the first time he felt he was speaking to a man and not to a recording. "I'm the only man here, sir. Every other ranger in the park, plus game wardens plus volunteers, are up in Flaming Notch, risking their lives because three stupid assholes with six months experience decided to try the north face of King's Rant. They're stuck halfway up there and maybe they'll get down and maybe they won't. There are two choppers up there and the men who are flying them are risking their lives because it's night here and it's starting to snow. So it's a whole lot having trouble putting it all together. I'll give you a hand with it. Number one, I don't have anybody to send to the Overlook. Number two, the Overlook isn't a priority here—what happens in the park is a priority. Number three, by daybreak neither one of those choppers will be able to fly because it's going to snow like crazy according to the National Weather Service. Do you understand the situation?"

"Yeah. 'Ho-ho-ho, I did you right.' I understand."

"Now my guess is that what I can't raise them on the CB is very simple. I bet the CB switcher in there is where you are—but cut

here's nine-thirty. I think they may have turned it off and gone to bed. Now if you—

"Good luck with your c... mbers, then," Mallorann said. "But I want you to know that they are not the only ones who are stuck up high because they didn't know what they were getting into."

He had hung up the phone.

中古書

At 7:20 a.m. the TWA 747 hacked up hearing, no of us still, turned and roared on toward the runway. Halorann & I got a long, soundless exhalation from Necker. Wherever you are, eat your heart out.

Fight - We paraded company w h the ground at 7:28 and at 7:31 as I gained altitude the thought past me off in Dick Hawker's head again. His shoulders hunched excessively over the control of rudder and then jerked spasmodically. His forehead wrinkled his nose & drew down in a grimace of pain.

DICK PLEASE COME QUICK WE'RE IN BAD TROUBLE DICK WE NEED)

And that was all I was suddenly given. No fading hurt yet the
Telecommunication had been crippled off cleanly as if with a
knife. It scared him. His hands were clutching the seat rails. He
had gone almost white. His mouth was dry. Something had happened
to the boy. He was sure. "If anyone's got him it's the old

"Duryea & Co. react so strongly to takeoffs."

He looked around. It was the same in the other committee classes.

I was at H. Gray's & Hepp's on Saturday
from 10 to 12. Every now and then I stopped to look
at various odd objects in the shop.

Is it all over?"

"Yes, ma'am."

It is the line source and ultimate point of entry for the
water supply to the city.

"Is this so?"

1. US AIR FORCE 1ST FIGHTER GROUP SWOOPERS 1000 FT. C. N.
TAKED IN THE 3RD QUARTER OF THE DAY. 1000 FT. C. N.
SIGHTED ON 184 (AIRCRAFT) IN THE AIR.

She opened her book and began to read. The NO SMOKING sign went off. Halloran wished the reading land and wondered if the boy was all right. He had developed an affectionate feeling for that boy although it's looks hadn't seemed all that much.

He hoped to God they were watching out for Danny.

43

DRINKS ON THE HOUSE

Jack stood in the dining room just outside the balcony doors leading into the Colorado Lounge, his head cocked, listening. He was smiling faintly.

Around him, he could hear the Overlook Hotel coming to life.

It was hard to say just how he knew but he guessed it wasn't greatly different from the perceptions Danny had from time to time. Like father, like son. Wasn't that how it was popularly expressed?

I wasn't a perception of sight or sound, although it was very near to those things, separated from those senses by the thinnest of perceptual curtains. It was as if another Overlook now lay scant inches beyond this one, separated from the real world (if there is such a thing as a "real world," Jack thought) but gradually coming into balance with it. He was reminded of the 3-D movies he'd seen as a kid. If you looked at the screen without the special glasses, you saw a double image—the sort of thing he was feeling now. But when you put the glasses on, it made sense.

All the hotel's eras were together now at but this current one, the Torrance Era. And this would be together with the rest very soon now. That was good. That was very good.

He could almost hear the self-important ding-dong of the silver-plated bell on the registration desk summoning bellboys to the front as men in the fashionable flannels of the 1920s cracked in and men in fashionable 1940s double-breasted purple jacquard slacks. There would be three pairs sitting in front of the bar,

place as they waited for the check at home to them, and standing behind them, barely dressed with diamonds sparkling holding their blue and white-figured ties, Charles Grindon and Vito Ginevra discussed profit and loss, life and death. There was a dozen trucks in the loading bay out back, some laid one over the other like bad time exposures. In the eas wing ballroom, a dozen different business conventions were going on at the same time within temporal or meters of each other. There was a constant buzz going on. There were soirees, wedding receptions, birthday and anniversary parties. Men talking about Neville Chamberlain and the Archduke of Austria. Music. Laughter. Drunkenness. Hysteria. Little love, not here, but a steady undercurrent of sensuousness. And he could almost hear all of them together, drifting through the hotel and making a graceful callphony. In the dining room where he stood breakfast, lunch and dinner for seventy years were being served simultaneously just behind him. He could almost... no, strike the almost. He could hear them, faintly as yet but clearly—the way one can hear thunder miles off on a hot summer's day. He could hear all of them, the beautiful strangers. He was becoming aware of them as they must have been aware of him from the very start.

All the rooms of the Overlook were occupied this morning.
A full house.

And here and there, between a low murmur of conversation dazed and swirled like any cigarette smoke, more sophisticated, more private. Low, bratty female laughter, the kind that seems to sprawl in a fairy ring around the visitors and the guests. The sound of a cash register, its window softly lighted in the warm hallway, ringing up the price of a gin rickey, a Manhattan, a depression bumper, a sloe gin fizz, a zombie. The jukebox, playing out its orders merrily, each one five minutes on time.

He pushed the bistro open and stepped through.

"Hello, boys," Jack Torrance said soft as "I've got snow. But now I'm back."

"Good evening, Mr. Torrance," Lloyd said, genuinely pleased. "It's good to see you."

"It's good to be back," said the bald grocer, and tucked his arms around the tree, a solid trunk of wood.

eyed woman in a black dress who was peering into the depths of a Singapore sling.

"What will it be, Mr. Torrance?"

"Martini," he said with great pleasure. He looked at the back-bar with its rows of dusty gaming bottles, capped with their silver stoppers. Jim Beam, Wild Turkey, Gibby's, Standard's Private Label, Toro, Seagram's. And home again.

"One large martini, if you please," he said. "They've landed somewhere in the world, Lloyd." He took his wallet out and laid a twenty carefully on the bar.

As Lloyd made his drink, Jack looked over his shoulder. Every booth was occupied. Some of the occupants were dressed in costumes . . . a woman in gauzy harem pants and a rhinestone-sparkled brassiere, a man with a foxhead rising slyly out of his evening dress, a man in a saucy dog outfit who was licking the nose of a woman in a sarong with the puff on the end of his long tail, to the general amusement of all.

"No charge to you, Mr. Torrance," Lloyd said, putting the drink down on Jack's saucer. "Your money is no good here. Orders from the manager."

"Manager?"

A hand whose cane over him, nevertheless, he picked up the partition glass and swirled it, watching the dove at the bar swim busily in the drink's chilly depths.

"Of course. The manager." Lloyd's smile broadened, but his eyes were shadowed in shadow and his skin was horribly white, like the skin of a corpse. "Later we expect to see to your son's welfare himself. He is very interested in your son. Danny is a talented boy."

The juniper fumes of the gin were pleasantly maddening, but they also seemed to be blurring his reason. Danny? What was all of this about Danny? And what was he doing in a bar with a drink in his hand?

He had TAKEN THE PLIERS. He had CONED ON THE WAGON. He had SWORN OFF.

What could they want with his son? What could they want with Danny? Wendy and Danny weren't here. He tried to see in Lloyd's shadowed eyes but it was no use. The mark . . . Was he trying to read em' deep into the empty orbs of a skull?

"It's me they want — not *me*. I am the one. Not Danny, not Wena. I'm the one who loves *her* here. They wanted to scare. I'm the one who took care of the snowmobile — went through the old records — dumped the press out the back — red-faced soul my soul — what can they do with *me*?"

Where is the manager? He tried to ask it casually but his words seemed to come out between lips already numbed by the first drink like words from a dream, far rather than those of a sweet dream.

Lloyd only smiled.

"What do you want with my son? Danny's not in this — is he?" He heard the naked plea in his own voice.

Lloyd's face seemed to be turning changing becoming something pestilential. The white skin becoming a hepatic yellow crackling. Red sores erupting on the skin bleeding foul-smelling liquid. Droplets of blood sprang out on Lloyd's forehead like sweat and somewhere a silver chime was striking. "A quarter-hour."

"Unmask, unmask!"

"Drink your drink, Mr. Torrance." Lloyd said softly. "It isn't a matter that concerns you. Not at this point."

He picked his drink up again, raised it to his lips and hissed at it. He heard the hard, horrible snap as Danny's arm broke. He saw the bicycle flying brokenly up over the hood of A's car, scuttling the windshield. He saw a single wheel lying on the road, twisted spokes pointing into the sky like rays of prairie fire.

He became aware that a conversation had stopped.

He looked back over his shoulder. They were all looking at him expectantly surely. The man beside the woman in the sarcasm had removed his foxhead and Jack saw that it was Horace Derwent his pallid blond hair spilling across his forehead. Everyone at the bar was watching, too. The woman beside him was looking at him closely, as if trying to focus. Her dress had slipped off one shoulder and looking down he could see a nosily puckered nipple capping one sagging breast. Looking back at her face he began to think that this might be the woman from 217, the one who had tried to strangle Danny. On his other hand the man in the sharp blue suit had removed a small pear-handled 32 from his jacket pocket and was idly spinning it on the bar like a man with Russian roulette on his mind.

(I want—)

He realized the words were not passing through his frozen vocal cords and tried again.

"I want to see the manager! . . . I don't think he understands. My son is not a part of this. He . . ."

Mr. Torrance, Lloyd said, his voice quivering with a mounting giddiness from side to side, you added face you will meet the manager in due time. He was in fact decided to make a new agent in this matter. Now drink your drink."

"Drink your drink," they all called.

He picked it up with a badly trembling hand. It was so gin. He looked into it andinking was like drowning.

The woman beside him began to sing in a flat, dead voice.
Rod . . . out . . . the barrel . . . and we'll have . . . a barrel
of fun . . ."

Lloyd picked it up. Then the man in the blue suit. The dog-man turned a, clapping the paw upon the table.

Now's the time to roll the barrel—

Deverell added his voice to the rest. A cigarette was cracked in one corner of his mouth at a hasty angle. His right arm was around the shoulders of the woman in the sarong, and his right hand was going up and down, stroking her right breast. He was laughing at the dog-man with amused contempt as he sang:

"—because the gang's . . . all . . . here

Jack brought the drink to his mouth and downed it in three long gulps, the gin big-balling down his throat like a moving van in a tunnel, exploding in his stomach, rebounding up to his brain in one leap where it seized hold of him with a final convulsive fit of the shakes.

When that passed off, he felt fine.

"Don't again, please," he said, and pushed the empty glass toward Lloyd.

"Yes, sir," Lloyd said, taking the glass. Lloyd looked perfectly normal, again. The olive-skinned man had put his 32 away. The woman on his right was staring into her Singapore sling again. One breast was wholly exposed now, leaning on the bar's leather back. A vague, as crooning noise came from her slack mouth. The hum of conversation had begun again, weaving and weaving.

His new drink appeared in front of him.

Muchas gracias. I said, taking it up.
 A ways a pleasure to serve you Mr. Torrance. I 'd smiled
 "You were always the best on the a, Lucy."
 "Why, thank you, sir."

He drank slowly. It's like letting it run down my throat.
 Tossing a few peanuts down, he chattered for good luck.

The drink was gone in no time and he ordered another. Mr. President. I have met the martians who are pleased to report they are friendly. While I 'd had another, he began searching his pockets for a quarter to put in the jukebox. He thought of Danny again but Danny's face was pleasantly blurred and nondescript now. He 'd hurt Danny once, but that had been before he had learned how to handle his liquor. Those days were behind him now. He would never hurt Danny again.

Not for the world.

44

CONVERSATIONS AT THE PARTY

He was dancing with a beautiful woman.

He had no idea what time it was, how long he had spent in the Colorado Lounge or how long he 'd been here in the first place. Time had ceased to matter.

He had vague memories of listening to a tape who had once been a successful radio comic and then a variety star in TV's infant days telling a very long and very humorous joke about incest between Siamese twins seeing the woman in the harlot pants and the sequined bra do a slow and sinuous striptease to some bumping-and-grinding music from the jukebox (I seemed I had been David Rose's theme music from *The Stripper*, crossing the floor as one of three, the other two men in evening dress that preceded the twenties, all of them singing about the stiff patch on Rosie O'Grady's knickers. He seemed to remember looking out the big double doors and seeing Japanese lanterns strung in grace a,

curving arcs that followed the sweep of the driveway—by
gleamed in si [purple] colors like dusky jewels. The big glass globe
on the porch ceiling was on, and right inside it hung and fl
tered against it, and a part of him perhaps he least of all spark of
sobriety tried to let him out. It was about 10 at night in December
But he had been out all day.

(*The argonauts against their yesterdays through which the
ring sound, layer on layer . . .*)

Who was it? Some poet he had read as an amateur author?
Some undergraduate poet who was now selling washers at Wausau
or insurance in Indianapolis? Perhaps an original though? Didn't
matter.

(*The night is dark the stars are high a disembodied casta d
pte/Is floating in the sky . . .*)

He giggled helplessly
"What's funny, honey?"

And here he was again in the ballroom. The clientele was
and couples were dancing all around him, some in costume and
some no to the smooth sounds of some postwar band
which war? Can you be certain?

No, of course not. He was certain of only one thing: he was
dancing with a beautiful woman.

She was tall and auburn-haired. Dressed in clinging white silk
and she was dancing close to him, her breasts pressed soft and
sweetly against his chest. Her white hand was entwined in his. She
was wearing a small and sparkly cat's-eye mask and her hair had
been brushed over to one side in a soft and gleaming fan that
seemed to pool in the valley between their touching shoulders.
Her dress was full-skirted but he could feel her thighs against his
legs from time to time and had become more and more sure that
she was smooth-and-powdered naked under her dress.

(*the better to feel your erection with my dear*)

and he was sporting a regular railspike. If it all ended here she
concealed it well. She snuggled even closer to him.

"Nothing funny, honey," he said, and giggled again.

"I like you," she whispered, and he thought that her voice was
like leaves, secret and hidden in cracks furrowed with green moss—
places where sunshine is short and shadows long.

"I like you, too."

We could go upstairs if you want I'm supposed to be with Harry but he'll never notice He's too busy teasing poor Roger."

The number ended. There was a spatter of applause and then the band swung into "Mood Indigo" with scarcely a pause.

Jack looked over her bare shoulder and saw Derwent standing by the refreshment table. The girl in the sarong was with him. There were bottles of champagne in ice buckets ranged along the white laths covering the table, and Derwent held a foaming bottle in his hand. A knot of people had gathered, laughing. In front of Derwent and the girl in the sarong, Roger capered grotesquely on all fours, barking and dragging limply behind him. He was barking.

"Speak, boy, speak!" Harry Derwent cried.

"Rowf! Rowf!" Roger responded. Everyone clapped a few or the men whistled.

"Now sit up. Sit up, doggy!"

Roger climbed up on his haunches. The muzzle of his mask was frozen in its eternal snarl. Inside the eyesockets, Roger's eyes rolled with frantic, sweaty humanity. He held his arms out dangling the paws.

"Rowf! Rowf!"

Derwent opened the bottle of champagne and it fell in a foamy Niagara onto the upturned mask. Roger made frantic slurping sounds, and everyone applauded again. Some of the women screamed with laughter.

"Isn't Harry a card?" his partner asked him, pressing close again. "Everyone says so. He's AC/DC you know. Poor Roger's only DC. He spent a weekend with Harry in Cuba once — oh months ago. Now he follows Harry everywhere, wagging his little tail behind him."

Sue giggled. The shy scent of limes drifted up.

"But of course Harry never goes back for seconds — not on his DC side, anyway — and Roger is just *mad*. Harry told him if he came to the masked ball as a doggy a *cute little doggy*, he might reconsider and Roger is such a silly that he —"

The number ended. There was more applause. The band members were filing down for a break.

"Excuse me, sweetie," she said. "There's someone I just must talk to. Darla, you dear girl where have you been?"

She wove her way into the cage, drinking throng and he

gazed after her stupidly, wondering how they had happened to be dancing together in the first place. He didn't remember Incubus seemed to have occurred with no connections. First here, then there, then everywhere his head was spinning. He snatched a res and an per berries. Up by the refreshment table Derwent was now holding a tiny tra-gular sandwich over Roger's head and urging him, to the general merriment of the onlookers, to do a somersault. The dogmask was turned upward. The silver sides of the wing costume bellied in and out. Roger suddenly leaped, tucking his head under, and tried to roll in mid-air. His leap was too low and too exhausted; he landed awkwardly on his back, trapping his head smartly on the tiles. A hollow groan drifted out of the dogmask.

Derwent led the applause "Try again, doggy! Try again!"

The onlookers took up the chant *try again, try again*—and Jack staggered off the other way feeling vaguely ill.

He almost fell over the drinks cart that was being wheeled along by a low-browed man in a white mess jacket. His foot tapped the lower chromed shelf of the cart, the bottles and siphons on top chattered together musically.

"Sorry," Jack said thickly. He suddenly felt closed in and claustrophobic, he wanted to go out. He wanted the Overlook back the way it had been... free of these unwanted guests. His place was not honored, as the true owner of the way, he was only another of the ten thousand cheering extras, a doggy rolling over and sitting up on command.

"Quite all right," the man in the white mess jacket said. The polite clipped English coming from the thug's face was surreal. "A drink?"

"Martini."

From behind him another cumber of laughter broke. Roger was howling to the tune of "Hillbilly in the Range." Someone was picking out accompaniment on the Steinway baby grand.

"Here you are."

The frosty cold glass was pressed into his hand. Jack drank gratefully, letting the gin hit and crumble away the first intuitions of sobriety.

"Is it all right, sir?"

"Fine."

"Thank you, sir." The cart began to roll again.

Jack suddenly reached out and touched the man's shoulder.
"Yes, sir?"

"Pardon me, but . . . who's your name?"

The other showed no surprise. Grady said "David Grady."

"But you . . . I mean that . . . ?"

The bartender was looking at him pouchly. Jack knew again, although his mouth was muddled by giddiness and uncertainty, each word felt as large as an ice cube.

"Weren't you once the caretaker here? When you . . . when . . . ? But I couldn't finish. He couldn't say it.

"Why no, sir. I don't believe so."

"But your wife . . . your daughters . . . ?"

"My wife is sleeping in the kitchen, sir. The girls are asleep, of course. It's much too late for them."

"You were the caretaker. Yes — *Okeydokey*. You killed them?"

Grady's face remained blankly polite. "I don't have any recollection of that at all, sir." His glass was empty. Grady plucked it from Jack's unresisting fingers and set about making another drink for him. There was a small white plastic bucket on his cart that was filled with olives. For some reason they reminded Jack of tiny severed heads. Grady speared one deftly, dropped it into the glass, and handed it to him.

"But you—"

"You're the caretaker, sir," Grady said mildly. "You've always been the caretaker. I should know, sir. I've always been here. The same manager hired us both, at the same time. Is it all right, sir?"

Jack gulped at his drink. His head was swimming. Mr. Ulman . . .

"I know no one by that name, sir."

"But he—"

"The manager," Grady said. "The *boss*, sir. Sure you realize who hired you, sir?"

"No," he said thickly. "No, I—"

"I believe you must take it up further with your son, Mr. Torrance, sir. He understands everything, although he hasn't enlightened you. Rather naughty of him. If I may be so bold, sir. In fact, he's crossed you at almost every turn, hasn't he? And him not yet six."

"Yes," Jack said. "He has." There was another wave of laughter from behind them.

"He needs to be corrected, if you don't mind me saying so. He

needs a good talking-to, and perhaps a bit more. My own girls—she didn't care for the Overlook at first. One of them actually stuck a pack of my notes up and tried to burn it down. I corrected them. I corrected them most harshly. And when my wife tried to stop me from doing my duty, I corrected her. He offered Jack a bland meaningless smile. "I understand a sad but true fact that we men rarely understand a father's responsibility to his children. Husband and fathers do have certain responsibilities, don't they, Sir?"

"Yes," Jack said.

"They didn't love the Overlook as I did." Grady said, beginning to make him another drink. Never bubbles rose in the expanded gin bottle. "Just as your son and wife don't love it—right now, at present, anyway. But they will come to love it. You must show them the error of their ways, Mr. Torrance. Do you agree?"

"Yes, I do."

He did see. He had been too easy with him. His sons and daughters did have certain responsibilities. Father Knows Best. They did not understand. That in itself was no crime but they were *willfully* not understanding. He was not ordinarily a harsh man. But he did believe in punishment. And if his son and his wife had willfully set themselves against his wife, *against the things he knew were best for them*, then didn't he have a certain duty?

"A thankless chid is sharper than a serpent's tooth," Grady said, handing him his drink. "I do believe that the manager could bring your son into line. And your wife would surely follow. Do you agree, sir?"

He was suddenly uncertain. I...but...if they could just leave...I mean, after all, it's me the manager wants isn't it? It must be. Because—"Because why?" He should know but suddenly he didn't. Oh, his poor brain was *wimpying*.

"Bad dog" Derwent was saying leadenly to a counterpoint of laughter. "Bad dog to piddle in the floor!"

"Of course you know," Grady said, leaning confidentially over the cart, "your son is attempting to bring an outside party into it. Your son has a very great talent, one that the manager could use to even further improve the Overlook to further...enrich it, shall we say? But your son is attempting to use that very talent against us. He is *willful*, Mr. Torrance, sir. *Willful*."

"Outside party?" Jack asked stupidly.

Grady nodded.

"Who?"

"A nigger," Grady said. "A nigger cook."

"Ha ha ha?"

I believe that is his name, sir, yes?"

Another burst of laughter from behind them was followed by Roger saying softly in a whining, protesting voice

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" Derwent began to chant. The others around him took it up, but before Jack could hear what they wanted Roger to do now the band began to play again—the tune was "Tuxedo Junction" with a lot of mellow sax in it, but not much soul

(*Soul? Soul hasn't even been invented yet. Or has it?*)

(*A nigger . . . a nigger cook*)

He opened his mouth to speak, not knowing what might come out. What did was

"I was told you hadn't finished high school. But you don't talk like an uneducated man."

"I suppose I left organized education very early, sir. But the manager takes care of his help. He finds that it pays. Education always pays, don't you agree, sir?"

"Yes," Jack said dazedly.

For instance, you show a great interest in learning more about the Overlook Hotel. Very wise of you, sir. Very noble. A certain scrapbook was left in the basement for you to find."

"By whom?" Jack asked eagerly.

By the manager of course. Certain other materials could be put at your disposal, if you wished them."

"I do. Very much." He tried to control the eagerness in his voice and failed miserably.

"You're a true scholar," Grady said. Pursue the topic to the end. Exhaust all sources." He dipped his brow-browed head, pulled out the lapel of his white mess jacket, and buffed his knuckles at a spot of dirt that was invisible to Jack.

"And the manager puts no strings on his largess," Grady went on. "No at all. Look at me, a tenth-grade dropout. I think how much further you yourself could go in the Overlook's organizational structure. Perhaps . . . in time . . . to be very high."

"Really?" Jack whispered.

"But that's really up to your son to decide on . . ." Grady

asked, raising his eyebrows. The delicate gesture went oddly with the brows themselves, which were bushy and somehow savage.

"Up to Danny?" Jack frowned at Grady. "No, of course not. I wouldn't allow my son to make decisions concerning my career. Not at all. What do you ask me for?"

"A dedicated man," Grady said warmly. "Perhaps I put it badly, sir. Let us say that your future here is contingent upon how you decide to deal with your son's waywardness."

"I make my own decisions," Jack whispered.

"But you must deal with him."

"I will."

"Firmly?"

"I will."

"A man who cannot control his own family holds very little interest for our manager. A man who cannot guide the courses of his own wife and son can hardly be expected to guide himself let alone assume a position of responsibility in an operation of his magnitude. Ha—"

"I said I'll handle him. Jack shouted suddenly enraged.

"Taxedo Junction" had just concluded and a new tune hasn't begun. His shout fell perfectly into the gap and conversation suddenly ceased behind him. His skin suddenly felt hot all over. He became fixedly positive that everyone was staring at him. They had finished with Roger and would now commence with him. Roll over. Play dead. If you play the game with us, we'll play the game with you. Position of responsibility. They wanted him to sacrifice his son.

(—Now he follows Harry everywhere wagging his tail behind him—)

(Roll over. Play dead. Chastise your son.)

"Right, this way, sir," Grady was saying. "Something that might interest you."

The conversation had begun again, slung and dropping in its own rhythm weaving in and out of the band music, now doing a swing version of Lennon and McCartney's "Ticket to Ride."

(I've heard better over supermarket loudspeakers.)

He giggled foolishly. He looked down at his left hand and saw there was another dark mark there. He emphasized that a guy

Now he was standing in front of the piano piece the heat from

the crackling fire that had been laid in the hearth warming his legs.

(*to fire? — in August? — yes — and no — all times are one*)

There was a clock under a glass dome, flanked by two carved ivory elephants. Its hands stood at a minute to midnight. He gazed at it blearily. Had this been what Grady wanted him to see? He turned around to ask, but Grady had left him.

Halfway through "Ticket to Ride," the band wound up in a brassy flourish.

"The hour is at hand!" Horace Derwent proclaimed. "*Unmask! Unmask!*"

He tried to turn again, to see what famous faces were hidden beneath the glitter and paint and masks, but he was frozen now, unable to look away from the clock—its hands had come together and pointed straight up.

"Unmask! Unmask!" the chao went up.

The clock began to chime deceptively. Along the steel runner below the clockface, from the left and right, two figures advanced. Jack watched, fascinated, the unmasking forgotten. Clockwork whirred. Cogs turned and meshed, brass warmly glowing. The balance wheel rocked back and forth precisely.

One of the figures was a man standing on tiptoe, with what looked like a tiny Cobblesper in his hands. The other was a small boy wearing a dance cap. The clockwork figures glided fantastically precise. Across the front of the boy's dance cap he could read the engraved word FOOLIE.

The two figures slipped onto the opposing ends of a steel axle bar. Somewhere, blaring on and on, were the strains of a Strauss waltz. An insane commercial jingle began to run up through his mind to the tune *"Buy dog food now! now! now! buy dog food . . ."*

The steel maker on the clockwork daddy's hands came down on the boy's head. The clockwork son stumbled forward. The nutcracker rose and fell, rose and fell. The boy's open stitched, protruding hands began to falter. The boy sagged from his crooked to a prone position. And still the hammer rose and fell to the right, working out of the Strauss melody, and it seemed that he could see no man's face, working and knitting and constructing, could see the

Clockwork drowns mouth opening and closing as he berated the unconscious. Bludgeoned figure of the son

A spot of red flew up again, he inside of the glass dome
Another followed. Two more splattered beside it.

Now the red liquid was spraying up like an obscene rain shower at king the glass sides of the dome and running, obscuring what was going on inside and flecked through the scarlet were tiny gray ribbons of tissue, fragments of bone and brain. And so he could see the hammer rising and falling as the clockwork continued to turn and the cogs continued to mesh the gears and teeth of this cunningly made machine.

Unmask! Unmask! Derwent was shouting behind him, and somewhere a dog was barking in human tones.

(But clockwork can't breed clockwork can't breed)

The entire dome was spashed with blood. He could see clumps of hair but nothing else thank God he could see it. Big eyes and skin he thought he would be sick because he could hear the two metrblows still falling, could hear them through the glass and as he could hear the phrases of "The Blue Danube". But the sounds were no longer the mechanical tick tick tick noises of a mechanical hammer striking a mechanical head by the soft and squishy thudding sounds of a real hammer hitting a soft and thudding into a soft pink puppy fur. Arthur said you have UNMASK!

the Red Death had struck once again.

With a miserable rising scream, he turned away from the clock. His hands outstretched his feet scrabbling against the another the wooden blocks as he begged them to stop, to take him. Danny Wendy to take the whole world if they would be sent to stop and leave him a little sun in the night.

The ballroom was empty.

The chairs with their spindly legs were clustered on tables covered with plastic dust drops. The red rug which is golden that was back on the dance floor, protecting the polished, hardwood & stage. The banister was deserted except for a single assembled microphone stand and a dusty guitar leaning against just the wall. Cold morning light streaming through the high windows.

His hands were trembling he took a deep breath and walked

back to the man's piece his drink was gone. There were only the ivory elephants . . . and the clock.

He stumbled back across the cold, shadowy lobby and through the dining room. His foot hooked around a table leg and he fell full length, upsetting the table with a clatter. He struck his nose hard on the floor and it began to bleed. He got up, sniffing back blood and wiping his nose with the back of his hand. He crossed to the Colorado Lounge and shovelled through the half-open doors, thwacking them fly back and bang into the walls.

The place was empty . . . but the bar was fully stocked. God be praised. Glasses and the silver edging on jewels glowed warmly in the dark.

Once, he remembered, a very long time ago, he had been angry that there was no backbar mirror. Now he was glad. Looking into it he would have seen just another drab, fresh-off-the-wagon, bony-nosed, unshaved shirt, hair rumppled, cheeks stubbly.

This is what it's like to stuck your whole hand into the nest.

Loneliness surged over him suddenly and completely. He cried out with sudden wretchedness and honestly wished he were dead. His wife and son were upstairs with the door cracked open. The others had all left. The party was over.

He lurched forward again, reaching the bar.

"Lloyd, where the fuck are you?" he screamed.

There was no answer. In the semi-palmed

(cell)

now, the words did not even echo back to give him as much company.

"Grady!"

No answer. Only the bottles, standing. Only at a test on
Wish over Play and Fresh Gray dawn. But now. That's when,
Never mind, I'll do myself, judgment.

Halfway over the bar he lost his balance and pitched forward, hitting his head a muffled blow on the floor. He got up on his hands and knees, his eyeballs moving dislocated from side to side in fuzzy snarling sounds coming from his mouth. Then he collapsed, his face turned to one side, breathing in harsh snores.

Outside the wind whistled lower driving the falling snow before it. It was 8:30 A.M.

STAPLETON AIRPORT, DENVER

At 8:31 A.M. MST, a woman in TWA's Flight 196 burst into tears and began to baffle her two neighbors, which was perfect, as she was lost among some of the other passengers (or even the crew, for that matter) as the plane was going to crash.

The sharp-faced woman next to Haubrock looked up from her book and it was a brief character analysis "Nelly" and went back to her book. She had a wedged two screwdriver's during the flight but could not have thawed her at all.

"It's going to crash," the woman was crying almost hysterically. "Oh, I just know it is!"

A stewardess turned in her seat as a steward made her. He really thought himself to be very stewardesses as a very young boy he was seemed a bit squat with a degree of grace. He was a rare and willful silent. He brought about 100 white stewardess towels to the woman and said "Be very quiet. It will take time." He bit by bit.

Haubrock didn't know about anyone else on 196. His mother personally was afraid she had enough to sit peachy. Outside the window here was nothing to be seen but a bulging curtain of white. The plane rocked sickeningly from side to side with gobs of sweat oozing from everywhere. The engines were cracked up in previous partial decompression and as a result the floor was breaking under their feet. There were several people running past them behind them. One steward had gone back with a bag full of fresh towels bags and a man three rows in front of Haubrock had collapsed into a National Observer and had grunted apologetically at the stewardess who came to help him can up "This is all right," she comforted him. "This is how I feel about the *Reader's Digest*."

For a moment Haubrock felt he might be able to surprise with a few

happened. They had been flying against bad headwinds most of the way, the weather over Denver had worsened suddenly and unexpectedly, and now it was just a little late to divert for somewhere where the weather was better. Fees don't fair me now.

Buddy-boy this is some tucked-up cavalry charge.

The stewardess seemed to have succeeded in curbing the worst of the woman's hysterics. She was sniffling and hunkering into a lace handkerchief but had ceased broadcasting her opinions about the flight's possible conclusion to the cabin at large. The steward gave her a final pat on the shoulder and stood up just as the 747 gave its worst lurch yet. The stewardess stumbled backward and landed in the lap of the man who had whoopsed into his paper exposing a lovely length of nyloned thigh. The man blinked and then patted her kindly on the shoulder. She smiled back, but Haiermann thought the strain was showing. It had been one hell of a hard flight this morning.

There was a little ping as the NO SMOKING light reappeared.

"This is the captain speaking," a soft, slightly soothed voice informed them. "We're ready to begin our descent to Stapleton International Airport. It's been a tough flight, for which I apologize. The landing may be a bit rough as we anticipate no real difficulty. Please observe the FASTEN SEAT BELTS and NO SMOKING signs and we hope you enjoy your stay in the Denver metro area. And we also hope—"

Another hard bump rocked the plane and then dropped her with a sickening elevator plunge. Haiermann's stomach did a jolty burp. Several people—not all women by any means—screamed.

"...that we'll see you again on another TWA flight real soon."

"Not bloody likely," someone behind Haiermann said.

"Ssssh," the sharp-faced woman next to Haiermann remarked, putting a matchbook cover into her book and shutting it as the plane began to descend. When one has seen the horrors of a dirty little war...as you have...or sensed the underground activity of CIA double agents active on...as I have...a rough and big pulse into insignificance. Am I right, Mr. Haiermann?"

"As rain medium," he said, and looked to the out the window at wildly blowing snow.

"How's your sand plane reacting to all of this, if I might inquire?"

"Oh, my head's fine," Halcarran said. "It's just my stomach that's a mite queasy."

A shrug? She reopened her book.

As they descended through the impenetrable clouds of snow Halcarran thought of a crash that had occurred at Boston's Logan Airport a few years ago. The conditions had been similar, only fog instead of snow had reduced visibility to zero. The plane had caught a load carriage on a retaining wall near the end of the landing strip. What had been left of the eight or nine people aboard hadn't looked much different from a Hanuman Helper casserole.

He would mind so much if it was just himself. He was pretty much alone in the world now, and attendance at his funeral would be likely held down to the people he had worked with and that old renegade Musteron, who would at least drink to him. But the boy...the boy was depending on him. He was maybe all the help that child could expect, and he'd do like he was the boy's last car had been snipped off. He kept thinking of the way those friggin' animals had seemed to move.

A thin white hand appeared over his.

The woman with the sharp face had taken off her glasses. With them her features seemed much softer.

"It will be all right," she said.

Halcarran made a smile and nodded.

As advertised the plane came down hard, ramming with the cushioning rough enough to knock most of the magazines out of the racks. The front and a side panel plastic trays cascading out of the galley like oversized playing cards. No one screamed but Halcarran heard several sets of teeth chattering violently together like gypsy castanets.

Then the whining engines rose to a howl, braking the fast and as they dropped lower the pilot's side window while perhaps not completely steady came over the intercom system. "Engines are going down. We have landed at Superior Airport. Please remain in your seats until the plane has come to a complete stop at the terminal. Thank you."

The woman beside Halcarran closed her book and nodded a response. "We've traveled together day, Mr. Halcarran.

Many, we are. I don't think I'm done yet."

"True. Very true. Would you care to have a drink in the lounge with me?"

I would, but I have an appointment to keep."

"Pressing?"

Very pressing. Halvorann said gravely.

"Something that will improve the General situation in some small way, I hope."

I hope so too. Halvorann said, and smiled. She snatched back the book, ten years dropping suddenly from her face as she did so.

* * *

Because he had only the flight bag held carried for luggage Halvorann beat the crowd to the Hertz desk on the lower level. Outside the smoked glass windows he could see the snow still falling steadily. The gusting wind drove white clouds of it back and forth, and the people walking across to the parking area were struggling against it. One man lost his hat and Halvorann could commiserate with him as it whirled high, wide, and handsome. The man stared after it and Halvorann thought,

(*Aw, just forget it man. I am homborg ain't come down until it gets to Arizona.*)

On the heels of that thought

(*If it's this bad in Denver what's it going to be like west of Boulder?*)

Best not to think about that, maybe.

"Can I help you, sir?" a girl in Hertz yellow asked him.

"If you got a car, you can help me," he said with a big grin.

For a heavier-than-average charge he was able to get a heavier-than-average car, a silver and black Buick Electra. He was thinking of the winding mountain roads, rather than style, he would. He'd have to stop somewhere along the way and get chains put on. He wouldn't get far without them.

"How bad is it?" he asked as she handed him the rental agreement to sign.

"They say it's the worst storm since 1969," she answered brightly. "Do you have far to drive, sir?"

"Farther than I'd like."

"If you'd like, sir, I can phone ahead to the Teletac station on a the Route 220 junction. They'll put chains on for you."

"That would be a great blessing, dear."

S. picked up the phone and spoke the car. "They like expecting you."

"Thank you much."

Leaving his desk he saw the sharp-faced William Solberg of the telephone company had arrived in front of the office to see Mrs. Snow's driving the truck. He stopped her as he went by. She turned around and gave him a quick good-bye.

The car was presented to him smiling and she fled back into the office and City Park. Once he had been home before (he was so tired) and her batish worry about having a separate room to herself. He hurriedly washed his hands and as he went out into the driving wind and snow he thought she wished him no harm to the man.

* * *

The cold air rippling down the road at the service station was a wonder, but Harlan had given the man at work in the garage his last extra tire to get in service all the way on the winding road. It was still quarter of an hour before he was actually off the road. The wind shrieked with a chilling noise as the clouds of falling snow whirled round him on the Buick's big wheels.

The Europeake was a mess. Even with the chains he could go no faster than thirty mph but had gone off the road at crazy angles, and for several of the graves, radio was hardly struggling along, so other tires spinning helplessly in the drifting powder. It was the first big storm of the winter down here in the plains if you could call a mile above sea-level (low) and it was a mother. Many of them were unprepared, untrained enough, but Harlan still found himself cursing them as he backed around them, peering in a his snow-clipped side mirror to be sure nothing was

(Dashing through the snow . . .)

coming up in the left-hand lane to cream his black ass.

There was more bad luck waiting for him as the Route 16 entrance ramp. Route 36, the Denver-Boulder turnpike also goes west to Estes Park where it connects with Route 7. That road also known as the Upward Highway goes through Sidewinder, passes the Overlook Hotel and finally winds down the Western Slope and into Utah.

The entrance ramp had been blocked by an overstuffed semi, but bright-burning flares had been scattered around it like birthday candles on some idiot child's cake.

It came to a stop and rolled its window down. A cop with a fur Cossack hat aimed down over his ears gestured with one gloved hand toward the flow of traffic moving north on I-70.

"You can't get up here!" he bawled to Haloran over the wind. "Go down two exits, get on 91, and connect with 36 at Broomfield."

I think I could get around him on the left," Haloran should have. "That's twenty miles out of my way, what you're rappin'?"

"I'll rap your friggin' head!" the cop shouted back. "This ramp's closed!"

Haloran backed up, waited for a break in traffic, and continued on his way up Route 25. The GPS informed him it was only a hundred miles to Cheyenne, Wyoming. If he didn't look out for his ramp, he'd wind up there.

He inches his speed up to thirty-five mph, dared no more, as ready snow was threatening to clog his wiper blades and the traffic patterns were decisively crazy. Twenty-mile detour. He cursed, and the feeling that time was growing shorter for the boy waiting up in him again, nearly suffocating with its urgency. And at the same time he felt a fatalistic certainty that he would not be coming back from this trip.

He turned on the radio, dialed past Christmas ads, and found a weather forecast.

"Six inches a ready, and another foot is expected in the Denver metro area by nightfall. Local and state police urge you not to take your car out of the garage unless it's absolutely necessary and warn the most mountain passes have already been closed. So stay home and wax up your beards and keep tuned to..."

"Thanks, mother," Haloran said, and turned the radio off savagely.

WENDY

A few days after Danny had gone to the bathroom to use the water, Wendy took the knife wrapped knife from under her pillow put it in the pocket of her bathrobe and went over to the bathroom door.

"Danny?"

"What?"

"I'm going down to make us some dinner, okay?"

"Okay. Do you want me to come down?"

"No, I'll bring it up. How about a crock potlet and some soup?"

"Sure."

She hesitated outside the closed door a moment longer.
"Danny, are you sure it's okay?"

"Yeah," he said. "Just be careful."

"Where's your father? Do you know?"

His voice came back curiously flat. "Nah. But it's okay."

She stifled an urge to keep asking, to keep picking around the edges of the thing. The thing was there; they knew what it was, picking at it was only going to frighten Danny more—and her self.

Danny had been on his mind. They had sat together on Danny's cot as the storm began to pick up coat and meanness around eight o'clock this morning and had listened to him downstairs, braying and stumbling from one place to another. Most of it had seemed to come from the bathroom. Danny singing tuneless bits of song, Jack holding up one side of an argument, Jack screaming loudly at one point, freezing both of their faces as they stared into one another's eyes. Finally they had heard him stumbling back across the lobby and Wendy thought she had heard a loud banging noise as if he had fallen down or pushed a door violently open. Since eight thirty or so—three and a half hours now—there had been only silence.

Sue went down the short hall, turned to the main entrance on her corner and went up the stairs. She stood on the first-floor landing looking down into the lobby. It appeared deserted by the gray and snowy day had left much of the long room in shadow. Surely it couldn't be wrong. Jack could be behind a chart or at maybe behind the registration desk. *Wasn't he here? Come down . . .*

She wet her lips, "Jack?

No answer.

Her hand found the handle of the knife and she began to go down. She had seen the end of her own life many times—in a vision of Jack's death at the scene of a drunken car accident, a regular vision in the dark two o'clock of Stovington mornings; and occasionally in daydreams of being discovered by another man—a soap opera Galahad who would sweep Danny and her off to the saddle of his snow-white charger and take them away. But she had never envisioned herself prowling halls and staircases like a nervous feline, with a knife clasped in one hand to use against Jack.

A wave of despair struck through her at the thought and she had to stop halfway down the stairs and holding her racing heart her knees would buckle.

(Admit it. It isn't just Jack he's got. He's got things you can't believe. It's you can hang the other things on. The things you can't believe and yet are being forced to believe that thing about the house, the party favor in the elevator, the mask.)

She tried to stop, he thought, but it was too late.
(and the voices)

Because from time to time it had not seemed that there was a solitary crazy man below them shouting at and holding conversations with the phantoms in his own crumbling mind. From time to time, like a radio signal fading in and out, she had heard—or though she had—other voices and music and laughter. At one moment she would hear Jack holding a conversation with someone named Grady (the name was vague & familiar to her but she made no actual connection) making statements and asking questions into silence, yet speaking loudly as if to make himself heard over a steady background racket. And then, eerily, other sounds would be there, seeming to slip into place—a dance band, people clapping, a man with an amused yet authoritative voice who

success to be trying to persuade somebody to make a speech. For a person of dirty colors is so a minute she would hear his long enough to grow faint with terror and then I would be gone again and she would only hear Jack talking in flat commanding yet gentle tones. Why she remembered as his drunk speak like ice. But there was nothing in the hotel to drink except cooking she by Waverly thought. Yes but if she could imagine that the Hotel was full of blues and music & didn't Jack imagine that he was drunk? She didn't like that thought. Not at all.

They reached the lobby and looked around. The velvet rope had cordoned off the ballroom had been taken down the screen post it had been clippes to had been knocked over, as if someone had carelessly bumped it going by. The low white light fell through the open door onto the lobby rug from the ballroom's high narrow windows. Heart thumping, she went to the open ballroom doors and looked in. It was empty and silent. The only sound that curious disturbance made that seemed no longer in a large room, from the largest conference to the smallest home parlor.

She went back to the registration desk and stood undecided for a moment listening to the wind blow outside. It was the worst storm so far and it was still building up force. Somewhere on the west side a shatter had broken and the shatter hung back and forth with a steady but crackling sound, like a shooting gallery with only one customer.

(*TALK - or read - she did take care of that. Before something gets in.*)

What would she do if he came at her right now, she wondered. If he should pop up from behind the dark, varnished registration desk with its pile of replicate forms and its little silver plated bell like some murderous jack-in-the-box pun intended, a gaudy jack-in-the-box with a cleaver in one hand and no sense at all left behind his eyes. Would she stand frozen with terror, or was here enough of the primal mother in her to fight him for her son until one of them was dead? She didn't know. The very thought made her sick —made her realize how whole she had been a long and easy dream to pull her helpless into his waking nightmare. She was soft. When trouble came, she slept. Her past was unremarkable. She had never been tried in fire. Now the heat was upon her,

but I have to go to bed now. Be good to yourself.

Goodnight, my love. I'll think of you.

Nothing there.

For breakfast I had cereal and fruit.

She put the soup up and we ate our breakfast and then she helped get the boat back to the house. She cleaned up the kitchen up. We took a nap. I dozed and had some very weird dreams. Then the phone rang. We decided to take the boat home again and see Mr. Hubbard's kitchen. Her kitchen was like heath row. The greenish glowing ferns sprouted there. It was glowing over the eggs she had prepared him. She was like Mrs. Hubbard's mother. She let us in. I was one of Dorothy's guests. Dick Hubbard's piece of second-hand and comfort at Dorothy's had come to Mr. Hubbard's also. I was so frightened for Dorothy in fear as her husband raged around below me. I too seemed like the eyes of a dog around him. He did not seem to notice Mr. Hubbard's piece of seemed almost possible. Perhaps he was on his way now. I could not get him round less. I best not. Perhaps I was still.

She went out to the pantry. She turned back and said to me. She got a can of cream soups and mixed the pantries over again and then out. The sun was bright outside. It was hot. I knew you did not have a water bottle or maybe sippings in the rice or flour or sugar.

She opened the can and dropped it safely into the oven into a saucier. Then she went to the refrigerator and got milk and eggs for a omelet. Then to the walk-in freezer for cheese. All of these actions, so common are so much a part of her life here the Overlook has been a part of her life. I hoped to remember.

She heated butter in the frying pan. Diluted the soup with milk and then poured the beaten eggs into the pan.

A sudden feeling that someone was watching her. I sat reaching for her throat.

She whined and was clutching her face. She said to me.

(*"Get ahead of yourself, girl."*)

She grated a bowl of cheese from the block added it to the eggs. Flipped it and when the gas ring down to a bare heat, she

The soup was hot. She put the pot on a large tray with a vermilion, two bowls, two pieces the salt and pepper shakers. When the owner had placed sugar & the like such off onto one of the plates and covered it.

(It is back to the soup time. Turn to the kitchen door to through the room. In & Through the desk gave voice to him hundred dollars.)

She stepped on the lobby side of the sofa, upon deck, and set the tray down beside the silver bowl. Lately would stretch out so far. This was like some surreal game of hide-and seek.

She stood in the shadowy lobby frowning in thought.

Don't push the facts away just this girl. There are certain realities as lunatic as this situation may seem. One of them is that you may be the only responsible person left in this grotesque place. You have a half-grown-on-six son to look out for. And your husband, whatever has happened to him and his nature, is as dangerous as he may be. — maybe best part of your responsibility for him even if he can consider that. Today is December tenth. You can't be stuck up here another four months. A ranger doesn't happen by often. They do start to wonder when they haven't heard from us in the CB no one is going to come today or tomorrow — maybe not for weeks. Are you going to spend a month stuck up down to get meals with a knife in your pocket and running at every shadow? Do you really think you can avoid Jack for a month? Do you think you can keep Jack out of the upstairs quarters if he wants to get in? He has the passkey and one hard kick would snap the bars.)

Leaving the tray on the desk, she walked slowly down to the dining room and locked it. It was deserted. There was one table with the chairs set up around it the table they had been eating at until the dining room's emptiness began to freak them out.

"Jack?" she called hesitantly.

At that moment the wind rose in a gust driving snow across the shutters but it seemed to her that there had been a muffled groan.

"Jack?"

No returning sound this time, but her eyes fell on something beneath the batwing doors of the Colorado Lounge something that gleamed faintly in the subdued light. Jack's cigarette lighter.

Plucking up her courage, she crossed to the batwings and pushed them open. The smell of gin was so strong that her breath snagged in her throat. I wasn't even tight to eat in a smel, it was a positive rock. But the side ves were empty. Where in God's name had he found it? A bo tie hidden at the back of one of the cupboards? Where?

There was another growl low and fuzzy but perfectly audible this time. Wendy walked slowly to the bar.

"Jack?"

No answer.

She looked over the bar and there he was, sprawled out on the floor in a stupor. Drunk as a lord, by the suttell. He must have tried to go right over the top and lost his balance. A wonder he hadn't broken his neck. An old proverb recurred to her. God looks after drunks and lunach lurer. Amen.

Yet she was not angry with him, looking down at him she thought he looked like a horribly overtired little boy who had tried to do too much and had fallen asleep in the middle of the living room floor. He had stopped drinking and it was not Jack who had made the decision to start again, there had been no aqua-dot for him to start with — so where had it come from?

Resting at every five or six feet along the horseshoe-shaped bar there were wine bottles wrapped in straw their mouths plugged with canules. Supposed to look bohemian she supposed. She picked one up and shook it, half-expecting to hear the slush of gin inside it.

(new wine in old bottles)

but here was no hing. She set it back down.

Jack was stirring. She went around the bar, found the gate and walked back on the inside to where Jack lay, pausing only to look at the gleaming chrome beer taps. They were dry but when she passed close to them she could smell beer wet and new like a fine m. si.

As she reached Jack he rolled over, opened his eyes, and looked up at her. For a moment his gaze was a very blank, and then it cleared.

"Wendy?" he asked. "That you?"

"Yes," she said. "Do you think you can make it upstairs? or you just want me to hold you? That's where I am now."

his hand closed brutally around her ankle.

"Jack! What are you—"

"Gatcha!" he said and began to grin. There was a stale odor of gin and oilives about him, but seemed to set off an old terror in her a worse terror than any he could possibly devise by direct. A distant part of her thought that the worst thing was that I had come back to this she and her other husband.

"Jack, I want to help."

"Oh yeah. You and Danny only want to help. The grip on her knee was crushing now. Still holding onto her, Jack was getting shakier on his knees. "You wanted to help us all right, eh, of course. But now . . . I . . . gatcha!"

"Jack, you're hurting my ankle—"

"I hurt more than your ankle, you b—ch."

The words stammered her so completely that she made no effort to move which he let go of her ankle and stumbled down his knees to his feet, where he stood swaying in front of her.

"You never loved me," he said. "You want us to leave because you know that'll be the end of me. Did you ever think about my responsibilities? No. I guess to fuck you didn't. And you ever think about the ways to drag me down. You're just like my mother, you milksop b—ch!"

She stopped crying. She didn't know what you're doing. You're drunk. I don't know how but you're drunk."

"Oh, I know. I know now. You and him. That little pup up there. He was always planning things for Grady."

"No. We never planned anything. What are you talking about?"

"I know," he screamed. "Oh, I know how you do it. I guess I know that. When I say. We're going to stay here and I'm going to do a job, you say. Yes, sir, and he says. Yes, Dad, and then you lay your plans. You planned to use the gun to do it. I planned that. But I knew. I figured it out. Don't you think I know where it's at? Do you? I know where it's at."

She stared at him, unable to speak. He was going to kill her, and then he was going to kill Danny. Then maybe the both would be satisfied and know that it was settled. Just like that other caretaker. Just like

(Grady.)

With amazement swooning horror she realized at last who it was the Jack had been conversing with in the ballroom.

You turned my son against me That was the worse " His face sagged into lines of self pity " My little boy Now he hates me, too You saw to the That was your plan all along, wasn't it? You've always been jealous, haven't you? Just like your mother You couldn't be satisfied unless you had a the cake could you? Could you?"

She couldn't talk.

Wee, I'll let you," he said, and tried to put his hands around her throat.

She took a step backwards then another, and he stumbled against her She remembered the knife in the pocket of her robe and groped for it but now its left arm had swept across her pinning her arms against her side She could smell sharp gin and the sour odor of his sweat.

"Have to be punished, we was givin' it. Chastised. Chastised . . . harshay."

His right hand found her throat.

As her breath stopped pure panic took over His left hand joined his right and now the knife was free to her own hands but she forgot about it Both of her hands came up and began to work helplessly at his neck stronger and stronger.

Mommy! Daddy! Don't whistled from somewhere "Daddy stop! You're hurting Mommy!" He screeched piercingly a high and cry as sound has he heard from far off.

Red flashes of light filled in front of her eyes like beetle dancers The room grew darker She saw her son climb up on the bar and throw himself at Jack's shiny cors. Suddenly one of the hands had had been crushing her throat was gone as Jack pulled Danny away with a snap The boy fell back again the empty shelves and dropped to the floor dazed The hand was on her throat again The red flashes began a turn block.

Danny was crying weakly Her chest was burning Jack was shouting into her ear I'll fix a Goddam you [I] know who's boss around here I'll show you

But all she did were falling down a long dark hallway Her struggles began to weaken One of her hands slipped away from his

and dropped slowly until the arm was stretched out at right angles to her body, the hand dangling limply from the wrist like the hand of a drowning woman.

I touched a bottle—one of the straw wrapped wine bottles that served as decorative candleholders.

Sightlessly with the last of her strength she gripped for the bottle's neck and found it ice-cold the greasy beads of wax against her hand.

(*and O God if it slips*)

She brought it up and then down, praying for aim, knowing but if it only struck his shoulder or upper arm she was dead.

But the bottle came down squarely on Jack Torrance's head, the glass shattering violently inside the straw. The base of it was thick and heavy and it made a sound against his skull like a medicine ball dropped on a hardwood floor. He rocked back on his heels, his eyes rolling up in their sockets. The pressure on her throat loosened then gave way entirely. He put his hands out as he steady himself and then crashed over on his back.

Wendy drew a long, sobbing breath. She almost fell herself clutched the edge of the bar and managed to hold herself up. Consciousness wavered in and out. She could hear Danny crying but she had no idea where he was. It sounded like crying in an echo-chamber. Dimly she saw dime-sized drops of blood falling to the dark surface of the bar from her nose. She thought. She cleared her throat and spat on the floor. It sent a wave of agony up the column of her throat but the agony subsided to a steady, dull press of pain. . . . Last bearable.

Little by little she managed to get control of herself.

She let go of the bar turned around and saw Jack lying full length, the shattered bottle beside him. He looked like a forgotten Danny was crouched below the lounge's cash register, both hands in his mouth, staring at his unconscious father.

Wendy went to him reluctantly and touched his shoulder. Danny cringed away from her.

"Danny, listen to me—"

"No, no—he must have in a bushy old man's voice. "Dad's here—~~you~~—you hurt Daddy—Daddy hurt you—I want you to sleep. Danny wanted to go to sleep."

Danny?

"Sleep, sleep. Nighty-night."
"No!"

Pam rising up her throat again. She winced against it. But he opened his eyes. They looked at her warily from bruised, shadowed sockets.

She made herself speak calmly, her eyes never leaving his. Her voice was low and husky, almost a whisper I had to talk. "I listen to me, Danny. It wasn't your daddy trying to hurt me. And I don't want to hurt him. The hotel has gotten into him, Danny. *The Overlook has gotten into your daddy. Do you understand me?*"

Some kind of knowledge came slowly back into Danny's eyes.

"The Bad Stuff," he whispered. "There was none of it here before, was there?"

"No. The hotel put it here. The . . ." She broke off in a fit of coughing and spat out more blood. Her throat already felt puffed to twice its size. "The note made him drink it. Did you hear those people he was talking to this morning?"

"Yes . . . , the hotel people . . . ,"

I heard them too. And that means the hotel's going stronger. It wants to hurt all of us. But I think . . . I hope . . . that it can only do that through your daddy. He was the only one it could catch. Are you understanding me, Danny? It's desperately important that you understand."

"The hole caught Daddy. He looked at Jack and groaned helplessly.

I know you love your daddy. I do too. We have to remember that the hotel is trying to hurt him as much as it is us. And she was convinced that was true. More, she thought that Danny might be the one the hotel really wanted, the reason it was going so far.

maybe the reason it was able to go so far. It might even be that in some unknown fashion it was Danny's shine that was powering it, the way a battery powers the electrical equipment in a car . . . the way a battery gets a car to start. If they got out of here, the Overlook might subside to its old semi-sentient state where it goes no more than passing, penny-dreadful horrors since the more psychically aware guests who entered it. Without Danny, it was not much more than an amusement park haunted house where a guest or two might hear rappings on the planchette.

sounds of a masquerade party, or see an occasional disturbing thing. But if I absorbed Danny—Danny's shine or life-force or spirit—whatever you wanted to call it—into myself—what would it be then?

The thought made her cold all over.

"I wish Daddy was—I better," Danny said, and the tears began to flow again.

"Me too," she said, and hugged Danny gently. "And bony, that's way you've got to help me put your daddy somewhere. Somewhere that the hotel can't make him hurt us and where he can't hurt himself. Then—if your friend Dick comes, or a park ranger we can take him away. And I think he might be all right again. All of us might be all right. I think there's still a chance for that, if we're strong and brave like you were when you jumped on his back. Do you understand?" She looked at him pleadingly and thought how strange it was she had ever seen him when he looked so much like Jack.

"Yes," he said, and nodded. "I think—if we can get away from here—every thing will be like it was. Where could we put him?"

"The pantry. There's food in there and a good strong bolt on the outside. It's warm. And we can eat up the things from the refrigerator and the freezer. There will be plenty for all three of us until help comes."

"Do we do it now?"

"Yes, right now. Before he wakes up."

Danny put the bargate up while she loosed Jack's bands on his wrists, and listened to his breathing for a moment. It was slow and regular. From the sound of him she thought he must have drunk a great deal—and he was out of the habit. She thought it might be liquor as much as a crack on the head which the barge had put him out.

She picked up his legs, and began to drag him along the floor. She had been married to him, at nearly seven years, he had been up off her own less times—in the thousands—but she had never realized how heavy he was. Her breath whistled painfully in and out of her hot throat. Nevertheless, she felt better than she had in days. She was alive. Having just brushed so close to death that was precious. And Jack was alive—so by blod luck rather

that plan they had perhaps found the only way that would bring them all safely out.

Panting heavily, she paused a moment, leaning Jack's feet against her hips. The surroundings reminded her of the nosemate Captain's cry on *Treasure Island* after old Ed Pew had passed him in the Black Spot. *What do we do?*

And then she remembered, uncomfortably, that the old seadog had dropped dead mere seconds later.

"Are you all right, Mommy? Is he... is he too heavy?"

"I'll manage." She began to drag him again. Danny was beside Jack. One of his hands had fallen off his chest, and Danny replaced it gently, with love.

"Are you sure, Mommy?"

"Yes. It's the best thing, Danny."

"It's like putting him in jail."

"Only for awhile."

"Okay, then. Are you sure you can do it?"

"Yes."

But it was a near thing, at first. Danny had been cradling his father's head when they went over the threshold, but his hands slipped in Jack's greasy hair as they went into the kitchen. The back of his head struck the floor and Jack began to groan and stir.

"You got to use smoke," Jack muttered quickly. "Now run and get me that gascan."

Wendy and Danny exchanged a glimmer of glances.

"Help me," she said in a low voice.

For a moment Danny stood as if paralyzed by his father's face, and then he moved quickly to her side and helped her hold the leg. They dragged him across the kitchen floor in a tight triangle of slow motion; the only sounds she could discern a buzz of the fluorescent lights and the fire crackling outside.

When they reached the parlor, Wendy put Jack's feet on a tall stool to balance with the hip. Danny tucked a pillow under Jack's head. He was lying limp and relaxed again. The seat belt had pulled on the back of his pants as they dragged him and a cut in his left knee. Danny was too close to the coal to scorch a strip of leather from the parlor incinerator that he'd used to make his way to Mourning. Even upstairs he had known Dad was going to die. He had heard them a going up the stairs.

(If only we could all be out of here. Or if it was a dream I was having, back in Sovington. If only.)

The bolt was stuck.

Wendy poked at it as hard as she could, but it wouldn't move. She couldn't retract the goddam bolt. It was stupid and unfair.

she had opened it with no trouble at all when she had gone in to get the can of soup. Now it wouldn't move, and what was she going to do? They couldn't put him in the walk-in refrigerator he would freeze or smother to death. But if they left him out and he woke up . . .

Jack stirred again on the floor.

"I'll take care of it," he muttered. "I understand."

"He's waking up, Mommy." Danny warned.

Sobbing now, she yanked at the bolt with both hands.

"Danny?" There was something softly menacing. It still burry, in Jack's voice. "That you ole doc?"

"Just go to sleep, Daddy," Danny said nervously. "I's bed me, you know."

He looked up at his mother still struggling with the bolt, and saw what was wrong immediately. She had forgotten to rotate the bolt before trying to withdraw it. The little catch was stuck in its notch.

"Here," he said low, and brushed her trembling hands aside. His own were shaking almost as badly. He knocked the catch loose with the heel of his hand and the bolt drew back easily.

"Quick," he said. He looked down. Jack's eyes had fluttered open again and this time Daddy was looking directly at him, his gaze strangely flat and speculative.

"You copied it." Daddy told him. "I knew you did. But it's here somewhere. And I'll find it. That I promise you. I'll find it . . ." His words slurred off again.

Wendy pushed the pantry door open with her knee, hardly noticing the pungent odor of dried fruit that wafted out. She picked up Jack's feet again and dragged him in. She was gasping harshly now, at the limit of her strength. As she yanked the chain pull that turned on the light, Jack's eyes fluttered open again.

"What are you doing? Wendy? What are you doing?"

She stepped over him.

He was quick, amazingly quick. One hand lashed out and she

had to sidestep and nearly fall out the door to avoid his grasp. Still he had caught a handful of her bathrobe and there was a heavy purring noise as it ripped. He was up on his hands and knees now, his hair hanging in his eyes, like some heavy animal. A large dog, . . . or a lion.

"Damn you both I know what you want. But you're not going to get it [his hotel] . . . it's mine & it's me they want. Me! Me!"

"The door, Danny!" she screamed. "Shut the door!"

He pushed the heavy wooden door shut with a slam, just as Jack leaped. The door latched and Jack thudded uselessly against it.

Danny's small hands groped at the bolt. Wendy was too far away to help; the issue of whether he would be locked in or free was going to be decided in two seconds. Danny missed his grip, found it again, and shot the bolt across just as the latch began to jingle madly up and down below it. Then it stayed up and there was a series of thuds as Jack slammed his shoulder against the door. The bolt, a quarter inch of steel in diameter, showed no signs of loosening. Wendy let her breath out slowly.

"Let me out of here!" Jack raged. "Let me out! Danny, dog-gone it, this is your father and I want to get out. Now do what I tell you!"

Danny's hand moved automatically toward the bolt. Wendy caught it and pressed it between her breasts.

"You mind your daddy, Danny. You do what I say! You do it or I'll give you a bidding you'll never forget. Open this door or I'll bash your fucking brains in!"

Danny looked at her pale as window glass.

They could hear his breath tearing in and out behind the half inch of solid oak.

"Wendy, you let me out! Let me out right now! You cheap nickle-plated co-d-cunt bitch! You let me out! I mean it. Let me out of here and I'll let it go. If you don't, I'll mess you up! I mean it! I'll mess you up so bad your own mother would pass you on the street! Now open this door!"

Danny moaned. Wendy looked at him and saw he was going to faint in a moment.

"Come on, doc," she said, surprised at the calmness of her own voice. "It's not your daddy talking, remember? It's the hotel."

"Come back here and let me out right NOW!" Jack screamed. There was a scraping, locking sound as it it scraped the inside of the door with his fingernails.

"It's the police," Danny said. "It's the boy I remember. But he looked back over his shoulder and his face was a purple blur of terror."

47

DANNY

It was three in the afternoon of a long, long day.

They were sitting on the big bed in their quarters. Danny was turning the purple VW model with the moon or sticking out of the sun roof over and over to his mom. Completely.

They had heard Daddy's battering all the way across the lobby, the batterings and his voice, hoarse and perhaps angry in a weak-kneed sort of a way, making promises of punishment. Mommy & Dan were promising both of them they would live to regret betraying him after he had saved his guts out for them over the years.

Danny thought they would no longer be able to hear impacts, but the sounds of his rage carried perfectly up the dumb-waiter shaft. Mommy's face was pale and there were horrible brownish bruises on her neck where Daddy had tried to

He turned the model over and over in his hands. Daddy's prize for having learned his teaching lessons.

where Daddy had tried to hug her too tight?

Mommy put some of her music on the three record player, scratchy and full of horns and flutes. She smiled at him tiredly. He tried to smile back and failed. Even with the volume turned up loud he thought he could still hear Daddy screaming at them and battering the pantry door like an animal in a zoo cage. What if Daddy had forgotten the key? What would he do then?

Danny began to cry.

Wendy turned the volume down on the record player at once, held him, rocked him on her lap.

"Danny, love, it will be all right I tell. If Mr. Ha-erup didn't get your message someone else will. As soon as the storm is over No one could get up here until then anyway. Mr. Ha-erup or anyone else. But when the storm is over everything will be fine again. We'll leave here. And do you know what we'll do next spring? The three of us?"

Danny snuck his head against her breasts. He didn't know if seemed there could never be spring again.

"We'll go fishing. We'll rent a boat and go fishing, just like we did last year on Chatterton Lake. You and me and your daddy. And maybe you'll catch a bass for our supper. And maybe we won't catch anything, but we're sure to have a good time."

"I love you, Mommy," he said, and hugged her.

"Oh, Danny, I love you, too."

Outside, the wind whooped and screamed.

* * *

Around four-thirty, just as the day grew began to fall, the screams ceased.

They had both been dozing uneasily. Wendy still holding Danny in her arms, and she didn't wake. But Danny did. Some how suspense was worse, more ominous than the screams and the blows against the strong pantry door. Was Daddy asleep again? Or dead? Or what?

(Did he get out?)

Fifteen minutes later the silence was broken by a hard grating metallic rattle. There was a heavy grinding, then a metallic hammering. Wendy came awake with a cry.

The elevator was running again.

They listened to it, wide-eyed, hugging each other. It went from floor to floor the grate rattling back the brass door sometimes open. There was laughter, drunken shouts, occasional screams, and the sounds of breakage.

The Overlook was coming to life around them.

JACK

He sat on the floor of the pantry with his legs drawn tight to him a box of Triscuit crackers between them looking at the sun. I was eating the crackers one by one not tasting them — not even — them because he had to eat something. When he got out of bed he was going to need his strength. All of it.

At this precise instant he thought he had never felt quite so miserable in his entire life. His mind and body together made up a large wet sponge of pain. His head ached terribly, the sick job of a hangover. The attendant symptoms were there — on his pulse raced like a maniac take had taken a swing through night. In ears sleep his heart had an extra-heavy thudding beat like a drum. In body all both shoulders ached terribly from having himself strapped the door and his breath too raw and pained him useless shouting. He had cut his right hand on the door catch.

And when he got out of here he was going to look some more.

He marched the Triscuits one by one, retasting to give in to his wretched stomach which wanted to vomit up everything. It the job of the Excedrin in his pocket and decided to wait until his stomach had quieted a bit. No sense swallowing a painkiller if you were going to throw it right back up. Have to use your brain. The celebrated Jack Terrence brain. Aren't you the fellow who once was going to live by his wits? Jack Terrence best selling author. Jack Terrence acclaimed playwright and winner of the New York Critics Circle Award. John Terrence, man of letters, esteemed thinker, winner of the Pulitzer Prize at seven for his trenchant book of memoirs, *My Life in the Twentieth Century*. Any of that shit I boiled down I was living by your wits.

Using by your wits. A. W. was knowing where the warts lie.

He put another Triscuit in his mouth and crunched it up.

What it really came down to, he supposed, was that lack of trust in him. Their failure to believe that he knew what was best.

for whom and how to get it. His wife had tried to usurp him. Fully by force.

(sort of)

means then by force. When her little boy - and who among them has not been overruled by his own wife? - had sound arguments she had turned his boy against him, tried to kill him with a bullet and then had kicked him, of all places, in the goddamned fucking pantry.

Still a small interior voice nagged him:

Yes but where did the liquor come from? Isn't that really the central point? You know what happens when you drink. You know it from bitter experience. When you drink you lose your wits.)

He buried the box of Triscuit across the small room. They struck a shelf of canned goods and fell to the floor. He looked at the box wrapped his arms with his hand, and then looked at his watch. It was almost six-thirty. He had been in here for hours. His wife had locked him in here and he'd been here for fucking hours.

He could begin to sympathize with his father.

The thing he'd never asked himself. Jack realized now was exactly what had driven his daddy to drink in the first place. And really... when you came right down to what his old mother had been pleased to call the nutty-gratly... hadn't it been the woman he was married to? A mucksop sponge of a woman, always dragging silently around the house with an expression of doomed martyrdom on her face? A ball and chain around Daddy's ankle? No, not ball and chain. She had never actively tried to make Daddy a prisoner, the way Wendy had done to him. For Jack's father it must have been more like the fate of McTeague the denouet at the end of Frank Norris's great novel, banecuffed to a dead man in the wasteland. Yes, that was better. Mentally and spiritually dead, his mother had been handcuffed to his father by matrimony. S. H. Daddy had tried to do right as he dragged her rotting corpse through life. He had tried to bring the four children up to know right from wrong, to understand discipline, and above all, to respect their father.

Well, they had been ingrates, all of 'em - himself included. And now he was paying the price. His own son had turned out to be

as far as he could get away from him. He would get out of here somehow. He would never be bound to any. He would leave the country. He would go to Canada. Darry would not let him. Darry would know what he did to him. Darry himself had known.

He remained there still, waiting. His father had come to see him a week ago now. His son he and she never had been. Now he could see how it must always have been how his son her husband had been to her. That was how it had been. Darry had been harsh and severe and strict with him. Waiting for the sign of disrespect.

Jack sat silent at the table and began to eat the meal which lay before her. She had no treacherous look in her eyes. She knew what his father had seen and how it had caused her outburst of screaming. Had she been screaming to rebuke her husband? She had not thought so. Her king had a trigger finger and it's pointing at the patient and a single shot would tell that he was dead. She drunk alone. Who ever had told her he had a wife? She had not noticed her stepson. A few more words and she would say Darry was wrong.

"Of course you could say Darry had been foolish to marry her now. I don't have handicapped him. It had to prove he was a man and a responsible corpse at last. But as the saying goes, you can't make them repent of Jesus and you can't make a saint out of a sinner. If you can see that unfortunately Jack's family had also married me as Jack himself has known that his wife instead of being satisfied with the possible life of living wickedly he turned and accepted another bad option for the present. Only do we ask of living & destroying his past and his character here. He is a member of the Overlook staff and possibly a part of the way to the position of manager in time. She was trying to deny him Darry and Darry was his ticket of admission. This was foolish of course. Why would they want to do this? They could have the farce off but there were ten hours left before the bus was his companion and not been named.

He was going to bring the reason with her. he could see that now. He had two to reason with her in the Colorado Lounge and she was stunned. She sat but her hair over the head with a bottle. It has pains. But there would be another time and soon. He would get out of here,

He suddenly held his breath and cocked his head. Somewhere a piano was playing boogie-woogie and people were laughing and clapping along. The sound was muffled through the heavy wooden door, bat and bie. The song was "Here I Be a-At Time in the Old Town Tonight."

His hands clasped helpless yank his coat to restrain himself from battering at the door with them. The party had begun again. The night would be flowing freely. Somewhere dancing with someone else, would be the girl who had sat so madly enough under her white silk gown.

"You'll pay for this!" he howled. "Goddam you two, you'll pay! You'll take your goddam medicine for this. I promise you! You—"

"Here here now," a mild voice said just outside the door. "No need to shout, old fellow. I can hear you perfectly well."

Jack lunched to his feet.

"Grady? Is that you?"

"Yes, sir. Indeed it is. You appear to have been locked in."

"Let me out, Grady. Quickly."

"I see you can hardly have taken care of the business we discussed, sir. The correction of your wife and son."

"They're the ones who locked me in. Pull the bolt, for God's sake!"

"You let them lock you in?" Grady's voice registered well bred surprise. "Oh, dear. A woman half your size and a little boy? Hardly sets you off as being of top managerial timber, does it?"

A pulse began to beat in the clockspring of veins at Jack's right temple. Let me out, Grady! I'll take care of them!"

"Will you indeed, sir? I wonder." Well-bred surprise was replaced by well-bred regret. "I'm paired to say that I doubt it. I—and others—have really come to believe that your heart is not in this, sir. That you haven't the . . . be busy for it."

"I do!" Jack shouted. "I do. I swear it!"

"You would bring us your son?"

"Yes. Yes!"

"Your wife would object to that very strongly, Mr. Torrance. And she appears to be . . . somewhat stronger than we had imagined. Somewhat more resourceful. She certainly seems to have gotten the better of you."

Grady tittered.

Perhaps, Mr. Torrance we should have been doing with her all along."

"I bring him I swear it." Jack said his face was aglow as the door now. He was swearing. "She won't object I swear she won't. She won't be able to."

You would have to kill her I fear Grady said coldly.

"I do what I have to do just come out."

"You give your word on it sir?" Grady persisted.

My word my promise my sacred vow whenever in hell you want. If you—"

There was a flat snap as the bolt was drawn back. The door shivered open a quarter of an inch. Jack's words and breath bated. For a moment at least he feared the F was outside that door.

The feeling passed.

He whispered. "Thank you, Grady I swear you won't regret it. I swear you won't."

There was no answer. He became aware the all sounds had stopped except for the cold swooping of the wind outside.

He pushed the pantry door open the hinges squealed faintly.

The kitchen was empty. Grady was gone. Every thing was still and frozen beneath the cold white glare of the fluorescent bars. His eyes caught on the large chopping block where the three of them had eaten their meals.

Standing on top of it was a martini glass, a full of gin, and a plastic dish filled with olives.

Lying against it was one of the rogue mallets from the equipment shed.

He looked at it for a long time.

Then a voice, much deeper and much more powerful than Grady's, spoke from somewhere, everywhere from inside him.

(Keep your promise Mr. Torrance.)

"I will," he said. He heard the fawning servility in his own voice but was unable to control it. "I will."

He walked to the chopping block and put his hand on the handle of the mallet.

He befted it.

Swung it.

It hissed viciously through the air
Jack Torrance began to smile.

49

HALLORANN, GOING UP THE COUNTRY

I was quarter of two in the afternoon and according to the snow-clotted signs and the Hertz Buick's odometer he was less than three miles from Estes Park when he finally went off the road.

In the hills, the snow was falling faster and more furiously than Halloran had ever seen (which was, perhaps, not to say a great deal, since Halloran had seen as little snow as he could manage in his lifetime) and the wind was blowing a capricious gale—now from the west, now backing around to the north, sending clouds of powdery snow across his field of vision, making him coldly aware again and again that if he missed a turn he might well plunge two hundred feet off the road, the Electra cartwheeling ass over teapot as it went down. Making it worse was his own amateur status as a winter driver. It scared him to have the yellow center line buried under swirling, drifting snow and it scared him when the heavy gusts of wind came unimpeded through the notches in the hills and actually made the heavy Buick swerve around. It scared him that the road information signs were mostly masked with snow and you could flip a coin as to whether the road was going to break right or left up ahead on the white drive-in movie screen he seemed to be driving through. He was scared all right. He had driven in a cold sweat since climbing into the hills west of Boulder and Lyons, hounding the accelerator and brake as if they were Ming vases. Between rock n roll tunes on the radio, the disc jockey constantly advised motorists to stay off the major highways and under no conditions to go onto the mountains, be-

cause many robbs were impossible and all of them were dangerous. Stories of other accidents had been reported, and two serious ones a party of skiers in a VW microbus and a family that had been driving for A bucketaque through the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. The combined score on both was four dead and five wounded. Skiers with those results and get into the good music here at KKK. We rock concert too cheerfully and then I comprended I am as much by playing Seasons in the Sun. We had joy we had fun we had. Terry Jacks gabbled happily and Hartman stepped forward off sickly, knowing he would have it back on in the mindes. No matter how bad I was, it was better than no people through to a white sadness.

(Lester, [In a jilt black bus you're ease, the long stripe of snow / and it runs right up his aching back']

I was even up. He would have hacked off before he even checked in. It had been for his companion that the boy was a certain name. Even now a small voice in the back of his head more his voice to him from [Lewarde] he thought was calling him to come in play Estes Park mate for the night. He in the p white back to expose the celeste's perigean. The voice kept remonizing him — the jets shaking and going at 5000 ft. — but looking seeing that it was going to create a mess for the other passengers — he gave in he after having a C and B [to eat] and who did stand up — the cussion — the others. The snow storm was known half back. He was about to sleep with it. He was afraid but he didn't let anything happening which would — sleep with his dreams.

The winter began that month in the mountains at the End of the first snowfall and he was again caught from the couches of the jets and over from the upbuckments of the snow. He was driving his ugly white 11. Vaseline and snow — glass and the snowplow was used at first — the plow driver was a short nosed bald man of 1000 lbs. — he took — it was positioned evenly between the two — he was he a long time — the car was still held — as a 11 year old kid who had just had an wedge Buck to drift.

He was — at the power plant one he parked — or —

be snow of the world, and then the sound of its airhorn hard, long, almost deafening.

Haborann's testicles turned into two small wrinkled sacs filled with shaved ice. His guts seemed to have been transformed into a large mass of Silly Putty.

Chester was materializing out of the white now snow-blown orange. He could see the high cab, even the gesticulating figure of the driver behind the single long wing-blade. He could see the V shape of the plow's wing blades, spewing more snow up onto the road's left-hand embankment like pavid, smoking exhaust.

WHAAAAAAAAA! the airhorn belowed indignantly.

He squeezed the accelerator like the breast of a much loved woman and the Buck scooted forward and toward the right. There was no embankment over here, the plows headed up instead of down had only to push the snow directly over the drop.

(*The drop, ah yes, the drop—*)

The wingblades on Haborann's left flew four feet higher than the Ecotra's roof flung by with a more than an inch or two to spare. Until the plow had actually cut him. Haborann had thought a crash now, above. A prayer which was half an instant late sprung to the boy flooded through his mind like a torn rag.

Then the plow was past, its revolving blue lights glinting and flashing in Haborann's rearview mirror.

He jockeyed the Buck's steering wheel back to the left, but nothing doing. The scoot had turned into a skid and the Buck was shooting erratically toward the lip of the drop, spurning snow from under its mudguards.

He flicked the wheel back the other way. The skid's correction and the car's front and rear began to swap places. Panicked now he pumped the brake hard and then fed a hard bump. In front of him the road was gone. . . . he was looking into a bottomless abyss of swirling snow with a hulking, crenel gray, nose fit away and far below.

I'm going home, mother of Jesus I'm going home

And that was where he car stopped, coming forward at a thirty-degree angle the left fender smacked against a mud rail the rear wheel's nearly off the ground. When Haborann tried reverse the wheels only spun helplessly. His heart was going a Gene Krupa drumroll.

He got out—very carefully he got out—and went around to the Buck's back deck.

He was standing there looking at the back wheels helplessly, when a cheerful voice behind him said "Hello there, Ira. You'll be alright out of your mind."

He turned around and saw the plow forty yards further down the road, obscured in the blowing snow except for the rattered dark brown streak of its exhaust and the revolving blue lights on top. The driver was standing just behind him dressed in a long sheepskin coat and a slicker over it. A blue-and-white pin-striped engineer's cap was perched on his head, and Haloran could hardly believe it was staying on in the teeth of the wind.

(Glue. It sure God must be glue.)

"Hi," he said. "Can you pull me back onto the road?"

"Oh, I guess I could," the plow driver said. "Who the hell you doing way up here master? Good way to kill your ass!"

"Urgent business."

"Nothin' is that urgent," the plow driver said slowly and kindly, as if speaking to a small child. "If you do hit that post a little mite harder, nobody woulda got you out till All Fool's Day. Don't come from these parts do you?"

No. And I wouldn't be here unless my business was as urgent as I say."

"I ain't so?" The driver shifted his stance companionably as if they were having a downy chat on the back steps instead of up and up to a buzzard halfway between foot and hoof, with Haloran's car balanced three hundred feet above the tops of the trees below.

"Where you headed? Estes?"

"No, a place called the Overlook Hotel. Haloran said. It's a little way above Sidewinder—"

But the driver was shaking his head a little.

I guess I know well enough where that is, he said. Master, you'll never go fit to the old Overlook Roads between Estes Park and Silverton is bloody damn hot. It's drivin' in fresh but not as no warmer how hard we push. I come through it a few miles back that was damn near six feet through the snow. And twice a year you'd make Sidewinder why the roads is closed.

from there all the way across to Buck and Utah. Nope." He shook his head. "Never make it, mister. Never make it at all."

"I have to try," Halloran said, calling on his last reserves of patience to keep his voice normal. "There's a boy up there—"

"Boy? Now The Overlook closes down at the last end of September. Not percentage keep it open longer. Too many storms like this."

He's the son of the caretaker. He's in trouble."

How would you know that?"

His patience snapped.

For Christ's sake are you going to stand there and flap y'aw all the rest of the way? I know, I know. Now are you going to pull me back on the road or not?"

"Kind ofсты aren't you?" the driver observed, not particularly perturbed. "Sure get back in there. I got a chain behind the seat."

He wasn't got back behind the wheel, beginning to shake with delayed rage now. His hands were numb; almost clear through. He had forgotten to bring gloves.

The plow backed up to the rear of the Buick and he saw the driver get out with a long coil of chain. Halloran opened the door and shouted. What can I do to be p?"

"Stay out of my way, is all," the driver shouted back. "This isn't gonna take a buck."

Which was true. A shudder ran through the Buick's frame as the chain snared his rear and a second later it was back on the road pointed more or less toward Estes Park. The plow driver walked up beside the window and knocked on the safety glass. Hal rolled down the window.

"Thanks," he said. "I'm sorry I shot at you."

"I been shouting at before," the driver said with a grin. "I guess you're sorta stirring up. You take these. A pair of bulky bloomers are spec'd to Halloran's up. No u need em when you go off the road again. I guess. Come on. You wear em to less you want to spend the rest of your life pickin' your nose w/ a crumpled-up book. And you send em back. My wife knits em and I'll be a comin' Name and address is sewed right in the waistband. I want you to by the way. You just send em back w/ a note.

don't need em anymore. And I don't want to have to go pay a no postage due, mind."

"All right," Haloran said. "Thanks. One hell of a lot."

"You be careful. I'd take you myself, but I'm busted as a cat in a mess of guitar strings."

"That's okay. Thanks again."

He started to roll up the window but Cottrell stopped him.

"When you get to Snowmender - if you get to Snowmender - you go to Durkin's Garage. It's right next to the Elbrey. Can't miss it. You ask for Lanny Durkin. Tell him Howie Cottrell sent you and if you want to rent one of his snowmobiles. You mention my name and show those nut jobs, you'll get the cut rate."

"Thanks again," Haloran said.

Cottrell nodded. "It's funny. Ain't no way you could know someone's in trouble up here at the Overlook. . . . the phones are sure as hell. But I hear you. Sometimes I get too ans."

Haloran nodded. "Sometimes I do, too."

"Yeah. I know you do. But you take care."

"I will."

Cottrell disappeared into the blowing darkness with a final wave as his engineer cap still mounted perkly on his head. Haloran got going again, the chains flailing at the snowcover on the road, finally digging in enough to start the Buick moving. Behind him, Howard Cottrell gave a final good-luck burst on his powsers as if it was really unnecessary. Haloran could feel him wishing him good luck.

It's two shades of one day he thought, and I ought to be some kind of good 'men. But he deserved others, good he had. A few meetings with the shade in one day. When he usually didn't run across more than four or five in the course of a year, it probably didn't mean anything. That feeling of finality, a feeling (*like things are all wrapped up*)

he could not completely define was there very much with him. It was.

The Buick wanted to skid sideways around a tight curve and Haloran succeeded in keeping that from happening by breaking. He turned off the road. In front of him was Alice and Alice was just Alice. He'd have to tell Henry Buick with that raw day.

A few good swipes cracked the glass, making cracks and a spreading Hunt. At a curve it had battered in so close - over the

wheel Aretha finished her song and then the jock was on again telling him that driving today was a good way to get killed.

Hectorano snapped the radio off

* * *

He did make it to Sidewinder, although he was four and a half hours on the road between Essex Park and there. By the time he got to the Upland Highway it was full dark but the snows arm showed no sign of abating. Twice he'd had to stop in front of drifts that were as high as his car's hood and wait for the plows to come along and knock holes in them. A one of the drifts the plow had come up on his side of the road and here had been another close call. The driver had merely swung around his car, not going out to chew the fat but he did deliver one of the two finger gestures that all Americans above the age of 16 recognize and it was not the peace sign.

It seemed that as he drew closer to the Overlook his need to hurry became more and more compulsive. He found himself glancing at his wristwatch almost constantly. The hands seemed to be flying along.

Two miles after he had turned onto the Up and he passed two signs. The whooping who had a career birth certificate in his pack so he was able to read them. SIDEWINDER IS THE FIRST SIGHT. THE SECOND ROAD CLOSED 12 MILES AWAY DUE TO SNOW UNTIL 8 MONTHS.

"Larry Duckin. He may have tried to harm me. His face was strained and tense in the muted green glow of the approaching darkness. I was an after six. The Cuckoo in the dark Larry."

And that was when I struck him. I struck the same place I always did the night since "Larry" came to town.

(GET OUT OF HERE YOU DIRTY NICKER. I SAW
NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS TELL ME ELSE. I WALK
AROUND TOWN AND FIND CRIMES, KILLERS,
YOU LEAP FROM A TREE AND TRY TO KICK ME IN
MY EYES AND THEN I RUN OFF. I DON'T
WHAT WE DO WITH NICKERS. SO I'M
AROUND RIGHT NOW)

He'd just started to speak again when I cut him off. "We've got no time. Let's go. We'll be in a series of towns in the next

ages that were slammed into his head with terrific force. He took his hands from the steering wheel to blot the pictures out.

Then the car smashed broadside into one of the embankments, rebounded, slewed halfway around, and came to a stop. The rear wheels spun uselessly.

Hector snatched the gearshift into park, and then covered his face with his hands. He did not precisely cry, what escaped him was an uneven hub-hub-hub sound. His chest heaved. He knew that if that blast had taken him on a stretch of road with a drop-off on one side or the other he might well be dead now. Maybe that had been the idea. And it might hit him again, at any time. He would have to protect against it. He was surrounded by a red force of immense power that might have been memory. He was drowning in instinct.

He took his hands away from his face and opened his eyes cautiously. Nothing. If there was something trying to scare him again, it wasn't getting through. He was closed off.

Had that happened to the boy? Dear God, had that happened to the little boy?

And of all the images, the one that bothered him the most was that dull whacking sound, like a hammer splattering into thick cheese. What did that mean?

(*Jesus, not that little boy Jesus, please*)

He dropped the gearshift lever into low range and fed the engine gas a little at a time. The wheels spun, caught, spun, and caught again. The Buick began to move, its headlights cutting weakly through the swirling snow. He looked at his watch. Almost six-thirty now. And he was beginning to feel that was very late indeed.

REDRUM

Wendy Torrance stood indecisive in the middle of the bedroom, looking at her son who had fallen fast asleep.

Half an hour ago the sounds had ceased. All of them all a,

once. The elevator, the party, the sound of room doors opening and closing. Instead of easing her mind it made the tension that had been building in her even worse. It was like a malefic hush before the storm's final brutal push. But Danny had dozed off almost at once, into a light, twitching doze, and in the last ten minutes or so a heavier sleep. Even looking directly at him she could barely see the slow rise and fall of his narrow chest.

She wondered when he had last gotten a full night's sleep, one without tormenting dreams or long periods of dark wakefulness, happening so often that had only become audible—and visible—to her in the last couple of days as the Overlook's grip on the three of them tightened.

(*Real psychic phenomena or group hypnosis?*)

She didn't know, and didn't think it mattered. What had been happening was just as deadly either way. She looked at Danny and thought,

(*God grant he lie still*)

as if he was undisturbed, he might sleep the rest of the night through. Whatever talent he had, he was still a small boy and he needed his rest.

It was Jack she had begun to worry about.

She graced with sudden pain, took her hand away from her mouth, and saw she had torn off one of her fingernails. And her nails were one thing she'd always tried to keep nice. They weren't long enough to be called hooks, but still, duck's-shaped and

(*and what are you worrying about your fingernails for?*)

She laughed a little but it was a shaky sound without amusement.

First Jack had stopped howling and battering at the door. Then the party had begun again.

or did it ever stop? did it sometimes just drift into a slightly different angle of time where they weren't meant to hear it?

counterpointed by the crashing, banging elevator. Then that had stopped. In that new silence, as Danny had been falling asleep, she had fancied she heard low conspiratorial voices coming from the kitchen almost directly below them. At first she had dismissed it as the wind, which could mimic many different human vocal ranges, from a papery deathbed whisper around the doors and window frames to a full-out scream around the caves—the sound of a woman fleeing a murderer to a cheap melodrama. Yet,

giving stuffy beside Danny, the idea that it was indeed voices became more and more convincing.

Jack and someone else, discussing his escape from the pantry

Discussing the murder of his wife and son

I would be nothing new inside these walls, no other had been won here before

She had gone to the ceiling vent and had placed her ear against it at the exact moment the furnace had come on, and only now she was lost in the rush of warm air coming up from the basement. When the furnace had kicked off again, five minutes ago, the place was completely silent except for the wind, the gritty spatter of snow against the building, and the occasional groan of a board.

She looked down at her ripped fingers. Small beads of blood were oozing up from beneath it

(Jack's gotten out.)

(Don't talk nonsense.)

(Yet he's out. He's gotten a knife from the kitchen or maybe the meat cleaver. He's on his way up here right now, walking along the sides of the risers so the stairs won't creak.)

(I. You're insane. I.)

Her lips were trembling, and for a moment it seemed that she must have cried the words out loud. But the silence held.

She felt watched.

She whirled around and stared at the night-blackened window and a hideous white face with circles of darkness for eyes was gibbering in a whisper, the face of a monstrous lunatic that had been lurking in these groaning walls all along—

It was only a pattern of frost on the outside of the glass.

She let her breath out in a long, susurrating whisper of fear, and it seemed to her that she heard, quite clearly this time, amused laughter from somewhere.

(You're jumping at shadows. It's bad enough without that. By tomorrow morning, you'll be ready for the rubber room.)

There was only one way to slay those fears and she knew what it was.

She would have to go down and make sure Jack was still in the pantry.

Very simple. Go downstairs. Have a peek. Come back up. Oh,

by he may stop and grab the tray on the registration counter the moment would be a washout, but the soup could be reheated on the hot plate by Jack's typewriter.

(Oh yes and don't get killed if he's down here in that knife.)

Sue walked to the dresser, trying to shake off the panic in her feet lay on her. Scattered across the dresser top was a pile of change a stack of gasoline clubs for the hole truck, a few pipes Jack brought with him everywhere but rarely smoked and his keyring.

She picked it up, held it in her hand for a moment and then put it back down. The idea of locking the bedroom door behind her had occurred, but it just didn't appeal. Danny was asleep. Vogue thoughts of fire passed through her mind, and something else pulsed more strongly, but she let it go.

Wendy crossed the room, stood indecisively by the door for a moment, then took the knife from the pocket of her robe and circled her right hand around the wooden baffle.

She pulled the door open.

The short corridor leading to their quarters was bare. The electric was. Bomber as all shone brightly at their regular intervals, showing off the rug's blue backgroung and stripes weavers pattern.

(See? No boogies here.)

(No of course not. They were you out. They were you who do something silly and womanish and that is exactly what you are doing.)

She hesitated again, miserably enough not wanting to leave Danny and the safety of the apartment and at the same time needing badly to reassure herself that Jack was still safely packed away.

(Of course he is.)

(But the voices)

(There were no voices. It was your imagination. I was the wind.)

"It wasn't the wind."

The sound of her own voice made her jump but the deadly certainty in it made her go forward. The knife swung to her side catching angles of light and throwing them on the sick wall. Her slippers clattered against the carpet again. Her curves were singing like wires.

She reached the corner of the main corridor and peered around, her mind stiffened for whatever she might see there.

There was nothing to see.

After a moment's hesitation she rounded the corner and began down the main corridor. Each step toward the shadowy stairwell increased her dread and made her aware that she was leaving her sleeping son behind, alone and unprotected. The sound of her slippers against the carpet seemed louder and louder in her ears. Twice she looked back over her shoulder to convince herself that someone wasn't creeping up behind her.

She reached the stairwell and put her hand on the cold newel post at the top of the railing. There were nineeen wide steps down to the lobby. She had counted them enough times to know Nineteen carpeted stair risers, and many a Jack crouching on any one of them. Of course not. Jack was locked in the pantry behind a hefty steel bolt and a thick wooden door.

But the lobby was dark and oh so full of shadows.

Her pulse thudded steadily and deeply in her throat.

Ahead and slightly to the left, the brass yaw of the elevator stood mockingly open, inviting her to step in and take the ride of her life.

(No thank you)

The inside of the car had been draped with pink and white crepe streamers. Confetti had burst from two tubs of party favors. Lying in the rear left corner was an empty bottle of champagne.

She sensed movement above her and wheeled to look up the nineteen steps leading to the dark second-floor landing and saw nothing, yet there was a disturbing corner of her eye sensitive to that things.

(things)

had leaped back into the deeper darkness of the hallway up there just before her eyes could register them.

She looked down the stairs again.

Her right hand was sweating again; the wooden handle of the knife she switched it to her left, wiped her right palm against the pink terrycloth of her robe and switched the knife back. Almost unaware that her mind had given her body the command to go forward she began down the stairs, left foot then right, left foot then right, her free hand trailing lightly on the banister.

*(Where's the party? Don't let me scare you away, you bunch of
muddy sheebs! Not one scared woman with a knife. Let's have a
little music around here! Let's have a little fun.)*

Ten steps down, a dozen, a bakers dozen.

The light from the first-floor hall filtered a pale yellow down
below, and she remembered that she would have to turn on the
lobby lights either beside the entrance to the dining room or inside
the manager's office.

Yet there was light coming from somewhere else, white and
distant.

The fluorescents, of course. In the kitchen.

She paused on the thirteenth step, trying to remember if she had
turned them off or left them on when she and Danny left. She sim-
ply couldn't remember.

Below her, in the lobby, high-backed chairs hulked in pools of
shadow. The glass in the lobby doors was pressed white with a
uniform blanket of drifted snow. Brass studs in the sofa cushions
gleamed faintly like cat's eyes. There were a hundred places to
hide.

Her legs stiffed with fear, she coot pined down.

Now seventeen, now eighteen, now nineteen

(Lobby level madam. Step out carefully.)

The ballroom doors were thrown wide, only darkness spilling
out. From within came a steady ticking, like a bomb. She
stiffened, then remembered the clock on the mantel, the clock
under glass. Jack or Danny must have wound it . . . or maybe it
had wound itself up, like everything else in the Overlook.

She turned toward the reception desk, meaning to go through
the gate and the manager's office and into the kitchen. Coming
down silver, she could see the intended lunch tray.

Then the clock began to strike, little tinkling notes.

Wendy stiffened, her tongue rising to the roof of her mouth.
Then she relaxed. It was sinking again. That was all. Eight o'clock.

. . . five, six, seven . . .

She counted the strokes. It suddenly seemed wrong to move
again until the clock had struck

. . . eight . . . nine . . .

(?? Nine ??)

. . . ten . . . eleven . . .

Suddenly steadily it came to her. She turned back clumsy for the stairs, knowing already she was too late. But how could she have known?

Twelve.

At the lights in the ballroom went on. There was a huge, shrieking roarish of brass. Wendy screamed aloud, the sound of her cry insinuating against the blare issuing from those brazen wings.

"*I amask!*" he cry echoed. "*I amask! I amask!*"

Then they faded, as if down a long corridor of time, leaving her alone again.

No, not alone.

She turned and he was coming for her.

It was Jack and yet not Jack. His eyes were set with a vacant murderous glow, his familiar mouth now wore a quivering, joyless grin.

He had the mallet raised in one hand.

"Thought you'd lock me up? Is that what you thought you'd do?"

The mallet whizzed through the air. She stepped backward, tripped over a hassock, fell to the lobby rug.

"Jack—"

"You bitch," he whispered. "I know who you are."

The mallet came down again with whistling, deadly velocity and buried itself in her soft stomach. She screamed, suddenly submerged in an ocean of pain. Dimly she saw the mallet rebound. It came to her with sudden numbing reality that he meant to beat her to death with the mallet he held in his hands.

She tried to cry out to him again, to beg him to stop for Danny's sake but her breath had been knocked loose. She could only force out a weak whisper, hardly a sound at all.

"Now. Now, by Christ," he said, grinning. He kicked the hassock out of his way. "I guess you'll take your medicine now."

The mallet whickered down. Wendy rolled to her left, her robe tangling above her knees. Jack's hand on the mallet was jarred loose when it hit the floor. He had to stoop and pick it up, and while he did she ran for the stairs, the breath at last sobbing back into her. Her stomach was a bruise of throbbing pain.

"Bitch," he said through his grin and bcean, "come after her. You stinking bitch! I guess you'll get what's coming to you. I guess you will."

She heard the mallet whistle through the air, and then again it sounded on her right side as the mallet-head struck her on below the line of her breasts, breaking both ribs. She fell forward in new pain and new agony, ripped her as she struck on the wounded side. The impact made her roll over, to Wendy and to move with great hast the side of her face, missing by a naked inch. I struck the door in the stair case, going with a muffled thud. That was when she saw the knife, which had been snatched out of her hand by her own I joy gathering on the fourth step of the stairs.

"Bitch," he repeated. The mallet came down. She shoved herself upward and it landed just below her nose cap. Her whole eye was suddenly on fire. Blood began to trickle down her ear. And then the mallet was coming down again. She freed her hand from it and it smashed into the stair riser in the hollow between her neck and shoulder, scraping away the skin front her ear.

He brought the mallet down again and it struck the side of her head, drawing the stairs, a side the arc of his swing. A sharp crack capped her as her broken ribs thumped and grazed. She struck the stairs with her body while he was off balance and he fell backward with a yell of anger and surprise. His feet digging to keep their purchase on the stair riser. Then he thumped the floor, at last flying from his hand. He sat up staring at her for a moment with shocked eyes.

"I'll kill you for that," he said.

He rolled over and stretched out for the bridle on the rail. Wendy forced herself to her feet. Her left leg sent her after him, of pain all the way up to her hip. Her face was very pale but she clapped on his back as his hand closed over the shaft of the rogue mallet.

"Oh dear God!" she screamed to the Overlook's shadowy depths and buried the kitchen knife in his lower back up to the hilt.

He screamed beneath her and she struck him. Though she had never heard such a awful sound in her whole life it was as if the very boards and windows and doors of the hotel had screamed. It seemed to go on and on until he remained motionless.

s. off beneath her weight. They were like a parlor charade of horse and rider. Except that the back of his red-and-black checked flannel shirt was growing darker, suddenly, with spreading blood.

Then he collapsed forward on his face, bucking her off on her hurt side, making her groan.

She lay breathing harshly for a time, unable to move. She was an excruciating throb of pain from one end to the other. Every time she inhaled, something stabbed viciously at her, and her neck was wet with blood from her grazed ear.

There was only the sound of her struggle to breathe, the wind, and the ticking clock in the ballroom.

At last she forced herself to her feet and hobbled across to the stairway. When she got there she clung to the newel post, head down, waves of faintness washing over her. When it had passed a little, she began to climb, using her unbroken leg and pulling with her arms on the banister. Once she looked up, expecting to see Danny there, but the stairway was empty.

(Thank God he slept through it thank God thank God)

Six steps up she had to rest, her head down, her blond hair coiled on and over the banister. Air whistled painfully through her throat, as if it had grown bars. Her right side was a swollen, hot mass.

(Come on Wendy come on old girl get a locked door behind you and then took at the damage thirteen more to go not so bad. And when you get to the upstairs corridor you can crawl I give my permission.)

She drew in as much breath as her broken ribs would allow and half-pulled, half-fell up another riser. And another.

She was on the ninth, almost halfway up. When Jack's voice came from behind and below her. He said thickly. "You bitch. You killed me."

Terror as black as midnight swept through her. She looked over her shoulder and saw Jack getting slowly to his feet.

His back was bowed over, and she could see the handle of the kitchen knife sticking out of it. His eyes seemed to have contracted, almost to have lost themselves in the pale, sagging folds of the skin around them. He was grasping the rogue mallet loosely in his left hand. The end of it was bloody. A scrap of her pink terry-cloth robe stuck almost in the center.

"I'll give you your medicine," he whispered, and began to stagger toward the stairs.

Whimpering with fear, she began to pull herself upward again. Ten steps, a dozen, a baker's dozen. But still the first-floor hallway looked as far above her as an ~~unattainable~~ mountain peak. She was panting now, her side shrieking in protest. Her hair swung wildly back and forth in front of her face. Sweat stung her eyes. The ticking of the domed clock in the ballroom seemed to fill her ears, and counterpointing it, Jack's panting, agonized gasps as he began to mount the stairs.

51

HALLORANN ARRIVES

Larry Durkin was a tall and skinny man with a morose face overtopped with a luxuriant mane of red hair. Hallorann had caught him just as he was leaving the Conoco station, the morose face buried deeply inside an army-issue parka. He was reluctant to do any more business that stormy day no matter how far Hallorann had come, and even more reluctant to rent one of his two snowmobiles out to this wild-eyed black man who insisted on going up to the old Overlook. Among people who had spent most of their lives in the little town of Sidewinder, the hotel had a smelly reputation. Murder had been done up there. A bunch of hoods had run the place for a while, and cutthroat businessmen had run it for a while, too. And things had been done up at the old Overlook that never made the papers, because money has a way of talking. But the people in Sidewinder had a pretty good idea. Most of the hotel's chambermaids came from here, and chambermaids see a lot.

But when Hallorann mentioned Howard Cottrell's name and showed Durkin the tag inside one of the blue mittens, the gas station owner thawed.

"Sent you here, did he?" Durkin asked, unlocking one of the garage bays and leading Hallorann inside. "Good to know the old rip's got some sense left. I thought he was plumb out of it." He

flicked a switch and a bank of very old and very dirty fluorescents buzzed wearily into life. "Now what in the tarnation creation would you want up at that place, Reila?"

Hectorann's nerve had begun to crack. The last few miles into Sidewinder had been very bad. Once a gust of wind that must have been traveling along at better than sixty miles an hour had booted the Buick all the way around to a 360° turn. And there were still miles to travel with God alone knew what at the other end of them. He was worried for the boy. Now it was almost ten minutes to seven and he had this whole song and dance to go through again.

"Somebody is in trouble up there," he said very carefully. "The son of the caretaker."

"Who? Torrance's boy? Now what kind of trouble could be be in?"

"I don't know." He didn't even hesitate. He felt sick with the uneasiness was taking. He was speaking with a country man, and he knew that all country men feel a similar need to approach their business obliquely to smell around its corners and sides before plunging into the muddle of dealing. But there was no time because now he was one scared nigger and if this went on much longer he just might decide to cut and run.

"Look," he said. "Please I need to go up there and I have to have a snowmobile to get there. I'll pay your price, but for God's sake let me get on with my business."

"All right," Durkin said, unperturbed. "If Howard sent you, that's good enough. You take this Arctic Cat I put five gallons of gas in the can tanks full. She'll get you up and back down, I guess."

"Thank you," Hectorann said, so quite silently.

"I'll take twenty dollars. That's what he gets."

Hectorann fumbled a twenty out of his wallet and handed it over. Durkin tucked it into one of his shirt pockets without a look.

"Guess maybe we better trade jackets, too," Durkin said, pulling off his parka. "The weather if you aren't gonna be worth nothing long. You trade me back when you return the snowmobile."

"Oh, hey, I couldn't—"

"Don't fuss with me," Durkin interrupted, still mildly. "I ain't sending you out to freeze. I only got to walk down two blocks and I'm at my own supper table. Give it over."

Slightly dazed, Halloran traded his overcoat for Durkin's fur-lined parka. Overhead the fluorescents buzzed faintly, reminding him of the lights in the Overlook's kitchen.

"Torrance's boy," Durkin said and shook his head. "Good-lookin' little tyke ain't he? He n his dad was in here a lot before the snow really flew. Drivin' the hotel truck mostly. Looked to me like the two of em was just about as tight as they could get. That's one little boy that loves his daddy. Hope he's all right."

"So do I." Halloran zipped the parka and buckled the hood.

"Lemme help you push that out," Durkin said. They rolled the snr whoobie across the oil-stained concrete and toward the garage bay. "You ever drove one of these before?"

"No."

"Well there's nothing to it. The instructions are pasted there on the dashboard, but all there really is, is stop and go. Your throttle's here, just like a motorcycle throttle. Brake on the other side. Lean with it on the turns. This baby will do seventy on hardpack, but on this powder you'll go no more than fifty and that's pushing it."

Now they were in the service station's snow-filled front lot, and Durkin had raised his voice to make himself heard over the battering of the wind. "Stay on the road!" he shouted at Halloran's ear. "Keep your eye on the guardrail posts and the signs and you'll be all right, I guess. If you get off the road, you're going to be dead. Understand?"

Halloran nodded.

"Wait a minute," Durkin told him, and ran back into the garage bay.

While he was gone, Halloran turned the key in the ignition and pumped the throttle a bit. The snr whoobie coughed into brash choppy life.

Durkin came back with a red and black ski mask.

"Put this on under your hood," he shouted.

Halloran dragged it on. It was a tight fit, but it cut the last of the numbing wind off from his cheeks and forehead and chin.

Durkin leaned close to make himself heard.

"I guess you must know about things the same way Howie does some times," he said. "It don't matter except that place has got a bad reputation around here. I'll give you a ride if you want it."

I don't think it would do any good," Hulstrom shouted back.

"You're the boss. But if you get that boy, you bring him to Sixteen Peach Lane. The wife I have some soup on."

"Okay. Thanks for everything."

You watch out," Durkin yelled. "Stay off the road!"

Hulstrom nodded and twisted the throttle slowly. The snowmobile purred forward, the head lamp cutting a clear cone of light through the thickly falling snow. He saw Durkin's unpraised hand in the rearview mirror and raised his own in return. Then he judged the banlieubars to the left and was traveling up Main Street, the snowmobile coursing smoothly through the white light thrown by the streetlamps. The speedometer stood at thirty miles an hour. It was ten past seven. At the Overlook, Wendy and Danny were sleeping and Jack Terrence was discussing matters of life and death with the previous caretaker.

Five blocks up Main, the streetamps ended. For half a mile there were small houses, all buttoned tight against the storm, and then only wild howling darkness. In the black again without light but the thin spear of the snowmobile's headlamp, he ran.

Back off, I'm afraid," a chink-like fear dismal and disheartening. He had never run so fast. For several minutes, as the few lights of Sidewinder dwindled away and disappeared in the rearview, the urge to run on and rung back was almost insurmountable. He called on that fear. — Darker still after Jack Terrence's boy, he had to get to the other side where an escape could come with him.

(That place has got to be safer than it is out here.)

Clutching his chest, he turned the throttle higher and higher, the needle on the speedometer climbing past forty and soon五十. He seemed to be going but he was and yet he was afraid, was it fast enough? A cold sweat was working him as he ran, half to get to the Overlook. But at a high speed he might just get there at all.

He kept his eyes glued to the passing guardrails and the dimmed lights of Sidewinder, up ahead. Most of them were blurred and indistinct, he saw curves of danger only later and so the snowmobile rang up a series of small blizzards, the air quiet

before turning back onto where the road was in the summertime
The odometer counted off the miles at a maddeningly slow clip—
five, ten, four, & fifteen. Even behind the knitted ski mask his face
was beginning to stiffen up and his legs were growing numb.

(Guess I'd give a hundred bucks for a pair of ski pants.)

As each mile turned over his terror grew—as if the place had a
peculiar atmosphere that thickened as you neared it. Had I ever
been like this before? He had never really liked the Overlook, and
there had been others who shared his feeling, but it had never
been like this.

He could feel the voice that had almost wrecked him out of
Sawyer still trying to get in. To get past his defenses to the soft
meat inside. If it had been strong twenty-five miles back, how
much stronger would it be now? He couldn't keep it out entirely.
Some of it was seeping through, flooding his brain with sinister
subliminal images. More and more he got the image of a bad,
hurt woman in a bathroom, holding her hands up uselessly to ward
off a blow and he felt more and more that the woman must be—

(Jesus, watch out!)

The embankment was coming up ahead of him like a freight
train. Woe-gathering, he had missed a turn sign. He jerked the
snowmobile's steering gear hard right, and it swung around, jolting
as it did so. From underneath came the harsh grating sound of the
snowtread on rock. He thought the snowmobile was going to
dump him, and it did totter on the knife-edge of balance before
half driving half skidding back down to the more or less level
surface of the snow buried road. Then the dropoff was ahead of
him, the headlamp showing an abrupt end to the snowcover and
darkness beyond that. He turned the snowmobile the other way, a
pulse beating sickly in his throat.

(Keep it on the road Dicky old chum.)

He forced himself to turn the throttle up another notch. Now
the speedometer needle was pegged just below forty. The wind
howled and roared. The headlamp probe the dark.

An unknown length of time later, he came around a dirt-
banked curve and saw a glistening patch of light ahead. Just a
glimpse and then it was blotted out by a rising field of land. The
glimpse was so brief he was persuading himself it had been wish-
ful thinking when another turn brought it in view again, slightly
clearer, for another few seconds. There was no question if it rea-

By this time he had seen it from just this angle too many times before. It was the Overlook. There were lights on the first floor and lobby levels, it looked like.

Some of his anger—no part had had to do with driving off the road or wrecking the snowmobile on an unseen curve—had entirely gone. The snowmobile swept surely now the first half of an S curve that he now remembered so bitterly foul for long, and what was when he had simply picked out the

(oh dear Jesus god what is it)

in the road ahead of him. Limned in stark blacks and whites, Hejorant first thought it was some hideously huge Timberwolf that had been driven down from the high country by the storm. Then as he closed on it, he recognized it and it met closed his throat.

Not a wolf but a lion. A hedge lion.

Its features were a mask of black shadow and punctuated snow, its mane as would light to spring. And it did spring, snow flying around its pinching rear legs in a wild burst of crystal glister.

Hejorant screamed and twisted the handlebars hard right back on law as he came. The scratching, thumping pain scraped his self across his face, his neck, his shoulders. The ski mask was torn open down the back. He was buried from the snow nose. He bucked the snow plowed through, rolled over.

He could feel it coming for him. In his vision there was a instant snarl of green leaves and hoars. A huge paw had come in the soul of the back and he flew ten feet through the air, sprawled out like a rag doll. He saw the snowmobile rideless, snake the embankment and rear up, a headlump searching the sky. It fell over with a thump and started.

The hedge lion was on him. There was a crackling, crackling sound. Scratching raked across his face on the parka, shredding it. It might have been skin twigs but Hejorant knew it was claws.

"You're not here!" Hejorant scolded at the crouching snarling hedge lion. "You're not there at all." He struggled at his coat and cap. His way to the snowmobile behind him was lunged, the big dog across the road with a terrible pain. He felt a dim saw a faint exploding lights.

No, there, he said again, but twice a few feet to his knees

unhinged and dropped him into the snow. He crawled for the snowmobile, the right side of his face a scarf of blood. The iron struck him again, rolling him onto his back like a turle. It roared playfully.

Haworann struggled to reach the snowmobile. What he needed was here. And then the iron was on him again, nipping and clawing.

52

WENDY AND JACK

Wendy risked another glance over her shoulder. Jack was on the sixth riser, clinging to the banister much as she was doing herself. He was still grunting, and dark blood oozed slowly through the grin and seeped down the line of his jaw. He bared his teeth at her.

"I'm going to bash your brains in. Bash them right to fuck o." He struggled up another riser.

Panic spurred her, and the ache in her side diminished a little. She pushed herself up as fast as she could regardless of the pain, shaking convulsively at the banister. She reached the top and threw a glance behind her.

He seemed to be gaining strength rather than losing it. He was only four risers from the top, measuring the distance with the toe hooker in his left hand as he pulled himself up with his rig.

"Right behind you," he panted through his bloody grin, as if reading her mind. "Right behind you now bitch. With your medicine."

She fled stumblingly down the main corridor, hands pressed to her sides.

The door to one of the rooms jerked open and a man with a green ghoul mask on popped out. "Great party isn't it?" He screamed in to her face, and pulled the waxed string of a party-favor. There was an echoing bang and suddenly crepe streamers were drifting all around her. The man in the ghoul mask cackled

and slammed back into his room. She fell forward onto the carpet, face up. Her right side seemed to explode with pain, and she fought off the blackness of unconsciousness desperately. Dimly she could hear the elevator running again, and beneath her splayed fingers she could see that the carpet pattern appeared to move, swaying and twining sinuously.

The mallet clattered down behind her and she drew herself forward, sobbing. Over her shoulder she saw Jack stumble forward, overbalance, and bring the mallet down just before he crashed to the carpet, expelling a bright splash of blood onto the nap.

The mallet head struck her squarely between the shoulder blades and for a moment the agony was so great that she could only writh, hands opening and clutching. Something inside her had snapped—she had heard it clearly—and for a few moments she was aware only in a mated, muffled way as if she were merely observing these things through a cloudy wrapping of gauze.

Then full consciousness came back, terror and pain with it.

Jack was trying to get up so he could finish the job.

Wendy tried to stand and found it was impossible. Electric bolts seemed to course up and down her back at the effort. She began to crawl along in a sides-toke motion. Jack was crawling after her, using the rogue mallet as a crutch or a cane.

She reached the corner and pulled herself around it, using her hands to walk at the angle of the wall. Her terror deepened; she would not have believed that possible but it was. It was a hurried, desperate race, not to be able to see him or know how close he was getting. She tore out patches of the carpet nappling, pulling herself along, and she was halfway down the short hall because she noticed the bedroom door was swinging wide open.

(*Danny! O Jesus!*)

She flung herself onto knees and then crawled her way to her feet, hoppers skipping over the tawny carpet. Her hands pulled the ends of a blouse. She ignored the pain and hurt walked half stumbled through the doorway as Jack came around the far corner and began to walk his way down toward the open door, leaning on the rogue mallet.

She caught the edge of the door, held herself propగons, and grabbed the doorframe.

Jack shouted at her. "Don't you want that door? Get away, don't you dare shut it!"

She slammed it closed and shot the bolt. Her left hand pawed wildly at the junk on the dresser knocking loose coins onto the floor where they rolled in every direction. Her hand seized the key ring just as the mallet whizzed down against the door, making it tremble in its frame. She got the key into the lock on the second stab and twisted it to the right. At the sound of the tumblers falling, Jack screamed. The mallet came down against the door in a volley of booming blows that made her flinch and step back. How could he be strong that with a knife in his back? Where was he finding the strength? She wanted to shout. *Why aren't you dead?* at the locked door.

Instead she turned around. She and Danny would have to go into the attached bathroom and lock that door, too, in case Jack actually could break through the bedroom door. The thought of escaping down the dumb-waiter shaft crossed her mind in a wild burst, and then she rejected it. Danny was small enough to fit into it, but she would be unable to control the rope pul. He might go crashing all the way to the bottom.

The bathroom it would have to be. And if Jack broke through into there—

But she wouldn't allow herself to think of it.
"Danny, honey, you'll have to wake up or—"

But the bed was empty.

When he had begun to sleep more soundly she had thrown the blankets and one of the quilts over him. Now they were thrown back.

"I'll get you!" Jack howled. "I'll get both of you!" Every other word was punctuated with a blow from the Roger hammer yet Woody ignored both. All of her attention was focused on that empty bed.

"Come out here! I knock this goddam door!"

"Danny?" she whispered.

Of course . . . when Jack had attacked her it had come through to him, as violent emotions always seemed to. Perhaps he'd even seen the whole thing in a nightmare. He was hiding.

She fell clumsily to her knees, enduring another bolt of pain from her swollen and bleeding leg, and looked under the bed. Nothing there but dustballs and Jack's bedroom slippers.

Jack screamed her name, and this time when he swung the mallet, a long splinter of wood jumped from the door and clattered

off the hardware parking. The next blow brought a sickening, splintering crack, the sound of dry kindling under a hatchet. The bloody man's head now split open and gouged in its own flesh, bashed through the new board in the closet, it was withdrawn and carelessly spun, sending wonderous shrapnel flying across the room.

Wendy pulled herself to her feet again using the foot of the bed and crawled across the room to the closet. Her broken ribs stabbed at her, making her groan.

"Danny!"

Sue crushed the hung garments aside frantically, some of them snapping the hangers and falling loosely to the floor. He was not in the closet.

Sue hobbled toward the bathroom and as she reached the door she glanced back over her shoulder. The mauler crashed through again, widening the hole and then a hand appeared, groping for the bolt. She saw with horror that she had left Jack's keyring dangling from the lock.

The hand vanished into the hole and as it did so it snuck the bunches keys. They jingled merrily. The hand cracked them viciously.

With a sob, she pushed her way into the bathroom and slammed the door just as the bedroom door burst open and Jack charged through, bellowing.

Wendy ran the bolt and twisted the spring lock, looking around desperately. The bathroom was empty. Danny wasn't here, either. And as she caught sight of her own blood-smeared, horrified face in the medicine cabinet mirror, she was glad. She had never believed the children should be witness to the little quarrels of their parents. And perhaps the lung that was now ravaging through the bedroom, overrunning things and smashing them, would finally collapse before it could go after her son. Perhaps, she thought. I might be possible for her to inflict even more damage on it... kill it, perhaps.

Her eyes skated quickly over the bathroom's machine-produced porcelain surfaces, looking for anything that might serve as a weapon. There was a bar of soap but even wrapped in a towel she didn't think it would be lethal enough. Everything else was buried down. God, was there nothing she could do?

Beyond the door the animal sounds of destruction went on and on, accompanied by thick shouts that they would "take their medicine" and "pay for what they'd done to him." He would "show them who's boss." They were "worthless puppies," the both of them.

There was a thump as her record player was overturned, a hollow crash as the secondhand TV's picture tube was smashed—the tinkle of windowglass followed by a cold draft under the bathroom door. A dull thud as the mattresses were ripped from the twin beds where they had slept together hip to hip. Boom rags as Jack struck the walls indiscriminately with the mallet.

There was nothing of the real Jack in that howling, muttering, petulant voice, though. It alternately whined in tones of self pity and rose in loud screams; it reminded her chillingly of the screams that sometimes rose in the geriatrics ward of the hospital where she had worked summers as a high school kid. Severe dementia. Jack wasn't out there anymore. She was hearing the lunatic raving voice of the Overlook itself.

The mallet smashed into the bathroom door, knocking out a huge chunk of the thin paneled. Half of a crazed and working face stared in at her. The mouth and cheeks and throat were littered in blood, the single eye she could see was tiny and piggish and glittering.

"Nowhere left to run, you cunt!" it panted at her through its grin. The mallet descended again, knocking wood splinters into the tub and against the reflecting surface of the medicine cabinet.

(// *The medicine cabinet //*)

A desperate whining noise began to escape her as she whirled, pain temporarily forgotten, and threw the mirror over of the cabinet back. She began to paw through its contents. Behind her the hoarse voice bellowed. Here I come now. Here I come now. You pig. It was demolishing the door in a manic rage frenzy.

Bottles and jars fell before her madly searching fingers—cough syrup, Vaseline, Clorox Herbal Essence shampoo, hydrogen peroxide, benzocaine—they fell into the sink and shattered.

Her hand closed over the dispenser of double-edged razor blades just as she heard the hand again fumbling for the bolt and the spring lock.

She snatched one of the razor blades out, holding it so tight her fingers cringed in pain. She gasped. She had cut the blade, but through. She whirled around and stared at the mirror, waiting for her hair to fall and was now afraid of what he might do.

Jack was gone, and she was alone back.

Pulling up the razor blade between her thumb and index finger, she was about to turn it on herself. He was and she started. He screamed again, pulling the blade from his hand, and she started at him again. The razor blade cut across a fat hand, and he began to drop down, falling face down by the toilet.

Weney saw her and her blood went out of the dispenser and was a Movement in the other room—

(? going away ??)

And a sound coming through the bedroom window. A moth. A high, insatiable buzzing sound.

A roar of anger from Jack and then silence as she was sure of it—he was leaving the caretaker's apartment piling things in the wreckage and out into the hall.

"Someone calling a ranger! Jack Hyattman?"

"Oh God," she wailed, brokenly, through a mouth that seemed filled with broken sticks and old sawdust. "Oh God, oh please."

She had to leave now, had to get him her son so they could face the rest. If it's right here side by side. She reached out and stumbled at the bolt. Her arm seemed to stretch forever. At last she got it to come free. She pushed the door open, staggered out, and was suddenly overcome by the horrible certainty that Jack had only pretended to leave, that he was lying in wait for her.

Weney looked around. The room was empty, the living room too. Jumbled, broken stuff everywhere.

The closet? Empty.

Then the soft shades of gray began to wash over her and she fell down on the mattress. Jack had slipped from the bed, semi-conscious.

HALLORANN LAID LOW

Halloran reached the overturned snowmobile just as a note and a hand away. Wendy was pulling herself around the corner and so he shot half way leading to the caretaker's apartment.

I was the snowmobile he wanted but the gas can held onto the back by a pair of leather straps. His hands, still clad in Howard Cuttress's blue mukluk boots, seized the top strap and pulled it free as the hedgehog roared behind him—a sound that seemed to be more in his head than outside of it. A hard, brambly slap to his left leg. He knew the knee sing with pain as it was driven in a way the other had never been expected to bend. A groan escaped Halloran's clenched teeth. I would come for the kill any time now, tired of playing with him.

He fumbled for the second strap. Sticky blood ran in his eyes.

(Roar! Slap!)

That one raked across his buttocks, a most tumbling him over and away from the snowmobile again. He held on—no exaggeration—for dear life.

Then he had freed the set-top strap. He clutched the gas can to him as the lion struck again, rolling him over on his back. He saw it again, red and sharp, in the darkness and falling snow as night marsh as a moving gargoyle. Halloran twisted at the can's cap as the moving shadow stalked him, kicking up snowpuffs. As it moved again the cap spun free releasing the pungent smell of the gasoline.

Halloran gained his knees and as it came at him, low enough and incredibly quick, he splashed it with the gas.

There was a hissing, splitting sound and he drew back.

"Gas!" Halloran cried, his voice shrill and breaking. "Gonna burn you, baby! Gonna burn you all!"

The lion came at him again, snarling angrily. Haldermann stumbled forward but this time the lion didn't give. It charged him. He turned slower than saw its head angling at his face and he threw himself backward, partially avoiding it. Yet the lion's tail hit his upper rib cage a gashing blow and a burst of pain struck there. Gasping and out of the car which he still sat in, and clutching his right hand and arm, cold as death.

Now he lay on his back in a snowdrift, to the right of the snowmen built by about ten pieces. The baying lion was a blaring presence to his left, closing in again. Haldermann thought he could see its tan twitching.

He yanked Corral's mittens off his right hand, tasting sodden wool and gasoline. He ripped up the hem of the parka and jammed his hand into his pants pocket. Down in there, along with his keys and his change, was a very battered old Zippo lighter. He had bought it in Germany in 1954. Once the hinge had broken and he had returned it to the Zippo factory and they had repaired it without charge just as advertised.

A nightmare flood of thoughts flooding through his mind in a split second.

(Dear Zippo my lighter was swallowed by a crocodile dropped from an airplane lost in the Pacific trench saved me from a Kraut barrel in the Battle of the Bulge dear Zippo it this tucker doesn't go that lion is going to rip my head off)

The lighter was out. He cracked the hood back. The lion rushing at him, a growl like ripping cloth, his finger flicking the striker wheel, spark, flame.

(my hand)

His gasoline-soaked hand suddenly a haze, the flames rising up the sleeve of the parka, no pain, no pain yet, the lion baying from the torch suddenly blazing in front of it, a hideous darkening hedge sculpture with eyes and a mouth, silvery away too late.

Wincing at the pain Haldermann drove his blazing arm into its stiff and scratchy side.

In an instant the whole creature was in flames, a prancing, writhing pyre on the snow. It bellowed in rage and pain, seeming to chase its flaming tail as it zigzagged away from Haldermann.

He thrust his own arm deep into the snow, halting the flames, unable to take his eyes from the hedge lion's death agonies for a moment. Then, gasping, he got to his feet. The arm of Durkin's

parka was sooty but unburned, and what also descended his head. Thirty yards down from where he stood the hedge -ton had turned into a fireball. Sparks flew at the sky and were viciously scattered away by the wind. For a moment its ribs and skin were twisted in a large flame and then it seemed to collapse, disintegrating itself into separate burning piles.

(*Never mind it. Get moving!*)

He picked up the gascan and staggered over to the snowmobile. His consciousness seemed to be flickering in and out, offering him snippets and snippets of the noises but never the whole picture. In one of these he was aware of sinking the snowmobile back onto its track and then sitting on it, out of breath and incapable of moving for a few moments. In another he was real, acting the gascan which was still half full. His head was thumping horribly from the gasfumes (and in reaction to his battle with the hedge-ton he supposed) and he saw by the steaming hole in the snow beside him that he had vomited, but he was unable to remember when.

The snowmobile - the engine still warm - fired immedately. He twisted the throttle unevenly and started forward with a series of neck-snapping jerks that made his head ache even more terribly. At first the snowmobile wove drunkenly from side to side but by half standing to get his face above the windscreens and into the sharp cooling blast of the wind he drove some of the stiffness out of himself. He opened the throttle wider.

Where are the rest of the hedge-tons?

He didn't know, but at least he wouldn't be caught unaware again.

The Overlook loomed in front of him, the litigated first-floor windows throwing long yet low rectangles onto the snow. The gate at the foot of the drive was locked and he dismounted after a wary look around, praying he hadn't lost his keys when he pulled his lighter out of his pocket - no, they were there. He picked through them in the bright light thrown by the snowmobile head lamp. He found the right one and unsnapped the padlock, letting it drop onto the snow. At first he didn't think he was going to be able to move the gate anyway - he pawed frantically at the snow surrounding it, disregarding the throbbing agony in his head and the fear that one of the other hounds might be creeping up behind him. He managed to pull it a foot and a half away from the

gate, he squeezed into the gap and pushed. He got it to move on her two or enough hands for he saw himself and threw what through

"I see the house is the same," he said faintly in the dark. The men who had come after them were close to the end of the Overlook. "We're going up a ways." "Way off the main path. The dogs are with him. I'll take another step."

Holstrom opened the front door wide and the snowmobilie came forward putting snow up behind it. In the snowmobilie's approach, Jack T. started his head to look around at the big, wasp-like buzz of the approaching engine and suddenly began to move subconsciously toward the hallway again. The bitch wasn't important now. The bitch could wait. Now it was this dirty nigger's turn. This dirty, muttering nigger with his nose in where it didn't belong. First him and then his son. He would show them. He would show them that that he — that he was of managerial timber.

Outside, the snowmobilie roared along faster and faster. The hotel seemed to surge toward it. Snow flew in Holstrom's face. The headlamps' one among glare spotlighted the huge shepherd's face, its blank and sexless eyes.

Then I shrank away, leaving an opening. Holstrom worked at the snowmobilie's steering gear with his remaining strength, and it kicked around in a sharp semicircle, throwing up clouds of snow threatening to tip over. The rear end struck the foot of the porch steps and rebounded. Holstrom was off in a flash and running up the steps. He stumbled, fell, picked himself up. The dog was growling—again—in his head—close behind him. Something rippled at the shoulder of the parka and then he was in the porch, standing in the narrow corridor Jack had snatched him from the snow, and safe. They were too big to fit in here.

He reached the big double doors which gave on the lobby and dug for his keys again. While he was getting them he tried the knob and it turned freely. He pushed his way in.

"Danny!" He cried hoarsely. "Danny, where are you?"

Silence came back.

His eyes traveled across the lobby to the foot of the wide stairs and a harsh gasp escaped him. The rug was splashed and matted with blood. There was a scrap of pink terrycloth robe. The trail of blood led up the stairs. The banister was also spattered with it.

"Oh Jesus," he muttered, and raised his voice again. "Danny! DANNY!"

The hotel's silence seemed to mock him with echoes which were almost there, sly and oblique.

(*Danny? Who's Danny? Anybody here know a Danny? Danny, Danny, who's got the Danny? Anybody for a game of spin the Danny? Pin the tail on the Danny? Get out of here black boy. No one here knows Danny from Adam.*)

Jesus, had he come through everything just to be too late? Had it been done?

He ran up the stairs two at a time and stood at the top of the first floor. The blood led down toward the caretaker's apartment. Horror crept softly into his veins and into his brain as he began to walk toward the short hall. The hedge animals had been bad, but this was worse. In his heart he was already sure of what he was going to find when he got down there.

He was in no hurry to see it.

Jack had been hiding in the elevator when Halford came up the stairs. Now he crept up behind the figure in the snow-coated parka, a blood- and gore-streaked phantom with a smile upon its face. The rogue master was lifted as high as the ugly rippling pattern in his back.

(?*did the bitch suck me can't remember ??*)

would know

Black boy," he whispered. "I'll teach you to go sticking your nose in other people's business."

Halford heard the whisper and began to turn, to duck and the rogue master whistled down. The hood of the parka matted the blow but not enough. A rock had exploded in his head, leaving a contrail of stars and then nothing.

He staggered against the silk wallpaper and Jack hit him again, the rogue master slicing sideways this time, shattering Halford's cheekbone and most of the teeth on the left side of his jaw. He went down limply.

"Now," Jack whispered. "Now by Christ." Where was Danny? He had business with his trespassing son.

* * *

Three minutes later the elevator door banged open and he shadowed thru it. Jack Torrance was not alone. The car had

stopped only halfway into the doorway and he had to boost himself up onto the hot floor, wriggling painfully like a crippled thing. He dragged the splintered rogue mat after him. Outside the eaves, the wind howled and roared. Jack's eyes rolled wildly in their sockets. There was blood and cartilage in his hair.

His son was up here, up here somewhere. He could feel it. Left to his own devices he might do anything—scribble on the expensive silk wallpaper with his crayons, deface the furnishings, break the windows. He was a liar and a cheat and he would have to be chastised . . . harshly.

Jack Torrance struggled to his feet.

"Danny?" he called. "Danny, come here a minute, will you? You've done something wrong and I want you to come and take your medicine like a man. Danny? *Danny!*"

54

TONY

(*Danny*

(*Dannnnnneee . . .*)

Darkness and halfways. He was wandering through darkness and halfways that were like those which lay within the body of the hotel but were somehow different. The silk-papered walls stretched up and up, and even when he craned his neck Danny could not see the ceiling. It was lost in dimness. All the doors were locked, and they also rose up to dimness. Below the peep-holes (in these giant doors they were the size of gunsights) tiny skins and crossbones had been nailed to each door instead of room numbers.

And somewhere, Tony was calling him.

(*Dannnnnneee . . .*)

There was a pounding noise and he knew well and hoarse shouts, faint with distance. He could not make out words for word, but he knew the text well enough by now. He had heard it before, in dreams and awake.

He paused, a little boy of yet three years out of diapers, and

tried to decide where he was, where he might be. There was fear, but it was a fear he could live with. He had been afraid every day for two men his now to a degree that ranged from dull disquiet to outright, mind-bending terror. This he could live with. But he wanted to know why Tony had come, why he was making the sound of his name in this house was neither a part of real things nor of the dreamland where Tony sometimes showed him things. Why, where—

"Danny."

Far down the giant hallway almost as dimly as Danny himself, was a dark figure. Tony.

"Where am I?" he called softly to Tony.

"Sleeping," Tony said. "Sleeping in your mommy and daddy's bedroom." There was sadness in Tony's voice.

"Danny," Tony said. "Your mother is going to be badly hurt. Perhaps killed. Mr. Halvorann, too."

"No!"

He cried it out in a distant grief, a terror that seemed damped by these dreamy, dreary surroundings. Nonetheless, death images came to him: dead frog plastered to the turnpike like a grisly stamp; Daddy's broken watch lying on top of a box of junk to be thrown out; gravestones with a dead person under every one; dead boy by the telephone pole, the cold look. Mommy scraped off the plates and down the dark maw of the garbage disposal.

Yet he could not equate these simple symbols with the shifting, complex reality of his mother. She satisfied his childish definition of eternity. She had been when he was not. She would continue to be when he was not again. He could accept the possibility of his own death, he had done with that since the encounter in Room 217.

But not hers.

Not Daddy's.

Not ever.

He began to struggle and the darkness and the halcyon began to waver. Tony's form became chimerical, insubstantial.

"Don't," Tony called. "Don't, Danny, don't do that."

"She's not going to be dead! She's not!"

"Then you have to help her. Danny . . . you're in a place deep down in your own mind. The place where I am. I'm a part of you, Danny."

You're Tony. You're not me. I want my mommy . . . I want my mommy . . .

I didn't bring you here, Danny. You brought yourself. Because you knew."

"No—"

You've always known . . . I know now, and he began to walk closer. It's the last time Tony began to walk closer. You're deep down in yourself in a place where nothing comes through. We're all here for a little while, Danny. This is an Overlook where no one can ever come. No clocks work here. None of the keys fit them and they can never be wound up. The doors have never been opened and no one has ever stayed in the rooms. But you can't stay long. Because it's coming."

"It . . ." Danny whispered fearfully, and as he did so the irregular pounding noise seemed to grow closer, louder. His terror cool and distant a moment ago, became a more immediate thing. Now the words could be made out. Hoarse huckstering trey were uttered in a coarse imitation of his father's voice, but it wasn't Daddy. He knew that now. He knew

(I'm bringing myself. Because you knew.)

"Oh, Tony, is it my daddy?" Danny screamed. Is it my daddy that's coming to get me?"

Tony didn't answer. But Danny didn't need an answer. He knew. A long and nightmarish masquerade party went on here, and had gone on for years. Little by little a force had accrued, as secret and silent as interest in a bank account. Force, presence, shape, they were all only words and none of them mattered. It wore many masks, but it was all one. Now somewhere, it was coming for him. It was lurking behind Daddy's face, it was imitating Daddy's voice. It was wearing Daddy's clothes.

But it was not his daddy

It was not his daddy

"I've got to help them!" he cried

And now Tony stood directly in front of him, and looking at Tony was like looking into a magic mirror and seeing himself ten years, the eyes widely spaced and very dark, the chin firm, the mouth handsomely indeed. The hair was light blonde like his mother's, and yet the stamp on his features was that of his father as a Tony—as if the Dennis Anthony Torrance that would some-

day be—was a halfling caught between father and son, a ghost of both, a fusion.

"You have to try to help," Tony said. "But your father
be's with the hotel now, Danny. It's where he wants to be. It
wants you too, because it's very greedy."

Tony walked past him, into the shadows.

"Wait!" Danny cried. "What can I—"

"He's close now," Tony said, still walking away. "You'll have to
run and hide . . . keep away from him. Keep away."

"Tony, I can't!"

"But you've already started," Tony said. "You will remember
what your father forgot."

He was gone.

And from somewhere near his father's voice came, coldly
wheeling "Danny? You can come out, doc. Just a little spank-
ing, that's all. Take it like a man and it will be all over. We don't
need her doc. Just you and me, right? When we get this little
spanking behind us, it will be just you and me."

Danny ran.

Behind him, the thong's temper broke through the shambling
charade of normality.

Come here, you little shit! Right now!

Down a long hall, panting and gasping. Around a corner. Up a
flight of stairs. And as he went, the walls that had been so high
and remote began to come down, the rug which had only been a
bar beneath his feet took on the familiar black and blue pattern,
seriously woven together, the doors became numbered again and
behind them the parties that were all one went on and on, popu-
lated by generations of guests. The air seemed to be shimmering
around him, the brows of the mallet against the walls echoing and
re-echoing. He seemed to be bursting through some thin placental
womb from sleep to

* * *

the rug outside the Presidential Suite on the third floor; lying
near him, in a bloody heap were the bodies of two men dressed in
suits and narrow ties. They had been taken out by shotgun blasts
and now they began to stir in front of him and get up.

He drew a breath to scream but didn't.

("FALSE FACES (NOT REAL")

They faded before his gaze like old photographs and were gone.

But below him, the faint sound of the mallet against the walls went on and on, ringing up through the elevator shaft and he screamed! The surrounding force of the Overlook, in the shape of busts of blundering a— and on the first floor.

A door opened with a thin scraping sound behind him.

A decayed woman in a rotten silk gown pranced out, her yellowed and splitting fingers dressed with verdigris-caked rings. Heavy-bowed wasps crawled suggestively over her face.

"Come in," she whispered to him, grinning with black lips. "Come in and we will dance the tassaango . . ."

"False face," he hissed. "Not real!" She drew back from him in alarm, and in the act of drawing back she faded and was gone.

"Where are you?" it screamed, but the voice was still only in his head. He could still hear the thing that was weaving Jack's face down on the first door . . . and something else.

The high whining sound of an approaching car.

Danny's breath stopped in his throat, with a little gasp. Was it just another face of the hotel, another illusion? Or was it Dick? He wanted—wanted desperately to believe it was Dick—but he didn't dare take the chance.

He retreated down the main corridor, and then took one of the offshoots, his feet whispering in the nap of the carpet. Locked doors frowned at him as they had done in the dreams, the visions. Only now he was in the world of real things, where the game was played for keeps.

He turned to the right and came to a halt, his heart thudding heavily in his chest. Heat was blowing around his ankles. From the registers, of course. This must have been Danny's day to beat the west wing and . . .

(I will remember what is my father's fault.)

What was it? He almost knew. Something that must have been at Mommy? But it was bad so I he would have to do it himself. What was it?

He sank down at last, the wall, trying desperately to think. It was so hard . . . the hole kept trying to get into his head . . . the image of that dark and slumped figure swinging the mallet from side to side, going to the wallpaper . . . sending out puffs of paper dust.

"Help me," he muttered. "Tony, help me."

And suddenly he became aware that the hotel had grown deathly silent. The whining sound of the motor had stopped.

(must not have been real)

and the sounds of the party had stopped and here was only the wind howling and whooping endlessly

The elevator whirred into sudden life.

It was coming up.

And Danny knew who—what—was in it.

He bolted to his feet, eyes staring wildly. Panic clutched around his heart. Why had Tony sent him to the third floor? He was trapped up here. All the doors were locked.

The attic!

There was an attic, he knew. He had come up here with daddy the day he had set the rattraps around up there. He hadn't allowed Danny to come up with him because of the rats. He was afraid Danny might be bitten. But the trapdoor which led to the attic was set into the ceiling of the last short corridor in this wing. There was a pole leaning against the wall. Daddy had pushed the trapdoor open with the pole, there had been a rattling whir of counterweights as the door went up and a ladder had swung down. If he could go up there and pull the ladder after him...

Somewhere in the maze of corridors behind him, the elevator came to a stop. There was a metallic, ringing crash as the gate was thrown back. And then a voice—not in his head now but terribly real—called out. "Danny! Danny come here a minute, will you? You've done something wrong and I want you to come and take your medicine like a man. Danny! Danny!"

Obedience was so strongly ingrained in him that he actually took two automatic steps toward the sound of that voice before stopping. His hands curled into fists at his sides.

(Not real! False are. I know what you are. Take off your mask!)

"Danny," I chorused. "Come here you p. p! Come here and take it like a man!" A long, hollow hour as he made his way across the room. The voice started out his name again but had changed somehow. It had come closer.

In the world of real things the hand was beckoning.

Danny ran. Feet silent on the heavy carpet, he ran past the closed doors past the silk flower salpender past the exit.

guisher bolted to the corner of the wall. He hesitated, and then plunged down the final corridor. Nothing at the end but a bolted door, and nowhere left to run.

But the pole was still there, still leaning against the wall where Daddy had left it.

Danny snatched it up. He craned his neck to stare up at the trap door. There was a hook on the end of the pole and you had to catch it on a ring set into the trapdoor. You had to—

There was a brand-new Yale padlock dangling from the trapdoor. The lock Jack Torrance had clipped around the hasp after laying his traps, just in case his son should take the notion into his head to go exploring up there someday.

Locked. Terror swept him.

Behind him it was coming, blundering and staggering past the Presidential Suite, the mallet whistling viciously through the air.

Danny backed up against the last closed door and waited for it.

55

THAT WHICH WAS FORGOTTEN

Wendy came to a hale at a time, the grayness draining away, pain replacing it—her back, her leg, her side. She didn't think she would be able to move. Even her fingers hurt, and at first she didn't know why.

(The razor blade, that's why.)

Her blonde hair, now dank and matted, hung in her eyes. She brushed it away and her ribs stabbed inside, making her groan. Now she saw a field of blue and white mattress, spotted with blood. Her blood, or maybe Jack's. Either way it was still fresh. She hasn't been out long. And that was important because—

(?Why?)

Because—

It was the insatiable, buzzing sound of the motor that she remembered first. For a moment she fixed stupidly on the memory, and

then in a single vertigo's and nauseating swoon, her mind seemed to pan back, showing her everything at once.

Halloran It must have been Halloran Why else would Jack have left so suddenly, without finishing it? — without finishing her?

Because he was no longer a pleasure He had to find Danny quickly and — and so, before Halloran could put a stop to it Or had it happened already?

She could hear the whine of the elevator rising up the shaft

(*No God please no the blood the blood's still fresh don't let it have happened already*)

Somewhere she was able to find her feet and stagger through the bedroom and across the runs of the living room to the shattered front door. She pushed it open and made her way out into the hall.

"Danny!" she cried, wincing at the pain in her chest "Mr. Halloran Is anybody there? Anybody?"

The elevator had been running again and now it came to a stop. She heard the metallic crash of the gate being thrown back and then thought she heard a speaking voice. It might have been her imagination. The wind was too loud to really be able to tell.

Leaning against the wall, she made her way up to the corner of the short back way. She was about to turn the corner when the scream froze her. Sliding down the staircase and the elevator she

Danny! Come here you pup Come here and take a look a man!

Jack On the second or third floor Looking for Danny

She got around the corner stumbled, almost fell. Her breath caught in her throat Something

(someone?)

huddled against the wall about a quarter of the way down from the stairwell. She began to hurry faster, wincing every time her weight came down on her hurt leg. It was a man, she saw, and as she drew closer, she understood the meaning of that buzzing motor

It was Mr. Halloran. He had come after all.

She eased to her knees beside him, offering up an incoherent prayer that he was no dead. His nose was bleeding, and a terrible gout of blood had spilled out of his mouth. The side of his face was a puffed purple bruise. But he was breathing, thank God for

that I was coming in long, harsh draws that shock his who is frantic.

Looking at him more closely, Neddy's eyes widened. One arm of the parka he was wearing was blackened and singed. One side of it had been ripped open. There was blood in his hair and a deep, ugly scratch down the back of his neck.

(My God, what's happened to him?)

Danny, the hoarse, pained voice roared from above them. "Get out here goddammit!"

There was no time to wonder about now. She began to shake him, her face twisting at the flare of agony in her ribs. Her side felt hot and massive and swollen.

(What if they're poking my lung whenever I move?)

There was no help for the other. If Jack found Danny, he would kill him, beat him to death with the mallet as he had tried to do to her.

So she shook Halloran, and then began to slap the unbruised side of his face again.

"Wake up," she said. "Mr. Haworth, you've got to wake up. Please . . . please . . ."

From overhead, the restless boomerang sounds of the mallet as Jack Torrance looked for his son.

* * *

Danny stood with his back against the door looking at the right angle where the hallways joined. The steady, irregular boomng sound of the mallet against the walls grew louder. The thing that was after him screamed and howled and cursed. Dream and reality had joined together without a seam.

It came around the corner.

In a way what Danny felt was relief. It was not his father. The mask of face and body had been ripped and shredded and made into a bad joke. It was not his daddy, not this Saturday Night Shock Show horror with its rolling eyes and bunched and bucking shoulders and blood-drenched shirt. It was not his daddy.

"Now, by God," it breathed. It wiped its lips with a shaking hand. "Now you'll find out who is the boss around here. You'll see. It's not you they want. It's me. Me!"

It slashed out with the scarred hammer, its double head now shapeless and splintered with countless impacts. It struck the wall,

cutting a circle in the silk paper. Plastic dust puffed out. It began to grow.

"Let's see you pull any of your fancy tricks now," I muttered.
"I wasn't born yesterday, you know. Didn't just fall off the hay track, by God. I'm going to do my fatherly duty by you, boy."

Danny said, "You're not my daddy."

It stopped. For a moment, I actually looked uncertain, as if not sure who or what it was. Then it began to walk again. The hammer whistled out, struck a door panel and made it boom down low.

"You're a liar," it said. "Who else would I be? I have the two birthmarks, I have the cupped navel, even the pecker my boy. Ask your mother."

"You're a mask," Danny said. "Just a false face. The only reason the hotel needs to use you is that you aren't as dead as the others. But when it's done with you, you won't be anything at all. You don't scare me."

"I'll scare you," it howled. The mallet whistled fiercely down, smashing into the rug between Danny's feet. Danny didn't flinch. "You lied about me! You connived with her! You plotted against me! And you cheated! You copied that final exam!" The eyes gared out at him from beneath the furrowed brows. There was an expression of aquatic cushioning in them. "I'll find it, too. It's down in the basement somewhere. I'll find it. They promised me I could look at it, I want." It raised the mallet again.

"Yes, they promise," Danny said, "but they lie."

The mallet has started at the top of its swing

* * *

Halloran had begun to come around, but Wendy had stopped pasting his cheeks. A moment ago the words *You cheated! You copied that final exam!* had floated down through the elevator shaft, dim, barely and like over the wind. From somewhere deep in the west wing. She was nearly convinced they were on the third floor and that Jack—whatever had taken possession of Jack—had found Danny. There was nothing she or Halloran could do now.

"Oh god," she murmured. Tears blurred her eyes.

"Son of a bitch broke my jaw," Halloran muttered thickly. "and my head...." He worked to sit up. His right eye was purpling rapidly and swelling shut. Still, he saw Wendy,

"Missus Torrance—"

"Shhhh," she said.

"Who's in the room, Missus Torrance?"

"On the balcony," she said. "With his wife?"

* * *

"...the balcony," Danny said again. Seeing how pale his mother was, like a meteor too quick, too bright to catch and hold. At the thought it remained.

(You're not the baloney, is nowhere)

(You're remember what you are, where you're at)

You... You shouldn't speak that way to your father. I told him myself. The manet trembled, came down. You'll only make things worse for yourself, Your... Your punishment. Worse. It staggered drunkenly and stared at him with maddened sympathy that began to turn to hate. The manet began to rise again.

You're not my daddy. Danny said it again. "And if there's a little bit of my daddy left inside you, he knows... they're here. Everything is a lie and a cheat. Like the loaded dice my daddy got for my Christmas stocking last Christmas. Like the presents they put in the store windows and my daddy says there's nothing in them, no presents, they're just empty boxes. Just for show, my daddy says. You're not my daddy. You're the hotel. And when you get what you want, you won't give my daddy anything because you're selfish. And my daddy knows that. You had to make him drink the Bad Stuff. That's the only way you could get him, you lying false face."

"Liar! Liar!" The words came out in a shock. The manet wavered waddily in the air.

"Go on and hit me. But you'll never get what you want from me."

The face in front of him changed. I was unable to say how there was no melting or merging of the features. The body trembled slightly and then the bloody hands opened like broken claws. The pallet let go from them and thumped to the rug. That was all. But suddenly his daddy was there, looking at him in mortal agony, and a sorrow so great that Danny's heart thumped within his chest. The mouth drew down in a quavering bow.

"Dad," Jack Torrance said. "Run away quick. And remember how much I love you."

"No," Danny said.

"Oh Danny, for God's sake..."

No," Danny said. He took one of his father's bloody hands and kissed it. "It's almost over."

* * *

Halloran got to his feet by propping his back against the wall and pushing himself up. He and Wendy stared at each other like nightmare survivors from a bombed hospital.

"We got to get up here," he said. "We have to help him."

Her haunted eyes stared into his from her chalk-pale face. "It's too late," Wendy said. "Now he can only help himself."

A minute passed, then two. Three. And they heard it above them, screaming, not in anger or triumph now, but in mortal terror.

"Dear God," Halloran whispered. "What's happening?"

"I don't know," she said.

"Has it killed him?"

"I don't know."

The elevator clashed into life and began to descend with the screaming, ravaging thing penned up inside.

* * *

Danny stood without moving. There was no place he could run where the Overlook was not. He recognized it suddenly, fully, painlessly. For the first time in his life he had an adult thought, an adult feeling, the essence of his experience in this bad place: a sorrowful distillation.

(Mommy and Daday can't help me and I'm alone.)

"Go away," he said to the bloody stranger in front of him. "Go on. Get out of here."

It bent over, exposing the knife hand on its back. Its hands closed around the malice again, but instead of aiming at Danny it reversed the handle, aiming the hard side of the rogue malice across own face.

Understanding rushed through Danny.

Then the malice began to rise and descend, destroying the last of Jack Torrance's image. The thing in the hall danced an eerie shuffling polka, the beat counterpointed by the hideous sound of

The boy struck again and again. Blood splattered across the wall paper. Strands of hair clapped to the air like broken tree boughs. It was impossible to say just how long it went on. But when it ended, a man sat back in Danny's father was gone. He was white-faced and shamed of the job because a stranger, a big and terrible man, had beaten up his son. Danny saw the window. The boy stopped. The angry boy stopped. He had been in the concrete ring.

"Mark my words," he spewed. "No more kidnappers."

The man rose for the last time. A sickening sound filled Danny's ears.

"Any thing else to say?" it queried. "Are you sure you won't have to run? A game of tag, perhaps? All we have is time. You know. An even v. F. me. Or so... we end it. Might as well. After all, we're missing the party."

He turned with broken teeth green.

And came oh him. What his father had forgotten.

Sudden triumph lit his face, the thing saw it and hisated, pazzted.

"The boxer!" Danny screamed. "I hasn't been damped since yestermorn'! It's going up. It's going to explode!"

An expression of grotesque terror and dawning realization swept across the broken features of the thing in front of him. The metal dropped from its fisted hands and bounced harmlessly on the black and blue rug.

"The boxer turned. Oh no! That can't be allowed. Certainly no. No. You goddam you little punk! Certainly not! Oh, oh, oh..."

"It is!" Danny cried back at it fiercely. He began to smile and shake his fist at the ruined thing before him. "Any m quite now I know it! The boxer, Daddy forgot the boxer! And you forgot it, too!"

"No ob no it mustn't can't, you dit v--- a boy I'll make you take your medicine! I'll make you take every drop. oh no. oh no---"

It suddenly turned aside and began to shamble away. For a moment its shadow blotted out the wall, waxing and waning. It trailed ones behind itself like wornout party streamers.

Moments later the glass crashed to the floor.

Suddenly the shunting was on him.

(mummy we have to go—run the place it's going to blow sky high)

Like a fierce and glaring sunrise and he ran. One foot kicked the doorway in as a ten-ton rock would裂 issue. He didn't notice.

Crying, he ran for the stairs.

They had to get out.

56

THE EXPLOSION

Haloran could never be sure of the progression of things after that. He remembered that the elevator had gone down and passed them without stopping, and something had been inside. But he made no attempt to try to see in through the small diamond-shaped window because what was in there did not sound human. A moment later there were running footsteps on the stairs. Torrance at first struck back against him and then began to lumber down the main corridor to the stairs as fast as she could.

"Danny! Danny! Oh thank God. Thank God."

She swept him into a hug, groaning with joy as well as her pain. (Danny.)

Danny looked at him from his mother's arms, and Haloran saw how the boy had changed. His face was pale and pinched, his eyes dark andathomless. He looked as if he had lost weight. Looking at the two of them together Haloran thought it was the mother who looked younger, in spite of the terrible beating she had taken.

(Dick we have to go—run the place it's going to)

Picture of the Overlook flumes gaping out of its roof. Bricks raining down on the snow. Clang of firebells—not that any fire truck would be able to get up here much before the end of March. Most of all who came through in Danny's thought was a sense of urgent immediacy, a feeling that it was going to happen *at any time*.

"All right," Haloran said. He began to move toward the two

if I am and if you are too swimming through deep water. His sense of balance was screwed and the eye on the right side of his face didn't want to focus. His jaw was sending giant throbbing bursts of pain up his spine around his neck and his cheek was as large as a thumb. But the drugs a genius had gotten him going, and it got a little easier.

"Are we?" Wendy asked. She looked from Halloran to her son and back to Halloran. Wait a minute, she thought.

"We have to go," Halloran said.

"I'm not dressed for my clothes."

Danny darted out of her arms then and raced down the corridor. She looked after him and as he vanished around the corner, back at Halloran. What if he comes back?

"Your husband?"

"He's not Jack," she marveled. Jack's dead. This place killed him. This damned place. She struck at the wall with her fist and cried out at the pain in her cut fingers. It's the horizon soft air?

"Yes, ma'am. Danny says it's going to explode."

"Good." The word was uttered with dead clarity. "I don't know if I can get up those stairs again. My ribs... they broke my ribs. And something in my back, it hurts."

You'll make it, Halloran said. We'll all make it. But suddenly he remembered the huge animals, and wondered what they would do if they were guarding the way out.

Then Danny was coming back. He had Wendy's boots and coat and gloves, also his own coat and gloves.

"Danny," she said, "Your boots."

"It's too late," he said. His eyes stared at her with a desperate kind of madness. He looked at Dick and suddenly Halloran's mind was fixed with an image of a clock under a glass dome, the clock in the ball room that had been donated by a Swiss diplomat in 1949. The hands of the clock were standing at a minute to midnight.

"Oh my God," Halloran said. "Oh my dear God."

He clapped an arm around Wendy and picked her up. He cupped his other arm around Danny. He ran for the stairs.

Wendy shrieked in pain as he squeezed the bad ribs, as something in her back ground together, but Halloran did not slow. He plunged down the stairs with them in his arms. One eye wide

and desperate, the other puffed shut to a slit. He looked like a one-eyed pirate abducting hostages to be ransomed later.

Suddenly the shrike was on him, and he understood what Danny had meant when he said it was too late. He could feel the explosion getting ready to rumble up from the basement and tear the guts out of this horrid place.

He ran faster, bolting headlong across the lobby toward the double doors.

* * *

It hurried across the basement and into the feeble yellow glow of the furnace room's only light. It was slobbering with fear. It had been so close, so close to having the boy and the boy's remarkable power. It could not lose now. It must not happen. It would dump the boiler and then chastise the boy harshly.

"Mustn't happen!" it cried. "Oh no, mustn't happen!"

It stumbled across the floor to the boiler, which glowed a dull red halfway up its long tubular body. It was hissing and rattling and hissing off plumes of steam in a hundred directions, like a thousand canaries. The pressure needle stood at the far end of the dial.

"No...a man's be adowned!" the manager careaker cried.

It aid its Jack Torrance hands on the valve, unmindful of the burning smell which arose or the scarring of the flesh as the red-hot wheel sank in, as it into a mudnut.

The wheel gave, and with a triumphant scream, the thing spun its valve open. A great roar of escaping steam belched out of the boiler a dozen dragons hissing in concert. But before the steam obscured the pressure needle entirely, the needle had visibly begun to swing back.

"I WIN!" it cried. It capered obscenely in the hot, rising mists, waving its flaming hands over its head. **NOT TOO LATE! I WIN! NOT TOO LATE! NOT TOO LATE! NOT!**

Words turned into a smirk of triumph and the shrike was swallowed in a shattering roar as the Overlook's boiler exploded.

* * *

Halligan burst out through the double doors and carried the two of them through the trench in the big snowdrift on the porch.

He saw the huge animals, early, more clearly than before and even as he realized his worst fears were true, that they were between the porch and the snowmobile, the hole exploded. It seemed to him that it happened all at once, although later he knew he couldn't have been the way I happened.

There was a flat expressionless sound but seemed to exist on one low all-pervasive note

(WHLMMMMMMMMMM—)

and then there was a burst of warm air at their backs that seemed to push gently at them. They were thrown from the path on its breadth, the three of them, and a confused thought

(this is what superman must feel like)

skipped through Hilborn's mind as they flew through the air. He lost his hold on them and then he struck the snow in a soft hollow. It was down his shirt and up his nose and he was dimly aware of a few good on his hurt cheek.

Then he struggled to the top of it for the moment not thinking about the huge animals or Wendy Terrance or even the boy. He rolled over on his back so he could watch the

* * *

The Overlook's windows shattered. In the bathroom the Jamie over the fireplace clock cracked, split in two pieces and fell to the floor. The clock stopped taking cogs and gears and balance wheel all became motionless. There was a whispered sighing noise, and a great bellow of dust. In 217 the bath tub suddenly split in two, letting out a small flood of greenish, musty smelling water. In the Press Room, Sure the wall paper suddenly burst into flames. The hanging chairs of the Concourse Lounge suddenly snapped their hinges and fell to the dining room floor. Beyond the basement arch the great piles and stacks of old papers caught fire and went up with a bewitching hiss. Boiling water rolled over the flames but did not quench them. Like burning autumn leaves they whirled and blackened. The furnace exploded, shooting fire basement's roof beams, sending them crashing down like the bones of a neanderthal. The gas e which had fed the furnace in spite of now rose up in a burning pyre of flume through the river floor in the kitchen. The carpeting on the stair risers caught, racing up to the first floor level as if to tell

dreadful good news. A fusillade of explosions ripped the place. The chande set in the dining room, a two-hundred-pound crystal bomb, fed with a sputtering crash, knocking tables every which way. Flame belched out of the Overlook's five chimneys at the breaking clouds.

(No. Mustn't. Mustn't it MUSTN'T.)

It shrieked, it shrieked but now it was voiceless and it was only screaming panic and doom and damnation in its own ear, dissolving, losing thought and will, the webbing falling apart, searching, not finding, going out, going out to, fleeing, going out to emptiness, nothingness, crumbling.

The party was over.

EXIT

The roar shook the whole façade of the house. Glass belched out onto the snow and twisted here like frozen diamonds. The huge dog which had been approaching Danny and his mother, receded away from it. Its green and shadow-marbled ears flattening, its tail coming down between its legs as its balance faltered objectively. In his head Halvorann heard it whine feeble and mixed with that sound was the fearful, confused yowling of the big cats. He struggled to his feet to go to the other two and help them, and as he did so he saw something more nightmarish than all the rest: the hedge rabbit, still coated with snow was barking itself crazy at the chain-link fence at the far end of the playground and the steel mesh was ringing with a kind of nightmare music, like a spectre I rather. Even from here he could hear the sounds of the close-set wings and branches which made up its body cracking and crunching like breaking bones.

Dick! Dick! Danny cried out. He was trying to support his mother higher over to the snowmobile. The clothes he had torn out for her were still wet and she was wet where they had fallen and where they were sitting. No jacket was suddenly

aware that the woman was in her nightclothes, Danny jacket less, and it was no more than ten above zero.

(my god she's in her bare feet)

He struggled back through the snow picking up her coat, her boots, Danny's coat, odd gloves. Then he ran back to them, ploughing up-deep in the snow from time to time, having to boulder his way out.

Wendy was horribly pale, the side of her neck coated with blood, blood that was now freezing.

"I can't," she muttered. She was no more than semiconscious. "No, I . . . can't. Sorry."

Danny looked up at Haloran pleadingly.

"Gonna be okay," Haloran said, and gripped her again. "Come on."

The three of them made it to where the snowmobile had swerved around and stalled out. Haloran sat the woman down on the passenger seat and put her coat on. He lifted her feet up—they were very cold but not frozen yet—and rubbed them briskly with Danny's jacket before putting on her boots. Wendy's face was alabaster pale, her eyes half-lidded and dazed, but she had begun to shiver. Haloran thought that was a good sign.

Behind them, a series of three explosions rocked the hole. Orange flashes lit the snow.

Danny put his mouth close to Haloran's ear and screamed something.

"What?"

"I said do you need that?"

The boy was pointing at the red gas can that tilted at an angle in the snow.

"I guess we do."

He picked it up and snatched it. Still gas in there, he couldn't tell how much. He attached the can to the back of the snowmobile, fumbling the job several times before getting it right, because his fingers were going numb. For the first time he became aware that he'd lost Howard Cottrell's mittens.

(get out of this, you're gonna have my sister and your a dozen pair howie,

Get to Hell man situated a like my

Quarry shrank back. We'll freeze."

"We have to go around to the equipment shed! There's stuff in there . . . blankets . . . stuff like that. Get on behind your mother!"

Danny got on, and Halorann twisted his head so he could shout into Wendy's face.

"Missus Torrance. Hold onto me. You understand? Hold on!"

She put her arms around him and rested her cheek against his back. Halorann started the snowmobile and turned the throttle delicately so they would start up with just a jerk. The woman had the weakest sort of grip on him, and if she shifted backward, her weight would tumble both her and the boy off.

They began to move. He brought the snowmobile around in a curve and then they were traveling west parallel to the hotel. Halorann cut in more to circle around behind it to the equipment shed.

They had a momentary clear view into the Overlook's lobby. The gasflame coming up through the shattered floor was like a giant birthday candle, fierce yellow at its heart and blue around its flickering edges. In that moment it seemed only to be nibbling, not destroying. They could see the registration desk with its silver bell, the credit card racks, the old-fashioned, scrolled cash register, the small figured throw rugs, the highbacked chairs, horsehair hassocks. Danny could see the small sofa by the fireplace where the three nuns had sat on the day they had come up—closing day. But this was the real closing day.

Then the drift on the porch blotted the view out. A moment later they were skirting the west side of the hotel. It was still light enough to see without the snowmobile's headlight. Both upper stories were flaming now, and pennants of flame shot out the windows. The gleaming white part had begun to blacken and peel. The shutters which had covered the Presidential Suite's picture window—shutters Jack had carefully fastened as per instructions in mid-October—now hung in flaming brands, exposing the wide and shattered darkness behind them, like a toothless mouth yawning in a final, silent deathrattle.

Wendy had pressed her face against Halorann's back to cut out the wind, and Danny had likewise pressed his face against his mother's back, and so it was only Halorann who saw the fire through, and he never spoke of it. From the window of the Presi-

dental Suite he thought he saw a huge dark shape issue, blotting out the snowfield behind it. For a moment it assumed the shape of a huge, obscene manna and then the wind seemed to catch it to tear it and shred it like old dark paper. It fragmented, was caught in a whirling eddy of smoke, and a moment later it was gone as if it had never been. But in those few seconds as it whirled black, dancing like negative motes of light, he remembered something from his childhood — fifty years ago, or more. He and his brother had come upon a huge nest of ground wasps just north of their farm. It had been tucked into a hollow between the earth and an old lightning-basted tree. His brother had had a big old naggerchaser in the band of his hat, saved all the way from the Fourth of July. He had lighted it and tossed it at the nest. It had exploded with a loud bang, and an angry rising hum—almost a low shriek—had risen from the blasted nest. They had run away as if demons had been at their heels. In a way, Habermann supposed that demons had been. And looking back over his shoulder, as he was now, he had on that day seen a large dark cloud of hornets rising in the hot air, swarming together, breaking apart, looking for whatever enemy had done this to their home so that they—the single group intelligence—could sting it to death.

Then the thing in the sky was gone and it might only have been smoke or a great flapping swatch of wall paper after all, and there was only the Overworld, a flaming pyre in the roaring throat of the night.

* * *

There was a key to the equipment, shed's padlock on his key ring, but Habermann saw there would be no need to use it. The door was ajar, the padlock hanging open on its hasp.

"I can't go in there," Danny whispered.

"That's okay. You stay with your mom. There used to be a pile of old horseblankets. Probably all moth-eaten by now, but better than freezin' to death. Missus Torrance, you stink with us?"

"I don't know," the wan voice answered. "I think so."

"Good. I'll be just a second."

"Get me back as quick as you can," Danny whispered. "Please."

Habermann nodded. He had turned the handle up on the door

and now he bounded through the snow, casting a long shadow in front of himself. He pushed the equipment shed door open and stepped in. The horseblankets were still in the corner by the roque set. He picked up four of them—they smelled musty and old and the moths certainly had been having a free lunch—and then he paused.

One of the roque mallets was gone.

(Was that what he hit me with?)

Well, it didn't matter what he'd been hit with, did it? S. I., his fingers went to the side of his face and began to explore the huge lump here. Six hundred dollars' worth of dental work undone at a single blow. And after all

(maybe he didn't hit me with one of those. Maybe one got lost Or stolen. Or took for a souvenir. After all)

it didn't really matter. No one was going to be playing roque here next summer. Or any summer in the foreseeable future.

No, it didn't really matter, except that looking at the racked mallets with the single missing member had a kind of fascination. He found himself thinking of the hard wooden whack of the mallet head striking the round wooden ball. A nice summery sound. Watching it skitter across the

(bone blood)

gravel. It conjured up images of

(bone, blood)

iced tea, porch swings, ladies in white straw hats, the hum of mosquitoes, and

(bad little boys who don't play by the rules)

all that stuff. Sure. Nice game. Out of style now, but . . . mice

"Dick?" The voice was thin, frantic, and, he thought, rather unpleasant. "Are you all right, Dick? Come on now. Please."

('Come on out now niggukt de massa ca lin you all')

His hand closed tightly around one of the mallet handles, holding its feel.

(Spare the rod, spoil the child.)

His eyes went blank to the flickering, fire-shot darkness. Really, I would be doing them both a favor. She was messed up . . . to pain . . . and most of all

(all of it)

was that damn boy's fault. Sure. He had left his own daddy in there to burn. When you thought of it, it was damn close to murder. Patricide was what they called it. Pretty goddam now.

"Mr. Halvorann?" Her voice was low, weak, querulous. He didn't much like the sound of it.

Dick! The boy was sobbing now, in terror.

Halvorann drew the mallet from the rack and turned toward the flood of white light from the snowmobile headlamp. His feet scratched unevenly over the boards of the equipment shed, like the feet of a clockwork toy that has been wound up and set in motion.

Suddenly he stopped, looked wondrously at the mallet in his hands, and asked himself with rising horror what it was he had been thinking of doing. Murder? *Had he been thinking of murder?*

For a moment his entire mind seemed filled with an angry, weakly hectoring voice:

(Do it! Do it, you weak-kneed no-bois nigger! Kill them. KILL THEM BOTH!)

Then he flung the mallet behind him with a whispered, terrified cry. It clattered into the corner where the horseblankets had been one of the two heads pointed toward him in an unspeakable invitation.

He fled.

Danny was sitting on the snowmobile seat and Wendy was holding him weakly. His face was shiny with tears and he was shaking as if withague. Between his chattering teeth he said, "Where were you? We were scared?"

"It's a good place to be scared of," Halvorann said slowly. "Even if that place burns flat to the foundation, you'll never get me within a hundred miles of here again. Here Missus Torrance, wrap these around you. I'll help. You too, Danny. Get yourself looking like an Arab."

He swirled two of the blankets around Wendy, fastening one of them into a hood to cover her head, and helped Danny tie his so they wouldn't fall off.

"Now hold on for dear life," he said. "We got a long way to go, but the worst is behind us now."

He circled the equipment shed a few times, then pointed the snowmobile back along their trail. The Overlook was a flicker now, flanking

at the sky. Great holes had been eaten into its sides, and there was a red hell inside, waxing and waning. Snowmelt ran down the charred gutters in steaming waterfalls.

They pulled down the front lawn, the way well in. The snow-dunes glowed scarlet.

"Look," Danny shouted as Halvorann slowed for the front gate. He was pointing toward the playground.

The hedge creatures were all in their original positions, but they were denuded, blackened, seared. Their dead branches were a stark interlocking network in the fireglow, their small leaves scattered around the ten feet like fallen petals.

"They're dead!" Danny screamed in hysterical anguish. *Dead! They're dead!*"

"Shhh," Wendy said. "All right, honey. It's all right."

"Hey, doc," Halvorann said. "Let's go to someplace warm. You ready?"

"Yes," Danny whispered. "I've been ready for so long."

Halvorann edged through the gap between gate and post. A moment later they were on the road, pointed back toward Sidewinder. The sound of the snowmobile's engine dwindled until it was lost in the ceaseless roar of the wind. It raged through the denuded branches of the hedge animals with a low, beating, desolate sound. The fire waxed and waned. Sometime after the sound of the snowmobile's engine had disappeared, the Overlook's roof caved in—first the west wing, then the east, and seconds later the central roof. A huge spiraling gout of sparks and flaming debris rushed up into the howling winter night.

A bundle of flaming shingles and a wad of hot flashing were wafted in through the open equipment shed door by the wind.

After a while the shed began to burn, too.

* * *

They were still twenty miles from Sidewinder when Halvorann stopped to pour the rest of the gas into the snowmobile's tank. He was getting very worried about Wendy Torrance, who seemed to be drifting away from them. It was still so far to go.

"Dick!" Danny cried. He was standing up on the seat, pointing. "Dick, look! Look there!"

The snow had stopped and a silver-dollar moon had peeked out

through the raftering clouds. Far down the road but coming toward them, coming upward through a series of S-shaped switchbacks, was a pearly chain of lights. The wind dropped for a moment and Halloran heard the faraway buzzing roar of snowmobile engines.

He arose and Danny and Wendy reached them fifteen minutes later. They had brought extra clothes and blankets and Dr. Edmunds.

And the long darkness was over.

EPILOGUE / SUMMER

After he had finished checking over the salads his undershirt had made and peeked in on the home-baked beans they were using as appetizers this week, Halloran untied his apron, hung it on a hook, and slipped out the back door. He had maybe forty-five minutes before he had to crank up for dinner in earnest.

The name of this place was the Red Arrow Lodge and it was buried in the western Maine mountains, thirty miles from the town of Rangeley. It was a good gig, Halloran thought. The trade wasn't too heavy, it paid well and so far there hadn't been a single meal sent back. Not bad at all, considering the season was nearly half over.

He threaded his way between the outdoor bar and the swimming pool (although why anyone would want to use the pool with the lake so handy he would never know), crossed a greensward where a party of four was playing croquet and laughing, and crested a mild ridge. Pines took over here, and the wind southerly was pleasant, carrying the aroma of fir and sweet resin.

On the other side, a number of cabins with views of the lake were placed discreetly among the trees. The last one was the nicest, and Halloran had reserved it for a party of two back in April when he had gotten this gig.

The woman was sitting on the porch in a rocking chair, a book in her hands. Halloran was struck again by the change in her

Part of it was the stiff almost formal way she sat, in spite of her informal surroundings—that was the back brace, of course. Sred had a shattered vertebra as well as three broken ribs and some internal injuries. The back was the slowest healing, and she was still in the brace . . . hence the formal posture. But the change was more than that. She looked older, and some of the laughter had gone out of her face. Now, as she sat reading her book, Halloran saw a grave sort of beauty there that had been missing on the day he had first met her, some nine months ago. Then she had still been mostly girl. Now she was a woman, a human being who had been dragged around to the dark side of the moon and had come back able to put the pieces back together. But those pieces, Halloran thought, they never fit just the same way again. Never in this world.

She heard his step and looked up, closing her book. "Dick! Hi!" She started to rise, and a little grimace of pain crossed her face.

"Nope, don't get up," he said. "I don't stand on no ceremony unless it's white lie and tails."

She smiled as he came up the steps and sat down next to her on the porch.

"How is it going?"

"Pretty fair," he admitted. "You try the shrimp creole tonight. You gonna like it."

"That's a deal."

"Where's Danny?"

Right down there." She pointed, and Halloran saw a small figure sitting at the end of the dock. He was wearing jeans rolled up to the knee and a red-striped shirt. Further out on the calm water, a bobber floated. Every now and then Danny would reel it in, examine the sinker and hook below it, and then toss it out again.

"He's gettin' brown," Halloran said.

"Yes. Very brown." She looked at him fondly.

He took out a cigarette, tamped it, lit it. The smoke rasped away lazily in the sunny afternoon. "What about those dreams he's been havin'?"

"Better," Wendy said. "Only one this week. It used to be every night, sometimes two and three times. The explosions. The bedges. And most of all . . . you know."

"Yeah. He's going to be okay, Wendy."

She looked at him. "Who he? I wonder."

Halloran nodded. "You and him, you're coming back. Different, maybe, but okay. You aren't what you were, you two, but that isn't necessarily bad."

They were silent for a while, Woody moving the rocking chair back and forth a little. Halloran with his feet up on the porch rail, smoking. A little breeze came up, pushing its secret way through the pines but barely ruffling Wendy's hair. She had cut it short.

"I've decided to take Al—Mr. Shockley—up on his offer," she said.

Halloran nodded. "It sounds like a good job. Something you could get interested in. When do you start?"

"Rugh, after Labor Day. When Danny and I leave here we'll be going right on to Maryland to look for a place. It was really the Chamber of Commerce brochure that convinced me, you know. It looks like a nice town to raise a kid in. And I'd like to be working again before we dig too deeply into the insurance money Jack left. There's still over forty thousand dollars. Enough to send Danny to college with enough left over to get him a start if it's invested right."

Halloran nodded. "Your mom?"

She looked at him and smiled wanly. "I think Maryland is far enough."

"You won't forget old friends, will you?"

"Danny wouldn't let me. Go on down and see him. He's been waiting all day."

"Well, so have I." He stood up and hitched his cook's whites at the hips. "The two of you are going to be okay," he repeated. "Can't you feel it?"

She looked up at him and this time her smile was warmer. "Yes," she said. She took his hand and kissed it. "Sometimes I think I can."

"The shrimp creole," he said, moving to the steps. "Don't forget."

I won't."

He walked down the sloping, gravelled path that led to the dock and then out along the weather-beaten boards to the end where Danny sat with his feet in the clear water. Beyond, the lake

widened so mirroring the pines along its verge. The terrain was mountainous around here, but the mountains were old, rounded and embrowned by time. Halloran liked them just fine.

"Catches much?" Halloran said sitting down next to him. He took off one shoe, then the other. With a sigh he let his feet down into the cool water.

"No. But I had a nibble a little while ago."

"We'll take a boat out tomorrow morning. Got a net out in the middle if you want to catch an eaten fish, my boy. Out yonder is where the big ones lay."

"How big?"

Halloran shrugged. "Oh... sharks, marlin, whales, that sort of thing."

"There aren't any whales."

"No blue whales, no. Of course not. These ones here run to no more than eighty feet. Pink whales."

"How could they get here from the ocean?"

Halloran put a hand on the boy's reddish-gold hair and ruffled it. "They swim upstream, my boy. That's how."

"Really?"

"Really."

They were silent for a time, looking out over the stillness of the lake, Halloran just thinking. When he looked back at Danny he saw that his eyes had filled with tears.

Putting an arm around him he said, "What's this?"

"Nothing," Danny whispered.

"You're missing your dad, aren't you?"

Danny nodded. "You always know." One of the tears spilled from the corner of his right eye and trickled slowly down his cheek.

"We can't have any secrets," Halloran agreed. "That's just how it is."

Looking at his pole, Danny said. "Sometimes I wish it had been me. It was my fault. All my fault."

Halloran said, "You don't like to talk about it around your mom, do you?"

"No. She wants to forget it ever happened. So do I, but—"

"But you can't."

"No."

"Do you need to cry?"

The boy tried to answer, but the words were swallowed in a sob. He leaned his head against Ha'orano's shoulder and wept. The tears were flooding down his face. Ha'orano held him and said nothing. The boy would have wiped his tears again and again if he knew, and it was Danny's luck that he was still young enough to be able to do that. The tears that heal are also the tears that scald and scourge.

When he had quieted a while, Ha'orano said, "You're gonna get over this. You don't think you are right now, but you will. You got the shu—"

"I wish I didn't!" Danny choked, his voice still thick with tears. "I wish I didn't have it!"

"But you do," Ha'orano said quietly. "For better or worse. You don't get no say, little boy. But the worst is over. You can use it to talk to me when things get rough. And if they get too rough, you just call me and I'll come."

Even if I'm down in Maryland?"

"Even there."

They were quiet, watching Danny's bobber drift around thirty feet out from the end of the dock. Then Danny said, almost too low to be heard, "You'll be my friend?"

"As long as you want me."

The boy held him tight and Ha'orano hugged him.

"Danny? You listen to me. I'm going to talk to you about it this once and never again this same way. There's some things no six-year-old boy in the world should have to be told, but the way things should be and the way things are hardly ever get together. The world's a hard place. Danny. It don't care. It don't hate you and me, but it don't love us either. Terrible things happen in the world, and they're things no one can explain. Good people die in bad, painful ways and leave the folks that love them all alone. Sometimes it seems like it's only the bad people who stay healthy and prosper. The world don't love you, but your momma does and so do I. You're a good boy. You grieve for your daddy, and when you feel you have to cry over what happened to him, you go into a closet or under your covers and cry until it's all out of you again. That's what a good son has to do. But see that you get on. That's your job in this hard world, to keep your love alive and see

that you get in no matter what. Pull your set together and just go on."

"All right," Danny whispered. "I'll come see you again next summer if you want — if you don't mind. Next summer I'm going to be seven."

"And I'll be sixty-two. And I'm gonna hug your brains out your ears. But let's finish one summer before we get on to the next."

"Okay." He looked at Halloway. "Dick?"

"Hmm?"

"You won't die for a long time, will you?"

"I'm sure not steady on it. Are you?"

"No, sir. I—"

You got a bite, sonny. He pointed. The red and white bobber had ducked under. It came up again glistening, and then went under again.

"Hey!" Danny gulped.

Wendy had come down and now joined them, standing in back of Danny. "What is it?" she asked. "Pickette?"

"No, ma'am," Halloway said. "I believe that's a pink whale."

The tip of the fishing rod bent. Danny pulled it back and a long fish, rainbow-colored, dashed up in a sunny, wrinkled parabola, and disappeared again.

Danny reeled frantically, gulping.

"Help me, Dick! I got him! I got him! Help me!"

Halloway laughed. "You're going to tie all by yourself, little man. I don't know if it's a pink whale or a trout, but I'll do. I'll do just fine."

He put an arm around Danny's shoulders and the boy reeled the fish in. Little Wendy sat down on Danny's other side and the three of them sat on the end of the dock in the afternoon sun.

growing more and more frightening. But it was only when Daddy had taken the caretaker job at the Overlook Hotel that Danny wished he didn't have to have the power of the shine. Now there were only the three of them, Daddy, Mummy and Danny, in the big hotel, for everyone else had gone away and it was closed for the winter. When the snow came they would be cut off from the outside world. Mr Halloran had said not to worry about the things he'd see — that they were just like nasty pictures in a book and couldn't harm him — but then Danny began to recognise them as the visions that Tony had shown him. Somewhere, somehow, behind the palatial suites and banqueting halls of the Overlook there dwelt an evil mind that had begun to shine.

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